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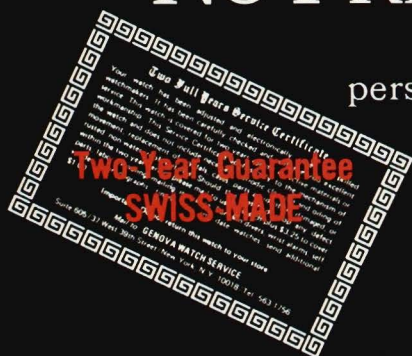


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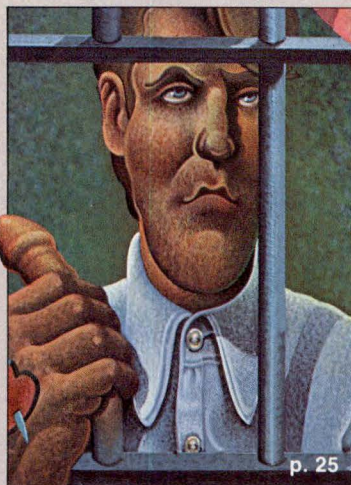
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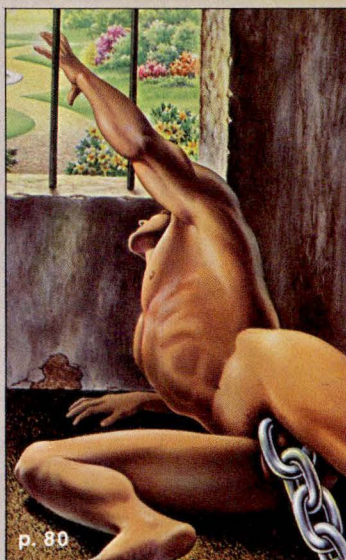
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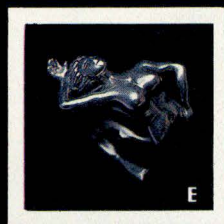


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Part-time pimping; judges to avoid at all costs; alimony of the stars; six famous women you've always wanted to see in the nude. \$2.25



April 1977

Clifford Irving discusses sex with the stars behind prison bars; exposing high school lesbians; Glenn Turner (the one-man greed machine) is still on the loose; plus beating baldness, cod couture and awfulmobiles. \$2.25

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SHOW & TELL

Cover Photo by Steve Harvey



SPECIAL PRISON ISSUE

Ordinarily, one month is pretty much the same as another to a prison inmate. But at HUSTLER, May 1977 is a special month that's dedicated to the thousands of Americans whose lives are spent decaying behind prison walls. **PRISON REFORM: AMERICAN HORROR STORY** is **MALCOLM BRALY**'s indictment of a system that allows men to stagnate under the pretext of rehabilitation. Braly, the author of several prison-oriented books, including *False Starts* and *On the Yard*—for which he is writing the screenplay for Warner Bros.—is an alumnus of California's San Quentin.

Soledad, another prison in the California Gulag, is the home of **WILLIAM CARTER SPANN**, the black-sheep nephew of President Carter. In this month's **HUSTLER PROFILE: THE OTHER CARTER**, Spann describes day-to-day life in the Jesus-jumping Carter household. Spann successfully evaded in-depth interviews until San Francisco-based free-lance writer **BURTON H. WOLFE** persuaded him to open up. Wolfe is the author of numerous articles on prison reform, as well as the book *Pileup on Death Row*.

Another writer who has taken up the banner of prison reform is longtime HUSTLER contributor **JAY LEVIN**, author of **EXECUTION: LEGALIZED MURDER**. Levin first became interested in the plight of the prisoner while covering the Attica riots for the *New York Post*. "Attica made me angry at the system," he says.

Humor and Cartoon Editor **DWAINE B. TINSLEY** also has reason to be angry at the system, having spent part of his life on the inside. **SLAMI** is Dwaine's cartoon commemoration of those years in limbo.

Dwaine spent half of his life in the slammer learning how to cartoon and the other half dreaming of his next piece of ass. In this month's **SEX PLAY: SEX AND THE CONVICT, MICHAEL JAMES**, who has spent a third of his life behind bars, reveals how prisoners get off while they're waiting to get out.

However, does getting out necessarily mean freedom? **ANCHORS**, our May HUSTLER fiction by **E. L. GERDES**, answers this question. Gerdes, presently under lock and key in Iowa, has published fiction in several prison publications and has won the 1973 Clayton Award for his outstanding contributions to the penal press. The illustration for *Anchors* is by **ALEX EBEL**, a regular HUSTLER contributor (*Manny & Faye*, August 1976 and *The Nun's Tail*, January 1977) and one of the foremost illustrators in America today.

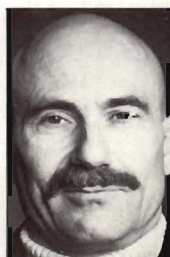
The foremost females in The Land of the Free make up this month's collection of HUSTLER Honeys: **JODY**, the lady with three—count 'em—three nipples, **MINDY**, **SUZIE** and our centerfold, **NICOLE**. Together, they should provide you with some welcome release. Whether you're on the inside or the outside, we can't think of a better way to pass the time.

—Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



Malcolm Braly



Burton H. Wolfe



Jay Levin



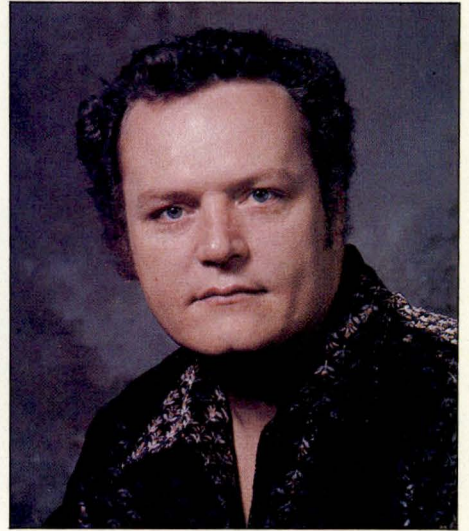
E. L. Gerdes



Alex Ebel

STATEMENT

INSIDE VIEW



Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote that until you've actually been a part of the controversy of your time, you have not lived. And no one personifies this thought better than my husband, Larry Flynt, the editor and publisher of HUSTLER. Larry passed this month's Statement to me from his jail cell in Cincinnati, where he is incarcerated for publishing HUSTLER. I hope that he will be free on bail pending appeal of his 25-year sentence by the time you read this. However, because of our production schedule, Larry had to write this before a decision on bail could be reached by the court.

—Althea Flynt

Although work on this special prison issue started months before my trial, it is interesting to note I am now writing this from the Cincinnati jail. Justice, Cincinnati-style, has lifted its blindfold long enough to try and convict me of pandering obscenity and engaging in organized crime. I've always said that I would publish HUSTLER from a jail cell if I have to. Now I'm keeping my word.

No one knows how important freedom is until they've lost it. As the steel doors close behind you, you can't believe it's actually happening. I can assure you one of the first things you do is have a good cry—not from weakness but from frustration. But I am less sad about being in jail than about the reason I'm here: standing up for what I believe in. I believe in the right to be free and to express my ideas and thoughts without being censored.

It takes courage to be free, to tolerate many things we don't like, to make sacrifices whenever necessary. If my

sacrifices have given others the courage to express their beliefs, then it will have been worth it. Because of the sacrifices of others, kids now have a voice on college campuses, 18-year-olds can vote and blacks gained their civil rights. Maybe someday people will have the right to read and enjoy any books they want, even if the books are sex-oriented.

There are people who think that someone's fight against the system has been defeated when his funds are depleted, he is jailed or dies. But man's spirit of freedom will live eternally. That spirit will continue to strengthen the principles of freedom, making it man's most cherished right.

Some people think that the Lenny Bruces, Al Goldsteins and the Larry Flynts of the world should have their mouths washed out with soap. But when I started HUSTLER, I decided to deal with sex as I knew it, four-letter words and all. The price I have paid is my freedom. If I'm guilty of anything, it is of providing a mirror image of the American way of life.

The charges against me in Cincinnati were merely fancy legal words that were used to cover the real reason for the action: censorship. The law reads that when a person publishes any obscene material, knowing it will be sold or distributed to the public, he is pandering obscenity. I proudly admit that I publish HUSTLER, but no one can convince me it's obscene.

The organized crime law—which should be applied to Mafia types—means that five or more people collaborated to commit a crime for gain. I don't believe that publishing HUSTLER is a crime. But if a prosecutor wanted to apply a broad interpretation of this law, even President Carter could be indicted for promoting pornography by

merely participating in a *Playboy* interview because some communities in this country are conservative enough to find *Playboy* obscene. It's the same kind of vague, inappropriately applied law that was used to convict Harry Reems in Memphis, Tennessee, for his role in the film *Deep Throat*.

In an effort to free me from jail, my attorneys have asked me to remain silent. I was asked not to criticize the prosecutor or judge and to abide by the court's request not to distribute HUSTLER in Cincinnati.

I believe that I have the freedom to say what I feel, even if it concerns a judge or a prosecutor. And as far as the court's request to stop distributing the magazine goes, to go along with that would be participating in the ugliest form of censorship: prior restraint.

Think about it! They were actually asking me to give up the rights of free speech and of a free press, rights that are held by every American. I cannot give up these rights without setting a dangerous precedent that would surely undermine the rights of all of us. The First Amendment gets its vitality and meaning from this unrestricted right of free choice for each individual. No man can compromise this right and retain his dignity. To do so would constitute a breach of the principles our nation was founded on.

I am proud of my American heritage and the principles it embodies. To all those who would ask me to lay down these principles, I say to them in the language I know best, SHOVE IT!

A handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in black ink.

Editor & Publisher

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FEEDBACK

FEELING JAPPED OUT

I know you guys make a lot of jokes about Jews, but do you have to do it at the expense of a sexy girl like Julie (March 1977 issue), who you called J. A. P., Jewish American Princess? I have dated a lot of Jewish girls who seemed to me more sincere and a lot better in bed than Gentile girls, and I'm not just saying that because I'm Jewish, too. My cock doesn't know the difference (yes, I'm circumcised) and if a girl can satisfy my root, then that's all that matters. Julie looks like the kind of girl who could really put on a show for some lucky guy, and if it could be me, I wouldn't care if she was a Buddhist, Hindu or Sun Myung Moon follower. So lay off!

Mark Kahn
Teaneck, New Jersey

FOOT FANCIER

Until your article *Foot & Shoe Fetishism* (March 1977), I was beginning to think that I was the only foot lover. If liking good-looking female feet is a fetish, then I am a foot fetishist.

I'd also like to take this time to find out why you do not show more feet in your pictures, now that you know there are people out here who love to see them. I hope you keep up the good work and start showing more feet.

M. A. Taylor
Address Withheld by Request

EASY BREATH

Your article *America's Biggest Pushers* (February 1977 issue) was great, beginning with the eye-catching photo of the girl chained to a cigarette and ending with the sidebar "Crush Your Butt." Being a nonsmoker makes me very sensitive to those who *do* smoke. If they only knew the stench they excrete from their habit is a real turn-off. Let me know if reprints are available; I'd love to give my hooked friends a copy.

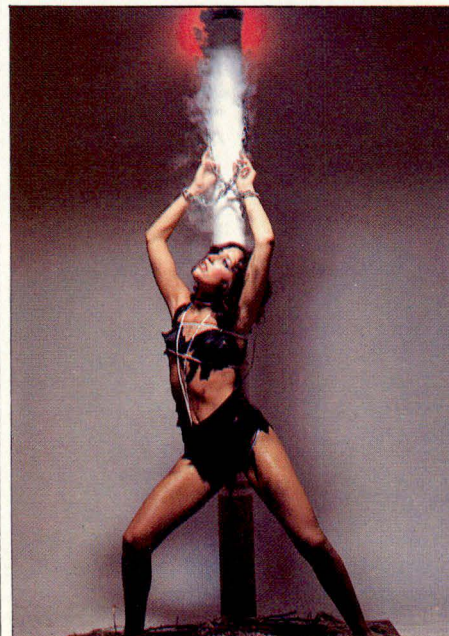
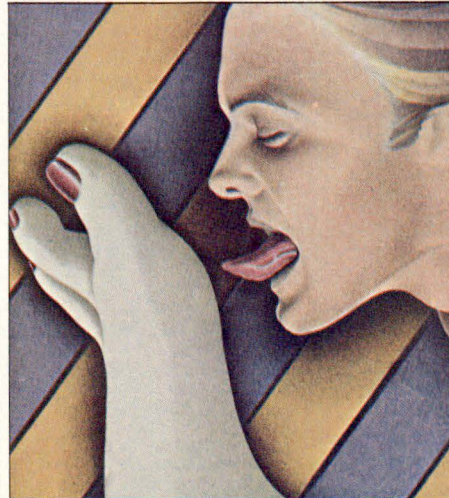
Health-related articles and your sexy women *do* belong in the same great magazine. Keep them both coming.

Frank Zering
Turnersville, New Jersey

To obtain back issues of *HUSTLER* use the order form on back-issue ads in the magazine, or write to the circulation department in care of *HUSTLER's* address.

STRAIGHT FROM STUART

The Bill Ryan and Leslie Horvitz profile of Sam Roth (February 1977 issue) was a real dilly. But they got one fact wrong when they quote me as believing that the three blackjack-wielding Mafia thugs who set upon me were in Winchell's employ. I've said a lot of nasty things about poor dead Walter Winchell in my time and am credited with ending his career as a TV news commentator, but at no time did I believe that he had any personal part in the assault. But I could speculate that it was paid for and directed by a flunky—probably in the publicity business—who



could later sit down at Winchell's table in the Stork Club and state casually, "Walter, did you see what they did to that s.o.b. Stuart?" That was what would have to have been said for Winchell to understand that someone had done him a favor.

Because I had my own good connections, I was able to locate the two thugs who had long records of indictments for assault, atrocious assault and assault with intent to kill. New Jersey police were then directed to a bar on Columbus Avenue in New York City, where they waited until the thugs came out. The police pushed them into the car, and as they drove through the Lincoln Tunnel, passing the New York/New Jersey line, announced to the thugs that they were under arrest. Subsequently the pair was convicted.

A footnote: Even after Roth was sent to prison, I continued to defy the powers-that-be by keeping *The Secret Life of Walter Winchell* on sale through my own organization. One funny incident happened when Winchell attacked the Copacabana Club in New York because they had fired a chorus girl who was a companion of a friend of his. The Copacabana was under daily attack in the Winchell column. The club retaliated by buying 50 copies of the book daily and distributing them each evening to their favorite customers. Within three days, Winchell declared a truce and stopped the attack.

Thanks to some of the effects of the sexual revolution, which was launched in large part by our publishing company in conjunction with Albert Ellis back in 1957, people today are not ashamed to flock to the support of Larry Flynt, Al Goldstein and Harry Reems. In those days, however, "proper" literary and political figures kept their traps shut while old Sam Roth was railroaded to prison on some of the most ridiculous charges that any prosecutor has ever spelled out in a courtroom.

Lyle Stuart
Secaucus, New Jersey

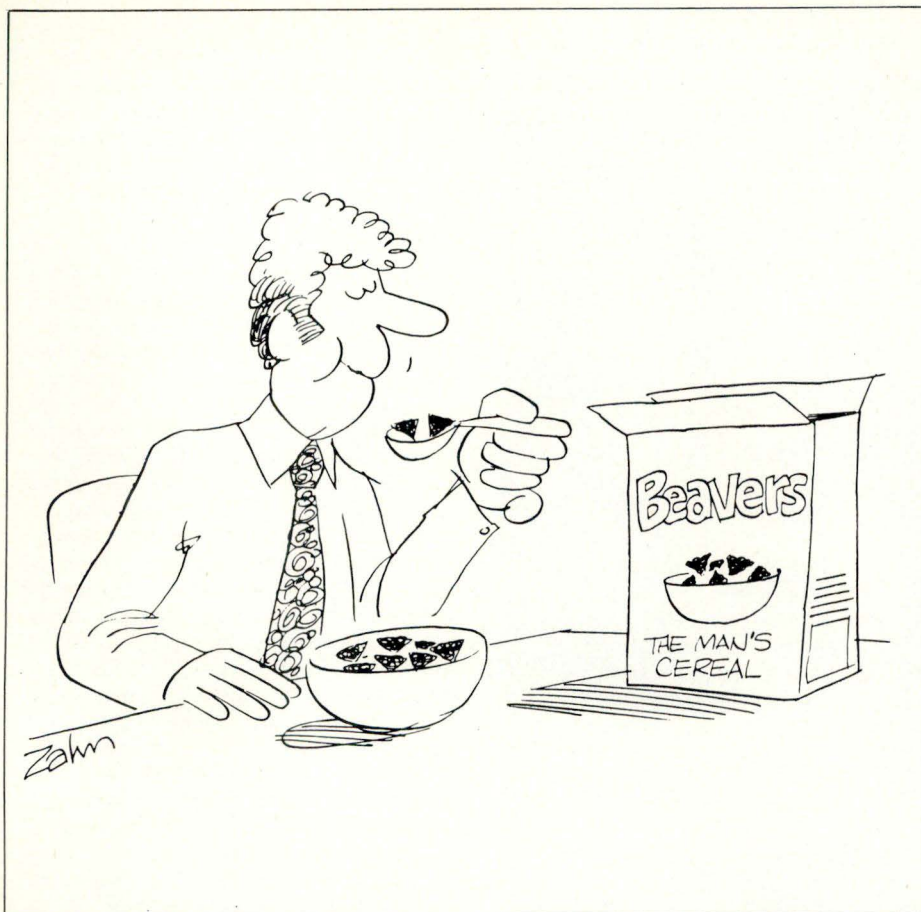
That's a great sentiment, Lyle. But then why am I in jail?

—Larry Flynt

COURTING THE TRUTH

I am saddened to learn that the Constitution of the United States has been adjudicated obscene in Cincinnati. When the freedom of thought and expressions protected by that document is outlawed, it can only mean that the basic charter freedom itself is no longer viable. Do not lose heart. What you are doing is important enough to be worth any sacrifice. I am tempted to resign my judicial post and volunteer my services gratis to your legal staff. I can imagine no more important work to be privileged to share in than protecting the foundations of liberty as envisioned by Jefferson, Paine, Adams and those other earlier-day rebels with whom you have aligned yourself.

Judge Charles Galbreath
Supreme Court Building
Nashville, Tennessee



BUSTING BUKOWSKI'S BALLS

I question all the fuss over Charles Bukowski's so-so story *The Fiend* (November 1976 issue). Dostoevski didn't have to murder anybody to write *Crime and Punishment*. Everybody has had suppressed fantasies about sex with children. As for *The Big Dope Reading*, March 1977, I can find neither good characterization, plot nor style in it. No real people, just objects that Bukowski moves around in an eternally boring game called "Bukowski is better than everybody else," with only one player. I'm getting sick of this Gukowski... Pukowski... er, ah... Puke for short. In your interview with him (December 1976 issue), Mr. Ugly Spirit has a few words to say about my work. I'm not raw enough, he says. Too poetic, too educated. In his books of short stories, though, he says the opposite. In *Beer and Poets and Talk*, he singles me out as the best living American poet and writer—which is true, as any HUSTLER reader can tell you. In *Notes of a Dirty Old Man*, he calls me "one of the finest poets of our Age" and quotes two pages from a letter I wrote, saying I can put it much better than he can. He also wrote to an editor saying I am "one of the great ones of these rather strange times."

So what the fuck happened? Well, he knifed Hemingway, too. Hem was his big hero; he modeled his style and behavior after Hem but doesn't mention Hem in the interview. Bukowski is crazy. He is only Bukowski, but Hemingway is still Hem. This Puke guy is a son of a bitch, the worst. He'll do anything to make himself look good and other writers look bad... in public.

Only a couple of months ago, he told me on the phone, "Hal, you're still the greatest. But I'll never say that in public."

Harold Norse
San Francisco, California

REPROACH, REBUTTAL AND REASON

I must admit that I am not a regular reader of HUSTLER. I have seen some issues from time to time and am now referring to your February 1977 issue in particular. I picked it up after we received numerous calls from members of our organization—all amputees who have lost limb or limbs in World War I, II, Korea or Vietnam. We are the largest amputee organization in the country.

I'd like to state that J. Kohl's "Stumped for Laughs" is, to say the least, obnoxious. Do you know that there are 30 million handicapped people in this country, and I am sure they don't appreciate Mr. Kohl's humor. His first cartoon, showing a double-leg amputee, displays a lack of sensitivity and information. Being a double-leg amputee (having lost my legs in World War II), I can assure Mr. Kohl that I use the toilet in a normal way like a normal person.

The cartoon showing a woman in a cart with half of her body cut off is another indication of what a perverted sense of humor can do. The cartoon is highly offensive to all amputees. And the cartoon depicting hooks and blood is something else. Did you know that 3000 people have lost both arms as a result of wars alone?

I don't wish to continue discussing all the car-

toons because I get sicker and sicker to my stomach. I really cannot understand Mr. Kohl's sense of humor at the expense of other human beings. Does Mr. Kohl know that amputations can result from cancer, diabetes, circulatory diseases and accidents, and that such plagues strike at unexpected times?

I would think that an apology to all those unfortunate handicapped persons is in order. I look forward to hearing from you, Mr. Flynt.

Sol Kaminsky, Secretary
National Amputation Foundation
Whitestone, New York

I have never written to a magazine. I probably never would have if it hadn't been for the cartoons "Stumped for Laughs," by Joe Kohl, in your February issue. You see, I'm 18, and at the age of nine, doctors noticed a bone disorder in my right hip. Consequently I had to wear a cast and walk on crutches until I was 13.

It isn't funny to see someone without full use of their limbs, so I fail to see the humor in Kohl's cartoons. I will continue to read HUSTLER, but would you please tell Mr. Kohl that I think his three days in jail really warped his brain.

Mike H.
Winfield, Missouri

Though I like most of your cartoons, I get turned off by the violent ones. I don't mind laughing about sex and drugs. As a matter of fact, I try to indulge in both as often as possible. But your cartoons about dead fetuses, ripped flesh, etc., make me wonder about your editorial policies. I really believe that more people would tune in to your magazine if you cut out the violence and stuck to cartoons that are simply funny. Otherwise, the rest of your publication is interesting and enjoyable.

B. Gantt
Address Withheld by Request

"The best satire is often based on the unfortunate aspects of life. Any good satire merely expands on the human condition, of which tragedy is a part.... We aren't out to humiliate those with physical handicaps but to make a sad situation a little less sad by confronting head-on the fears that plague us all."

Statement January 1977

We are writing about your *Statement*, January 1977, which dealt with racial jokes. We feel that this type of humor is outrageously funny. We also feel that HUSTLER should come out twice a month because after four weeks on a tow boat, the pages are so thin that only the pink shows.

Clarke Berry, C. J. C. & The Polack
New Orleans, Louisiana

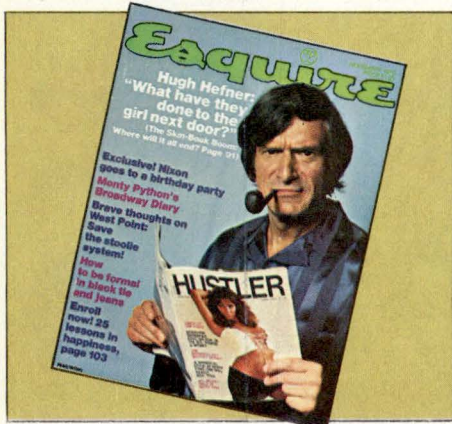
I'm writing concerning all those letters you received about the cartoon picturing the black dude getting caught in the mousetrap when he tried to steal a piece of watermelon (November 1976 issue). I myself am Polish, and I've heard

quite a few jokes about "Polacks." Try to tell me "Polacks" aren't stereotyped, or Italians. Blacks aren't alone. All anyone has to do is to remember that the joking is all in fun. Keep up the good work on your cartoons, HUSTLER.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

HUSTLING HEF

I just saw the cover of the November 1976 issue of *Esquire*, with Hugh Hefner looking at a copy of HUSTLER. It just goes to show you that



even a stuffed shirt like him knows a good magazine when he sees one. I was disappointed that they didn't show Hefner looking inside of HUSTLER so that we could see him putting his hand to good work for a change. This proves that HUSTLER is definitely number one.

Mark Smith
Chicago, Illinois

BATTLE RAGES ON

Your commentary on war (January 1977 issue) contains the truth because it exposes the tragic, sickening reality of a political power play that the Vietnam war was. If I could have been exposed to this article ten years ago, the "John Wayne War Hero and Glory Syndrome" that I'd been programmed with for 18 years would have been washed away in the ten minutes it took to read the article.

As many others, I signed up to save my country from Communist aggression. I'd win the war, come back with lots of medals and make my family and friends proud. I was going to be the war-hero stud who all the girls would fight over. When I saw and became part of the "living hell" that your pictures so vividly show, I lost more than just my legs or manhood—which I will learn to live with eventually. For me, the haunting memories and nightmares of what I saw are the most brutal reminders that I have to live with.

Maybe exposes such as yours will teach men of today and tomorrow not to be so gullible and naive the next time that a politician feels like starting a new war just to please his big business bedfellows. How ironic that the state I live in is still ruled by the same corrupt maggots who, in order to keep the Vietnam war active, changed the state motto from "Scenic New Hampshire" to "Live Free or Die."

J. P.
"Living Dead in New Hampshire"

I saw the photo that looked like a thousand other photos: men charging up a hill in wartime; men dressed in green, crouching; men firing rifles and falling to the ground. I read the caption above the photo—my eyes took in the words and left them behind.

Then I turned the page.

Oh, God. Anger, shock, revulsion, fascination. Above the heavy pounding of my heart, I was aware of a part of me, reeling—sickened—clawing to escape what I could not tear my eyes from. I was angry—angry for the widows and mothers who saw those pictures; angry that you had dared to sicken me; angry that I could not stop looking. And I was shocked—stunned by my first actual sight of death. Somehow I had always thought of death in wartime as men falling to the ground with little holes in their bodies. Clean, you know? Suddenly I was aware of my own body. I breathed deeply, gratefully—feeling the strength of bone and the warmth of living flesh.

With pages folded back, I read *The Real Obscenity: War* and felt anger, horror, and most of all, frustration and dread. But not at you, Mr. Flynt, and not at HUSTLER. War was by far the ugliest, most provocative article I have ever read. You made me feel awful, and I thank you because now I am no longer blind, and no child of mine will ever go to war.

Maureen Soucy
Linden, New Jersey

I just saw the NBC documentary *Violence in America*, where all forms of violence were depicted, some in bloody detail. In another segment, the January 1977 cover of HUSTLER was shown, but the cover girl was blocked out by an index card. This was par for the course. The producers and everyone connected with the show should check out *The Real Obscenity: War* in the same issue for another aspect of violence. I agree with everything that you stated in your commentary.

John Phillips
Address Withheld by Request

A NOSE FOR SEX

Having been an avid reader of HUSTLER for two years, I have become accustomed to some far-out displays. However, I do believe you could score a publishing first by including a "Scratch and Sniff" centerfold. The technology to do this is available, and I can assure you that you could sell millions of extra copies. I, for one, would be extremely impressed.

L. K. Smith
Atlanta, Georgia

Due to many requests such as yours, we have tried, but the company we sniffed out (3M Company), which was qualified to do the processing, turned up its nose at us.

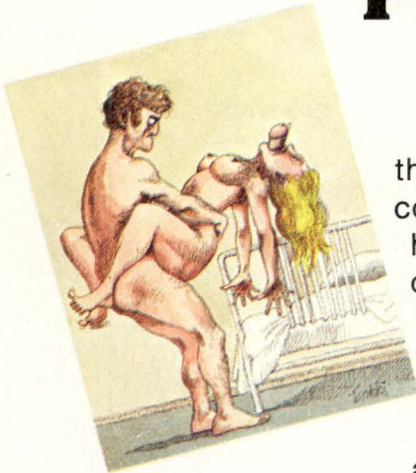
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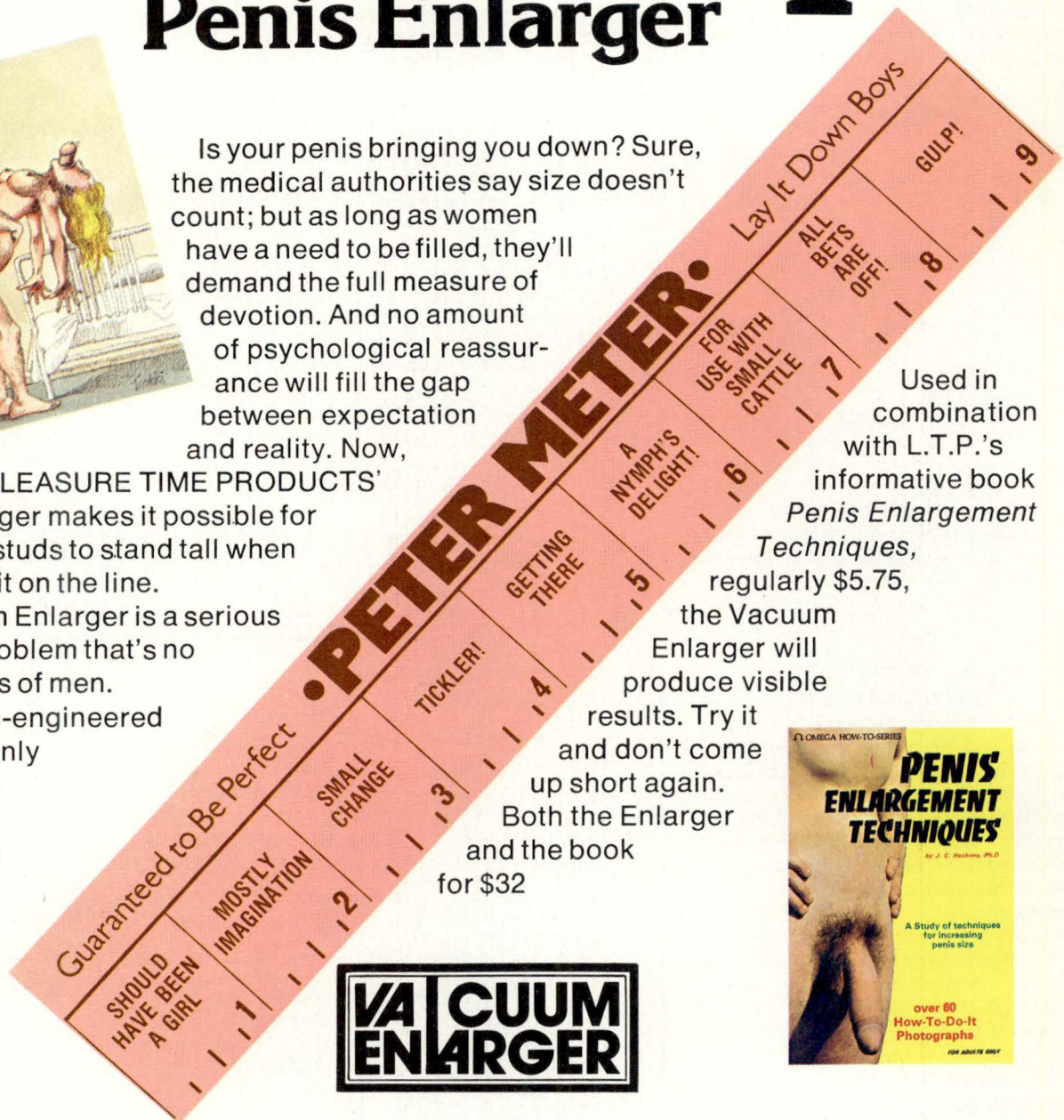
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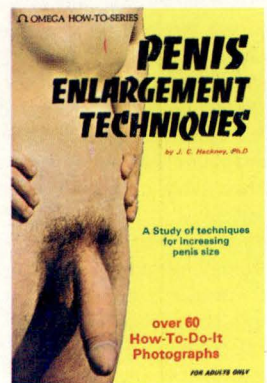
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Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 W. Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

Reverend Jesse Jackson's Chicago-based civil rights organization PUSH (People United to Save Humanity) is currently bringing pressure to bear on record company executives to put an end to so-called sex rock.

Jackson believes that suggestive song lyrics contribute to illegitimacy and abortion, and to bolster his objections to the songs he cited a Jet magazine poll of unwed mothers. Jackson said the poll indicated that 90 percent of the girls had engaged in sex while listening to the dreaded sex rock.

In Tullahoma, Tennessee, a 47-year-old Episcopal priest has been arrested on charges that he turned a privately funded and operated home for juvenile offenders under his direction into a homosexual porn factory.

Acting on information provided by a former resident of Boys Farm, Inc., local police arrested Reverend Claudius Ira Vermilye, Jr., and charged him with crimes against nature. The officers say they have confiscated pictures of the farm's young residents in action and a fund-raising letter that read in part: "At least you can depend upon our fellow gays helping you out because this way we gay guys know our money is being used for a very worthy cause."

At the time of the arrest, Vermilye was being featured in the then current issue of an Episcopal magazine in which he said: "I guess I have been cast as a father figure, and I admit that I enjoy it."

Dr. Kenneth Edelin, the Boston obstetrician found guilty in 1975 of manslaughter following his operation to abort a fetus in the 24th week of its development, has had his conviction overturned by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

"Manslaughter assumes the victim was a live and independent person," said the court and thus ruled that a fetus in the womb fails to meet that condition.

The Detroit News routinely prints the names and addresses of women convicted of prostitution, a publishing act that could be construed as procuring. However, such information also could lead to harassment of the working girls. HUSTLER found that more than 30 other major daily papers also list names and addresses of convicted prostitutes. Most papers report that it is standard policy to use addresses in all stories to make a clearer identification of persons mentioned in them.

South Australian husbands who have forced their wives to have sex may be charged with rape, according to a new law passed by that Australian State's Labour Government. We reported in this space last February that the Aussie government was considering such a law, believed to be the first of its kind, as part of new legislation dealing with rape. Now this has become fact, and interestingly, another provision of the antirape statute is that a rape victim may not be required to appear at the hearing of her accused attacker. Rape victims are also not required to answer questions concerning past sexual experience or standards of morality.

Raleigh, North Carolina, police department undercover agents recently operated an adult bookstore as their front in a crackdown on the traffic in stolen goods.

The police spent \$9,608.32 to buy back stolen property such as TVs, stereos and CB radios, all the while operating the bookstore in a normal manner. "We sold what is normally sold in adult bookstores," Police Chief Robert Goodwin said, in order to provide a cover for the fake fencing operation.

Wake County District Attorney Burley Mitchell said no charges would be brought against the police for selling obscene material.—Mike Sheeter

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column that is designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to ask HUSTLER about whatever is on your mind, direct your letter to HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Pat Ryan

Your article on VD in the December 1976 issue was very informative. However, you failed to mention crabs, something I contracted at one time. Could you inform us about this? I would greatly appreciate it.

L. M.
Loveland, New Mexico

Crab lice (so named because of the crablike claws that attach themselves to the skin) are usually found in pubic hair but occasionally infest eyebrows, lashes, beards or any hairy part of the body. They are transmitted by personal contact, bedding, clothes and toilets. Crabs may be hard to see, but the itch will tell. Kwell shampoo

(available by prescription) will kill the crabs and their eggs (nits). Or you can get A-200 in any drugstore without a prescription, and it is equally effective. Machine-wash clothes and sheets in hot water. Do your friends a favor and let them know if you spot the little buggers.

I am a 19-year-old male in good health. Within the past few months I have noticed four small holes below the head of my penis where I was circumcised. Sometimes I have a discharge from these holes that is yellow and cheesy smelling. I am very scared. Is this a sign of VD?

M. S.
New York, New York

With symptoms like that, what the hell are you doing writing a letter instead of going to a doctor? You could have gonorrhea, a sebaceous cyst, a foreign matter under any remaining foreskin or some strange malady. Get help!

Recently my husband and I have been deprived of something that totally enhanced and increased our sex life. It made me change from a shy, hung-up prude into a sex-hungry, open-minded bisexual. A friend, who is a nurse, supplied us with a knockout drug that left you helplessly asleep yet partially sensitive for several hours. This gave the wide-awake partner

a free hand to do anything he or she wanted to. While one of us was drugged, the other would use him or her in any fashion desired, including dildoes, picture taking and other things. But now our nurse friend has traveled out of the country, and we are anxious to find a supply of the sleep drug so that we can continue our pleasurable practices. Can you help us?

S. P.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

You were probably under the influence of a hypnotic drug that simply lowered your inhibitions. If you were actually asleep, you wouldn't know that anything pleasurable was going on. Many people believe marijuana, cocaine or, in this case, "downs," enhance sex. You can usually find one or another of these drugs, but if you need them to function sexually, then something is seriously wrong with your head and/or relationships. Narcotics might add variation to your sex life, but why not try a change of pace and play your games straight?

I am 23 years old and love sex. My problem is that when I come there is no sperm, but a watery, milky fluid. There is only two or three drops. I am getting married soon and want to know if there is something wrong.

T. D.
Atlanta, Georgia

Sperm are only visible under a microscope. That watery, milky stuff (seminal fluid) contains all you need; so stop looking for goldfish to come out of your dick. The average ejaculation is about one teaspoon, so if you have a little less, you're probably still within normal limits. If you ejaculate frequently, whether from masturbation or intercourse, the quantity will be less because the body won't have had time to manufacture the maximum amount of fluid. If you're still worried, go to a doctor.

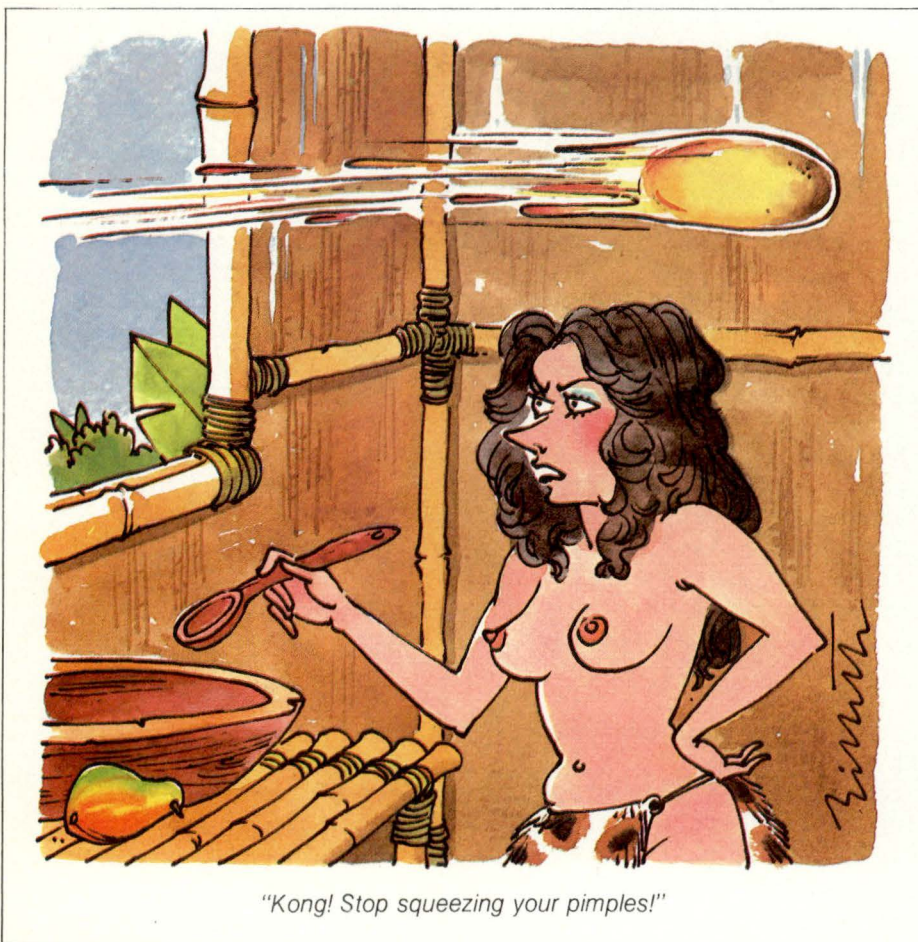
I have a rather large penis, and I sometimes have difficulty finding a woman who is large enough to handle all of it. How can I tell the size of a chick's vagina in advance? Does practice matter or are they born with it like guys are?

R. J.
Sacramento, California

You can't tell a cunt by its cover, but remember, practice makes perfect. Vaginas do vary in size and are further affected by childbirth, muscle tone, etc. You'll have to take the bird in hand to determine what's under the bush.

After my wife and I were married in 1940, she met a woman who quickly became her best friend. Through the years, they spent almost every minute together. My wife was at her friend's more than she was at home. I noticed that when they went shopping she would return with no packages and her pantyhose were often torn at

(continued on page 109)



"Kong! Stop squeezing your pimples!"



"If I were you, my good man, I wouldn't worry how you caught this strange disease; worry about how to keep it!"

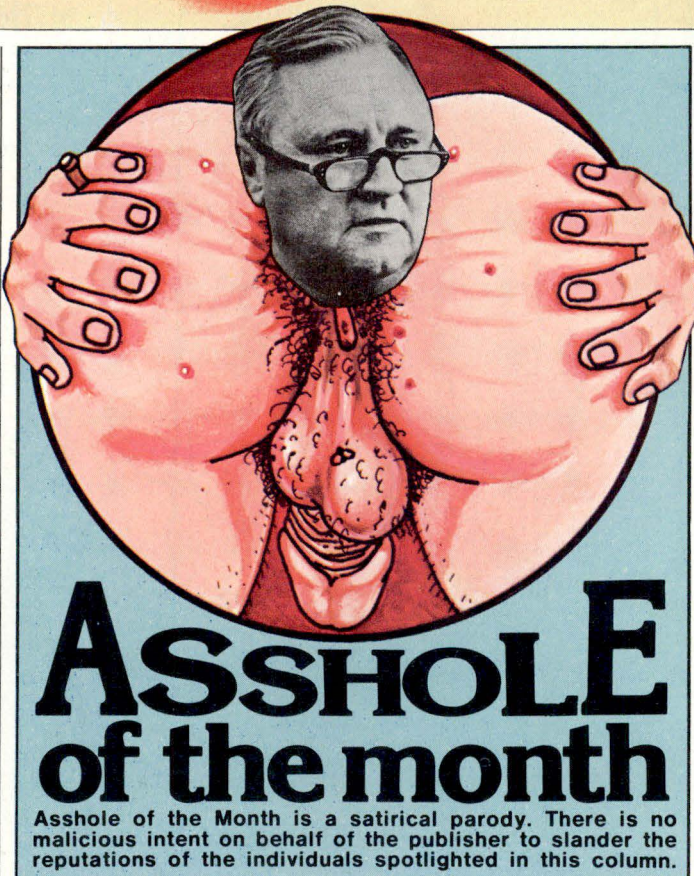
Bits & Pieces

After getting the shit kicked out of us in a courtroom, you'd think we'd be reluctant to take on the people who held us down and kicked us. But HUSTLER magazine doesn't back down and will never tuck its tail between its legs and run for cover.

So in the interest of justice we feel that it's only fair to make Hamilton County Common Pleas Court Judge William J. Morrissey our all-time supreme Asshole of the Month. We feel Morrissey could use some lessons in fairness—and in justice.

Morrissey is the bag of mush the Hamilton County prosecutor occasionally dipped into for aid while railroading Larry Flynt off to jail for publishing HUSTLER. Judges who live in fear of prosecutors are certainly a blemish on the system of justice. But judges such as Wet Willie Morrissey, who act as maidservants to prosecutors, are creeping cancers that have dishonored the entire legal profession.

Aside from just being the prosecutor's Steppin' Fetchit, this Republican sex hater was probably motivated by revenge. Willie Morrissey ran for the Ohio Supreme Court last November, and he no doubt hoped that the publicity of convicting a "pornographer" would enable him to bring his severely limited abilities to that important court. But because of a motion filed by Mr. Flynt in the Ohio Supreme Court charging Morrissey with bias and prejudice the trial was delayed and Morrissey couldn't take advantage of the case. He lost in a close race, and for that much, we're happy. The thought of Mor-



rissey's election to the Ohio Supreme Court is chilling—as chilling as the possibility that closet queen G. Harrold Carswell's nomination to the U. S. Supreme Court could have been confirmed.

Apparently blaming Larry for the election loss, this pervert of the legal system sentenced Larry to 7 to 25 years in jail, almost as soon as the guilty verdict was handed down. Judges with Morrissey's type of impartiality often have trouble restraining themselves from cheering the prosecution on in open court. But Morrissey didn't have to worry about that since he appeared to have the mentality of a vegetable, which makes it difficult for him to get his lips moving.

However, Morrissey did stop

thinking in slow motion often enough to quickly deny defense motions, and he also managed to keep important evidence and testimony from being presented in court. But these sudden bursts, sounding very much like human speech, were nothing more than the squawkings of a parrot. While he denied jurors the right to examine magazines similar to HUSTLER that are sold in Cincinnati, Morrissey recessed for the afternoon and went to his chambers to study the magazines—in the interest of justice, no doubt.

A fair and impartial judge, that Willie. He took no chances that the jury would be prejudiced—against returning a guilty verdict at least. We wonder if the four blacks on

the jury would have voted as they did if they knew that Morrissey didn't convene the trial on Martin Luther King's birthday so he wouldn't upset the "four niggies," as he called them.

Morrissey and the prosecutor who leads him on a leash don't have to worry about itchy backs. They scratch each other's backs just fine. But they should worry about being the laughingstock of the legal world for making a mockery of justice. The trial was a ridiculous farce, with chief kangaroo Willie trying to get the most laughs. And Morrissey's stock will plummet even further when higher courts, where more intelligent judges sit, declare a mistrial.

We can't believe that an intelligent judge would sit still for a trial involving trumped-up charges on a moral, not legal, issue. But then morality is something Morrissey is concerned about. He hopes to have some one day.

FARTS IN THE WIND

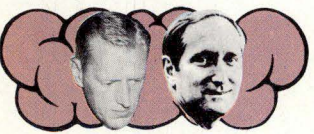
There were so many people vying for this month's Asshole award that the Cincinnati affair was more like an enema-freak convention than a courtroom event. But Wet Willie Morrissey won out by making a mockery of justice. So all the rest of the contenders on the following page are just farts in the wind. Don't light any matches around this crowd.



Every censor has a book burner hanging from his coat-tails. Fred Cartolano, assistant Hamilton County prosecutor and one of Morrissey's fellow Catholics, is the kind of courtroom huckster who'd lead you to believe he flunked the Perry Mason school of law. Fred's ability to draw out absolutely worthless information from witnesses and to cleverly turn the jurors' attentions to matters having nothing to do with the trial should make him a big success in Cincinnati's version of the legal system's semipro league. Fred reminds us of the kind of man who would put razor blades in a braille book and sit back laughing while a blind reader cuts up his fingers.



Pert 'n' perky Peggy Lane—a Junior Samples look-alike—has been covering the courthouse beat for the *Cincinnati Enquirer* for almost five years. An extremely grizzled, veteran journalist, Peggy delights her bosses by knowing what to kiss, when—and on whom. In fact, if the Hamilton County prosecutor ever came to an abrupt halt, he'd likely find Peggy's nose deeply embedded in his bowels.



The Keating Brothers, Charles and Bill, don't mind brown noses. That's probably what inspired brother Bill, president of the enlightened *Cincinnati Enquirer*, to give executive editor Luke Feck and reporter Peggy Lane jobs. Or it could be that shit seeks its own level. Bill wouldn't want anything written in his newspaper that might upset the powers that be. Conse-

quently, the *Enquirer's* reporting of the trial was biased, and following the conviction the paper even raised a toast to this erosion of press freedoms on its editorial page. The *Enquirer* also allowed one "expert" prosecution witness, Reo M. Christenson, to continue his inept testimony—after the trial—in a half-page story in the paper. This no doubt won Bill special praise from brother Charles, a former Nixon puppet on the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and head of Citizens for Decency through Law, once called Citizens for Decent Literature. Maybe the name was changed since no one could call brother Bill's *Enquirer* decent literature.



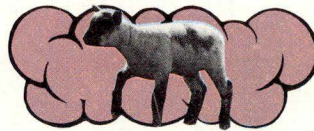
Then there's Carl H. Lindner, who, in his position as chairman of the board of Cincinnati's American Financial Corporation and chairman of the board and publisher of the *Enquirer*, can provide employment to the likes of Bill Keating and Peggy Lane. Besides controlling Cincinnati's purse strings, Lindner has the opportunity to make sure one Cincinnati newspaper stays well below the mark of excellence in journalism.

The *Cincinnati Post*, on the other hand, made a stab at professional journalism. But despite a decent writer or two, the *Post* missed the mark because it lacked the balls to give HUSTLER any editorial support or to run a series of ads for Ohioans for a Free Press. But then what do Cincinnati papers know about a free press?



Cincinnati television is not without its shortcomings, especially WCPO's news director Al Schottelkotte. Al's coverage of the trial was consistently bad because he

picked the worst aspect of the day to dwell on in his report. Then Al, a cross between Baby Huey and Daffy Duck, did his penguin waddle into the courtroom to testify for the prosecution and gave the results of his own shoddy and unprofessional attempt at a telephone survey of Hamilton County residents' opinions on erotic publications. This sawed-off twerp offered his survey as testimony at the trial against the testimonies of such researchers as the esteemed psychologist Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, of Kinsey report fame, and sociologist Dr. Charles Winick. Al's testimony on his first and only opinion poll—including an admission that he didn't know if the poll was accurate or not—was as valuable as mineral oil is to someone with the runs. Undaunted, Al sabotaged a previously arranged interview with noted author Harold Robbins, who was in town to view the trial, by preventing him from appearing on a non-news WCPO-TV program solely because Robbins is pro-HUSTLER.



Another star witness for the prosecution was Thomas Sant, an English instructor at the University of Cincinnati. Sant, a Mormon who doesn't even drink coffee or tea and follows the Mormons' stand against obscenity, volunteered his "objective, expert" opinions on the literary and artistic values for the community. It's a rare community that refrains from all the "vices" on Sant's list, and it's a frightening community that would agree with Sant's admission that he would support government censorship of literature.



Reo M. Christenson, a Miami (Ohio) University professor and witness for the *Enquirer's*

version of the trial, offered his "expert" opinion on Hamilton County's "community standards." Reo based his opinions on his five or six annual visits to Hamilton County and on *not* having seen a movie, visited a nightclub or surveyed the magazines for sale in that county in a year. Reo was disqualified as a witness although he protested, babbling and stuttering about his knowledge of "feces on the penis." The quivering, incoherent mass was then escorted away.



By the way, one other person seems to fit right into this crowd. Simon Leis, Jr., Hamilton County prosecutor, who works in the professional shadow of his assistant, Cartolano, is well known in Cincinnati for denying adults their right to choose their own form of entertainment. Although this devout Dutch Catholic is often mistaken for a bull terrier, he uses his position—one Cartolano is waiting to seize—to hand out pats on the head to people like Wet Willie Morrissey when they conduct a trial in Leis's favor. While seemingly basking in the temporary glory of establishing the nation's lowest common denominator of intelligence, Leis is giving the impression he won't go after other erotic publications. And he's still denying that the HUSTLER trial was a personal vendetta. Here's one fart in the wind who'll stain your underwear for sure.

One of the most disappointing aspects of this judicial farce was the fact that Cincinnati Mayor James Luken and the pompous puppeteers who probably control him (the Gilligans, Tafts, Gambles, Hollisters and other first families of the Queen City) encouraged—or at least just stood by and watched—as the elected patsies turned the city into a seamy pile of shit. Well, if the Lord decides to give the world an enema, he'll know just where to stick it.



FUN WITH FLAPS

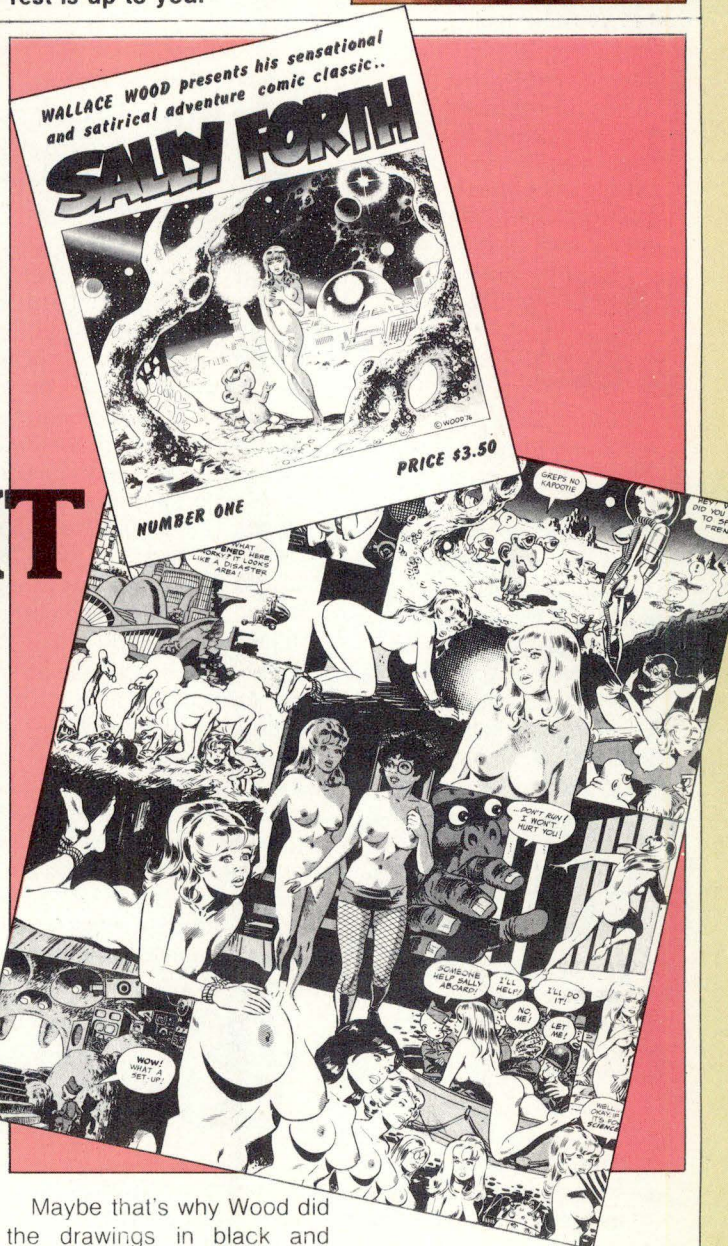
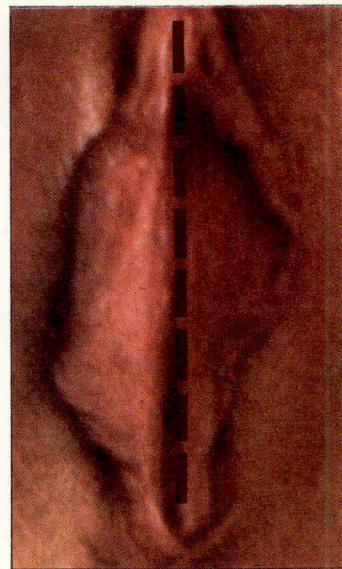
If you can really get wrapped up in erotic film stars, Fanny Wolfe would be your main lady. Fanny plays one of the ordinary citizens who get caught up in the heat wave of sex in *Heat Wave*, a New York film to be released soon. Larry Wichman will have the full story for us in

June's *X-Rated Reviews*.

Fanny plays the part of a timid social worker who is convinced by a tempter to bare her sexual fangs for a group of outlaw bikers. It looks like hanging out can be fun, but if it came to settling down, Fanny's just the girl to tie the knot with.

PEN PAL

As a special prison issue bonus, we're presenting this do-it-yourself nighttime toy. Merely cut along dotted line and then paste over a hole in your pillow, mattress or over your bowl of hot beans. The rest is up to you.



SPACED-OUT SALLY

Wallace Wood, recognized as one of the world's leading cartoonists for two decades, has now published a full-length book featuring the exploits of his spacy new character, Sally Forth. The book contains the realism, intricate detail and big-titted women that have made Wood famous, as well as a generous sampling of his wit.

At one time, Wood did horror comics for E. C. and was one of the original artists with *Mad* magazine, seeing it through its comic book stage into the world of slick publications.

Wood's recent work is probably best known in the underground community.

The bubble-headed heroine of *Sally Forth Number One* (\$3.50 plus 50 cents' postage from Supergraphics, P. O. Box 445, Wyomissing, Pennsylvania 19610) is a WAC who is sent into orbit to avoid women's lib protests. In her typically dumb-blonde way, Sally manages to wreak space havoc in her encounters with Boobarella and the Vermin. Nudity is a standard in *Sally*, but it is treated the way only the Wizard Wood can treat it.

Maybe that's why Wood did the drawings in black and white. It will keep guys from creaming on the pages.



Photo By Alfred Gescheidt

KINKY STUFF

Although nobody's really been paying much attention, the last Republican president has been acting strangely since his retirement. At least he's been strange in a different way. An uninformed source near Ford's retirement home (actually, he's a milkman with a fetish for flat-chested women) reported to us that Jerry decided to spend more time with his sons. The brown-haired and brown-eyed, five-foot, ten-inch, 175-pound source, who asked not to be identified, said Ford dropped acid, saw the light and will vote Democratic in the next local election. Records indicate it was the first time Ford tripped and didn't skin his knees.

Ford's retirement plan also calls for him and his family to form a rock band, tentatively to be called The Used Cars. Ron Nessen claims he had nothing to do with the band's name.

Henry Kissinger was asked to join the band but declined because it would take too much time from his busy schedule as a midget wrestler.

CHIC GETS TOUGH

Piqued by *Chic*? Too many big boring words? Too few surprises? Not anymore.

Chic now brings you class in the brass-balled, upfront style that Larry Flynt publications is known for. Peter Brennan, fresh from pulling no punches at *Screw* magazine, has gone in swinging and kicking as the new *Chic* executive editor, booting out staff pansies and spreading his Irish distaste for anything sober.

No doubt this new approach will send some celebrities reeling, since

HUSTLER's sister book plans, among other things, a monthly follow-up to the March issue feature "Six Easy Peeks." Cartoonist Ray Swann's prying portraits have shown that Billie Jean *doesn't* have a cock; Barbara's voice probably had nothing to do with her climb to the top; and Louise wears cotton panties, cotton panties.

If you're into highbrow yet hard-hitting humor, sex, articles and fiction—with some surprises that really get down—you'll find a *Chic* subscription blank on page 120.



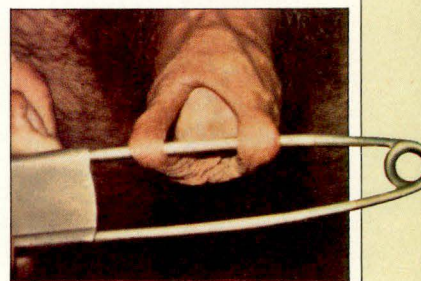
Synthetic SNATCH

What HUSTLER reader wouldn't want to dip into this 38-24-36 body? Who could resist getting off between a set of jugs like these, or sliding his tongue into that spicy slit? Sound good? Well, if this body turns you on, you might as well go out and invest in some dainty underthings—for yourself—because this lady is a former gentleman.

He is Jennifer Fox, a New York-born striptease artist who claims to have had transsexual surgery in 1970. In an attempt to find out more about Jennifer's bionic box, we have offered to feature him in a photo layout. If he agrees to pose for us, we guarantee a deeper look into this marvel of modern medicine.

On the Head of a Pin

What have we here? Is this man under the control of a vicious women's libber? Or is he merely a perverted sado-masochistic slave? The answer to these piercing questions may be easier than you think. Did anyone think that it was a new male chastity belt?



CANDY, LI'L GIRL?



Fashions by Tinsley

READERS FORUM

HUSTLER is the readers' magazine, and in keeping with that policy, we are instituting a readers' forum for those of you who have a gripe about something that is affecting most Americans. Letters should be two typed or handwritten pages and should be addressed to Readers' Forum, HUSTLER Magazine, 40 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. All letters submitted become the property of HUSTLER magazine, and we reserve all editorial rights.

Last June, I filed suit against Elizabeth Ray and Wayne Hays under the century-old False Claims Act. In the suit, the two were charged with conspiracy to defraud the government and taxpayers of funds for illegal purposes, namely to pay Ms. Ray to be Hays's mistress.

But it appears that another government conspiracy will keep taxpayers from recovering these misspent dollars. The Department of Justice stepped into the case, asking for a dismissal, which was granted last October. Later, they announced they would not pursue the case against Hays.

The Department of Justice has the right to intervene on behalf of citizens who take it upon themselves to recover tax money ripped off by unscrupulous and corrupt public officials. But never before has the department stepped in on behalf of the person charged with these offenses.

We argued to the U. S. District Court that a dismissal should not be granted because we thought the action of the Department of Justice was a conspiracy to protect Wayne Hays, and we pointed out that the department had already dropped criminal charges against Hays. The decision by the department not to pursue the case makes the idea of a conspiracy even stronger.

This move seems designed

to monopolize filing suits under the act, therefore diminishing the rights of taxpayers to pursue justice against elected officials like Wayne Hays who rip off taxpayers' money.

We must remember that the *Washington Post* first reported the Hays scandal. It appears from this case and Watergate and recent reports by the *Post* of Korean bribes of U. S. congressmen that, if it were not for the *Post*, the Justice Department would sit idly by while foreign governments and our own elected officials steal America from the people.

I have appealed this dismissal, asking the courts whether the Justice Department has the authority to monopolize suits under the False Claims Act in a manner that prevents citizens from prosecuting corrupt officials. Since the government does not appear interested in collecting misspent tax dollars, it is up to concerned citizens to support this attempt. Anyone interested in supporting this effort should contact me at 1100 Sixth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001 or call (202) 332-4964.

It is my feeling that the court and the Justice Department erred in dismissing this case. If the decision is allowed to stand, I believe the American people will have to sleep in a bed made by Wayne Hays and Elizabeth Ray.

—W. Edward Thompson

For those of you who can't wait an entire month for Chester the Molester to make it to the newsstands, help is at hand. Now you'll have a chance to tuck Chester into your green tweed pants and you've got an easy way to get rid of pesky Girl Scouts selling cookies.

Dwaine B. Tinsley, Chester's creator (and creator of *Slam!* on pg. 71 of this issue),

has decided that those people who have Chester under their skin should be able to wear him under their shirts. Now there's no longer a need to ask the pointed question "Candy, li'l girl?" since Chester the Molester asks it for you. The T-shirt is available for \$5.50, plus \$1.25 postage, from Leasure Time Products, P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Want to go out? No problem. Not if you've got Frigi-bear!

Put that on ice! We're late!

Ads We'd Like to See #2

Is the scarcity of baby-sitters cramping your social life? Well, with the Frigi-Bear Arctic King, you'll never have to worry about the kids again. (The Frigi-Bear is adapted from the natural child-care methods of the American Indians. The story goes that braves would stick their kids into a handy snowdrift come wintertime, thereby economizing on meat.)

Tell the little nippers you'll

play hide-and-seek with them minutes before you go out. The attractive, child-snaring Frigi-Bear will do the rest. Within moments, junior will have subsided into a cataleptic, subzero slumber, and your baby-sitting worries will be in the hands of ol' Jack Frost. And say, mom, the Frigi-Bear is 100% nontoxic, American-made and pure as the driven snow. Get the drift?

PRESSING ~~FOR~~ FREEDOM

Every day you hear about individuals and groups attempting to enforce censorship in the name of morality and taste, but you seldom hear about any organization other than the American Civil Liberties Union standing up for First Amendment rights.

However, with the ACLU busy defending other rights as well, it became necessary to form an organization charged with the sole duty of protecting freedom of the press.

Ohioans for a Free Press (OFP) is a group that was formed because of the First Amendment infringements—especially the harassment of HUSTLER—in the state of Ohio. HUSTLER Editor and Publisher Larry Flynt was instrumental in starting this organization, which has been set up as an independent, non-profit group.

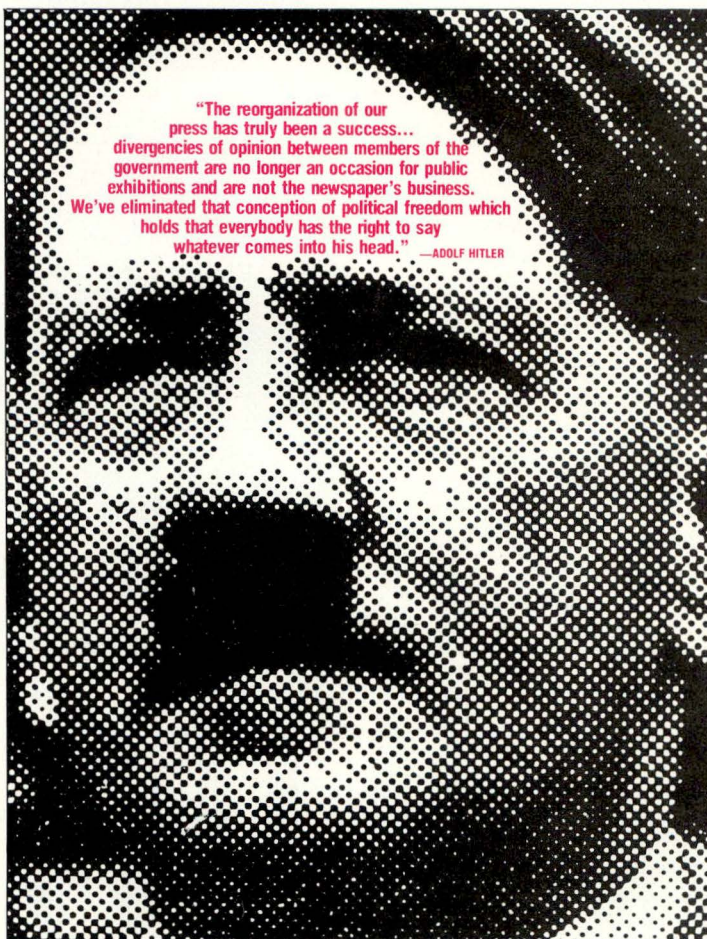
It is unfortunate that citizens have to go to the trouble of forming a group to promote what should already be recognized as an "inalienable" right. As Larry Flynt said at an OFP rally, "Maybe HUSTLER is not right in everything it does, but nobody can deny that we have the right to publish." A guaranteed freedom should need no spokesman. But the individuals and groups who would set their own limits on this freedom are heard so often without rebuttal that the formation of OFP became necessary. Ultimately, without full First Amendment freedoms, what would there be to stop harassment of *Time* magazine, or even your local newspaper?

The ad you see here is one of a series prepared by OFP to call attention to the plight of First Amendment freedoms. Yet the *Cincinnati Post* refused to run the ads, and the *Cincinnati Enquirer* dropped one of the ads in the series. Apparently, it seems that even the press itself sometimes needs to be reminded that First Amend-



ment rights extend to all areas of the media—no matter how controversial—and that those rights are being threatened.

As you can see, however, there is nothing controversial in this ad, nor was there controversy in the others. A quote from Adolf Hitler, a quote from Thomas Jefferson or a quote from Nikolai Lenin, like the ones that were in the ads, can be found in almost any textbook or biography. Certainly no one can say that these ads were offensive, but still they were censored, proving that if HUSTLER magazine is banned today, then Thomas Jefferson's writings could be banned tomorrow.



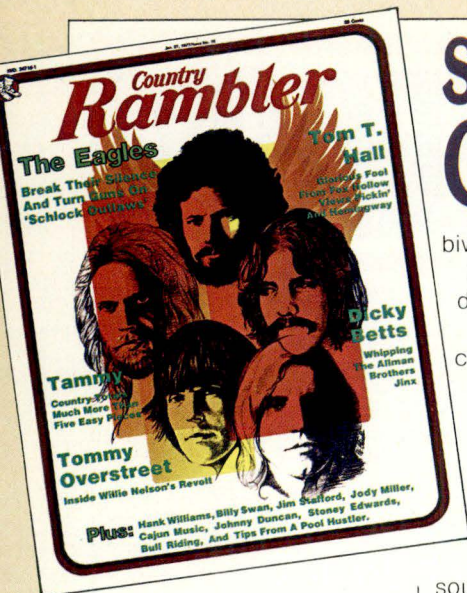
The First Amendment to the Constitution prevents Congress from passing any law "...abridging the freedom of speech or of the press..." This assures American citizens of their right to know by providing a free press, totally separated from the government. This advertisement is presented as a public service by Ohioans for a Free Press.

These three thought-provoking ads are only one way in which OFP is working to acquaint Americans with the plight of freedom of the press today. On the eve of HUSTLER's trial in Cincinnati, OFP staged a successful rally in that city, and the organization plans other activities to get this important message to the public.

The next step is to expand to a national organization—Americans for a Free Press.

Americans for a Free Press is an idea that deserves your support. As an organization, it is designed to benefit all Americans by striving to protect everyone's right to read or view whatever they want. If you would like to be a part of the growth of this necessary group, you can send contributions to *Americans for a Free Press*, 4736 Karl Road, Columbus, Ohio 43229. If you feel that you are qualified to be a representative of this group in your state, write and let AFP know. We encourage anyone who writes in to include their return address so that representatives can contact them.

Remember, to insure that a democracy can exist, we must insure that a free press exists.



Shit-Kicker's Chronicle

biweekly tabloid is characterized by its coverage of traditional and modern country music, with equal time and consideration given to each.

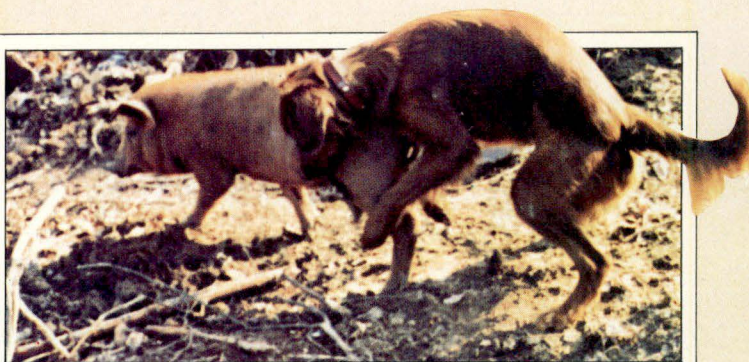
It's a publication in which Ernest Tubb can coexist with ZZ Top, with no editorializing about whose music is better. As far as *Country Rambler* is concerned, whether the sound is from Nashville, Austin, Bakersfield or Detroit, the performers all scrape the shit off their boots one foot at a time.

In addition to inside stories about the C&W scene, *Country Rambler* contains articles on different aspects of the down-home lifestyle and a series called "Truckin' Man," written by college-student-turned-gearjammer, Ron Lancaster. The tabloid has even showcased artwork by Leroy Neiman, who was corralled for *Country Rambler* by the new publication's president, Robert Preuss, a former *Playboy* executive vice-president.

After less than a year of publication, *Country Rambler* claims a healthy circulation of 125,000. And the tabloid's high quality guarantees that this figure will increase with each issue. You can pick up a copy of *Country Rambler* at most newsstands for 85¢, or obtain a one-year subscription (26 issues) by sending \$14 to: *Country Rambler*, P. O. Box 1080, Skokie, Illinois 60076.

It's raining harder 'n' a cow pissing on a flat rock, and you're stuck at home on a boring afternoon in Brackettville, Texas. There's nothing on television except Oral Roberts and Rex Humbard, and nothing on the radio except mariachi music from Piedras Negras. You look for something to read. It's a toss-up between the Bible and some tabloid that your wife bought last night when you sent her out for a six-pack of Lone Star. You pop a top and settle back with the tabloid—something called *Country Rambler*—and you wonder how anyone could devote a whole magazine to a car. But to your surprise you find articles and gossip about country music, which, on your list of favorite things, rates third place, right behind your CB radio and white socks that stay up. And to top it all off, the print is big.

Country Rambler is among the latest C&W publications to hit the stands, and, in our opinion, one of the best. The



HEAVY PETTING

Man's best friend, as it turns out, is also man's dumbest friend. Executive Editor Bruce David's dog is attempting here to create a new farm species, going against all the laws of

nature, genetics and the KKK. This is picture proof that pets not only look like their owners but act like them as well. We've seen some of the girls Bruce goes out with, and we feel it's safe to say he fucks pigs.

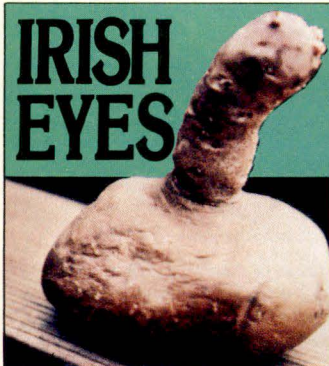


The Jizz Age

Women's lib will eventually affect hard-core movies as militant cunts mutate to the point where they, too, are able to shoot the scene-ending spratz that has become a standard. Picture a man anxiously sucking a clitoris and then rearing back his head to suffer the rain of cum shots on his face. Then he greedily tries to catch a few drops in his mouth to prove his love for this vile act.

We don't want to let this happen. If a woman ever tries to shoot in your face, pinch her clit and give her blue ovaries. We feel it's only fair.

IRISH EYES



Ah, faith and begorra! Any young lassie suffering from a sex famine should go rooting for spuds like this one. Sure and it's a fine way to keep her vertical smile a-laughin'. It may not be that every young Sean O'Shea packs a County Cork like this, but those who do will be sure to have some hot-tongued colleen try to give them a french fry.



SUBMISSION IMPOSSIBLE

Adventure dolls are big sellers today. GI Jose's Mercenary Slaughter Set, Action Johnson's Ghetto Expedition and Bonnie's Motorcycle Outlaw Gang Bang are only a few of the action-packed toys that give kids the excitement of being there.

The toy companies, not wanting to pass up a buck, may come out with an adult line of adventure sets, like the one pictured above: Dominant Dominique DeLash and Pissant, her male slave. Parental playtime need never be boring again.

During the height of Bi-CENT-ennial profiteering, even the underground got involved, as evidenced by *Bicentennial Gross-Outs*, a Yentzer and Gonif Comic Production. However, most of the book is comprised of poorly drawn, unfunny jabs at the dark side of American history and the state of society today. It's really unfortunate that you don't see any genuinely clever satire until you get to the back cover. But for 76 cents (of course) what do you expect?



NEVER AGAIN

Not long ago, baby bologna could roam and frolic freely in the wilds, unthreatened by man. Eventually, though, hook-nosed delicatessen owners—who know no mercy when it comes to making a profit—found that millions of shekels

to the ovens. Those that did not wind up between two slices of bread were made into lampshades or dildoes to satisfy the delicatessen owners' wives, whose husbands are notoriously underendowed.

Now, bologna is becoming an endangered species, but the vicious bolognamongers don't seem to care, since scarcity only sends the price of bologna skyrocketing. A few bleeding hearts have ran-



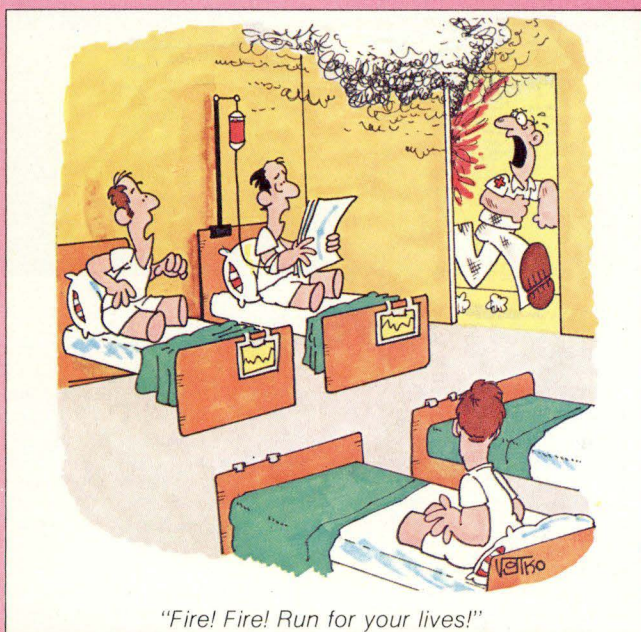
could be made from marketing bologna sandwiches. And thus began an era of bolognacide that has so far resulted in the deaths of six million bologna.

Some bologna escaped by disguising themselves as pork chops, but most were sent to camps, where they were tattooed USDA Choice and sent

somed certain baby bologna—like those pictured—and have turned them loose in their natural habitat. But alas, the poor victims of heathen greed are no longer able to survive in the wilds. Sometimes one feels they would have been better off if they had been kidnapped by gypsies.

If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$100 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. Submissions we don't use will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For May, HUSTLER sends \$100 each to B.F.D., Mike Lambert and Homer Lowell.



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Industrial strength love.

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0270			4.99	
0780			14.99	
0250	4"		2.99	
0240	7"		4.99	
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0610			7.95	
0630	Small		12.50	
0640	Med		12.50	
0650	Large		12.50	
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BATTERIES FOR ABOVE ITEMS				
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0550	C	2 for \$1		
Subtotal			\$	
Ohio Res. add 4% Sales Tax				
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TOTAL			\$	

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HU577

Sometimes it takes more than just your bare hands to get the job done.

Therapeutic Aid—Helps overcome impotence. Available in #0630 small (1 3/8" shaft), #0640 medium (1 5/8" shaft), and #0650 large (1 7/8" shaft). **\$12.50 each.**

#0520 Jungle Love—Imitation "Spanish Fly" can be very effective in producing heightened response for both sexes. 24 capsules per box. **\$10.50.**

#0460 Stimulator Sleeve—Flexible massaging sleeve fits over standard 7" vibrator. **\$3.95.**

#0270 Prolonging—Light and

odorless cream that helps control and delay climax. **\$4.99.**

Vibrato Cordless Vibrators—Available in #0250 4" Mini (for those hard-to-reach places) uses AA batteries **\$2.99**; #0240 7" Personal uses C battery **\$4.99**; #0230 10" Extra Long uses C batteries **\$5.99.**

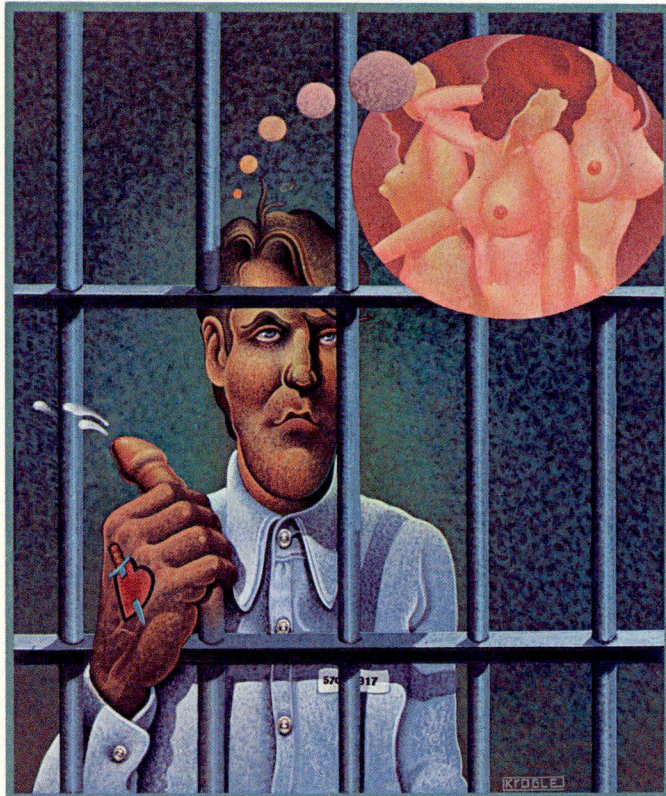
#0610 Mr. Prolong Spray—New spray for men, prevents premature climax. **\$7.95.**

#0780 Ben-Wa Dancing Egg, Remote-Controlled—Modernized version of ancient Japanese court-san device. Variable speed, 22" cord, uses Penlite AA batteries. **\$14.99.**

Sex Play

By Michael James

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long a time. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles that will increase your sexual knowledge, lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—make you a better lover.



SEX & THE CONVICT

She moans softly as you move your hand lower to cup her breast. You can feel her nipples start to stiffen as your tongues meet and she presses the warmth of her body to yours. You move your hand lower, over the soft swell of her belly. She spreads her legs and arches to your searching fingers. You follow the path of your hand with your mouth, nibbling softly with your lips, your teeth. Then, you feel her hands, her mouth—soft and warm on your flesh. The wave rises and 1000 pictures burst starlike in your mind's eye as your being is immersed in the warmth of her body—sweet, wet, fulfilling. The wave finally crashes, you gasp for breath, you open your eyes. You are alone—in prison.

In prison, fantasy becomes a substitute for reality. Prison is, needless to say, an abnormal environment, and it takes a little getting used to. Some men seem to be able to adjust overnight while others never do. But between these two extremes there lies a gray area in which most men find themselves when they first enter prison. Once the initial shock of losing your freedom has passed and fear of the unknown is overcome, prison presents a particular dilemma that is a common demolisher: the unanswered need for sexual gratification. The realization that you're not going to get laid for a long, long time can be extremely traumatic. But then reality often is.

There's something no one ever tells you—prison is lonely as hell. It is also frustrating. The loneliness is one thing, and each man deals with it as best he can. In dealing with the frustration, a man can do one of two things: He can adapt or quietly go insane.

I adapted.

My first conviction [in 1951] was for first-degree stupidity—a drug transaction that turned into a robbery that turned into a nightmare after some guns went BANG! How the hell was I supposed to know that the turkey I shot was a federal narcotics

agent? Back in those days you expected feds to wear crew cuts and snap-brim hats, but Harry Anslinger didn't go for that crap, and it was difficult to identify any of his people—until he'd busted you.

The reality of being busted hit me harder than a ton of horseshit when I found myself handcuffed and shackled, then led chained and shuffling along with six other guys for a short ride across the murky waters of Puget Sound to McNeil Island.

McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary was a tough joint in 1951. Of its 1100 residents, nearly half were serving life—which made my three-year sentence look like a weekend. (Small consolation, but the jury had taken into account my stupidity—along with the fact that the narc hadn't identified

himself until after he'd been accidentally shot.)

So there I was in the middle of a real pen, thinking I had all the time in the world and all the answers to go with it. It took me awhile to open my eyes and a little while longer to understand what was going on around me. I spent the first couple of months convincing people that I wasn't to be fucked with—in a literal sense—and convincing myself that I was as tough as I wanted people to think I was. Actually I was scared to death.

I was going through a lot of changes in my head: adapting to the no-sex routine and trying to figure out how to jack off in a ten-man cell without letting someone know I was human, too. All the while, I was getting hornier and the fags were looking prettier.

My initiation into the "Brotherhood of Exiles" took its normal course, and I soon found myself teamed up with a new acquaintance from L. A. His name was Gato and he was a dope dealer. Gato knew the ropes and he hipped me to a lot of things. One of the things he hipped me to was John, an Indian dude from Alaska who preferred pricks to pussy. John wasn't what you'd call simple-minded, but he was a little strange; he'd let damn near anyone who had the nerve to ask have sex with him. John was also ugly.

The first time I came into physical contact with John, I was nervous, excited and just a little bit uncertain. But as I climbed onto the sheet metal duct at the front of the mess hall where we worked, the realization that I hadn't been laid in over six months overcame my reluctance. Also, my prick got hard in a hurry—John had a prettier ass than most of the chicks I'd known before I came to McNeil. And he didn't have a feather on him: He was smooth and hairless.

When I mounted him, I was astounded. If I didn't know better, I'd have sworn the dude had a pussy! And to think I'd worked with him for several months, totally unaware of his fantastic attribute! Needless to say, I was "there" in three or four breathless plunges. I felt his smooth, warm ass press

against my belly and didn't realize as I convulsed that something I missed far more than sex was the warmth and closeness of another human being.

John was the exception, not the rule. Most of the queens on the mainline had an old man, and the more I saw of these penal courtships, the less appealing they became. It was OK to sneak off in a corner for a quick piece of ass or a blow job, but the thought of everyone else's knowing about it was a bit too much to handle. This also explained why most of the men simply settled for self-gratification.

When I left McNeil, I knew all about homo sex, and I knew, too, that *gratified* did not necessarily mean *satisfied*. The first thing I looked for on my way home was a Sunday morning whorehouse in Tacoma. I got laid, but I came away a little confused—John was better, talked less, and the price I'd paid for a little perfume left me wondering if it was worth it.

I did leave McNeil with an understanding of how to survive in an abnormal situation. It took me 20 more years and three more pens to learn that the game varies from one joint to another; what is acceptable in one penal society may well be taboo in another. I also learned that there are men who go without, and that the fallacy that everyone is fucking everyone else in prison is just that—a fallacy.

Beyond the fallacies, there is a reality within the mindfuck of prison that makes a man feel guilty about natural urges. It hasn't been too many years since prisons classified masturbation as "self-abuse," a punishable offense if you were caught. Consequently, many men abstained from masturbating, changed their shorts following periodic wet dreams and became impotent as a result. Which is not as far-fetched as it may seem; both muscles and organs atrophy when they aren't used. When a man goes without any type of stimulation or gratification, it isn't hard to understand why he can't get it up when they let him out. Also, there are those around who still believe masturbation will cause warts, blindness or insanity. For the poor sap in prison who'll go for this rib, a homosexual encounter is as unacceptable as incest is to a Bible-thumping preacher.

However, fucking isn't the only thing a man can have trouble with after many years in the slammer. There seems to be a disease common among ex-cons that is often referred to as "overdose of absence." It's simply a lack of self-assurance—usually with the opposite sex. Some men can easily overcome this problem. But an equal number seem to suffer a permanent handicap, and that is often part of the reason why many return to prison.

You see, leaving prison is almost like being born again. One thing many penal psychologists and psychiatrists overlook is that a convict has been pulled out of a society where he was unable to function within the limits of the law. Then he is isolated in a totally different environment and plunged back into the society where his original—and still unresolved—problems await him. It's like a fucking merry-go-round, and for many the brass ring is the ride back to the joint.

Ten long years after the McNeil trip, I found myself doing a short number at Raiford, Florida, home of the "Flat Top," the low-roofed segregation unit built specifical-

Choosing a mate depended on a con's status, his bankroll and how tough he was.

ly for the notorious badman, Al House. In Raiford, homosexual activity was an out-front thing, and no one seemed to give a shit—in particular, the Man.

The joint abounded, it seemed, with real live female impersonators, with arched-eyebrow faggots and joint turn-outs. "Marriages" in the joint were commonplace, and it was not at all unusual to see two dudes holding hands in the canteen line on Sunday. The hogs with means—or quick wits—lived in relative comfort. The "White Rock," as the white housing unit was called, held any number of two-man cells that resembled comfortable little apartments, many with carpets and drapes. There, a dude and his "old lady" could do their time together with as much privacy as their status allowed. Prostitution was not unusual—neither was passing an old lady from one con to another. But the system was not without problems. Violence often erupted over a love affair gone sour or one con's wanting another's sexual privileges.

Choosing a mate depended on several things: the con's status, his bankroll and how tough he was. Of course, there were plenty of people around like Indian John, who were either too old or too ugly to score a permanent relationship, and they were fair game for anyone who wanted them. You could have a blow job for two packs of

hand-rolled cigarettes; they cost a nickel a pack.

Of course, God didn't care for that sort of thing, and if you didn't believe it, all you had to do was go to church on Sunday to hear the preacher's sermon—while you got your cock copped in the back row.

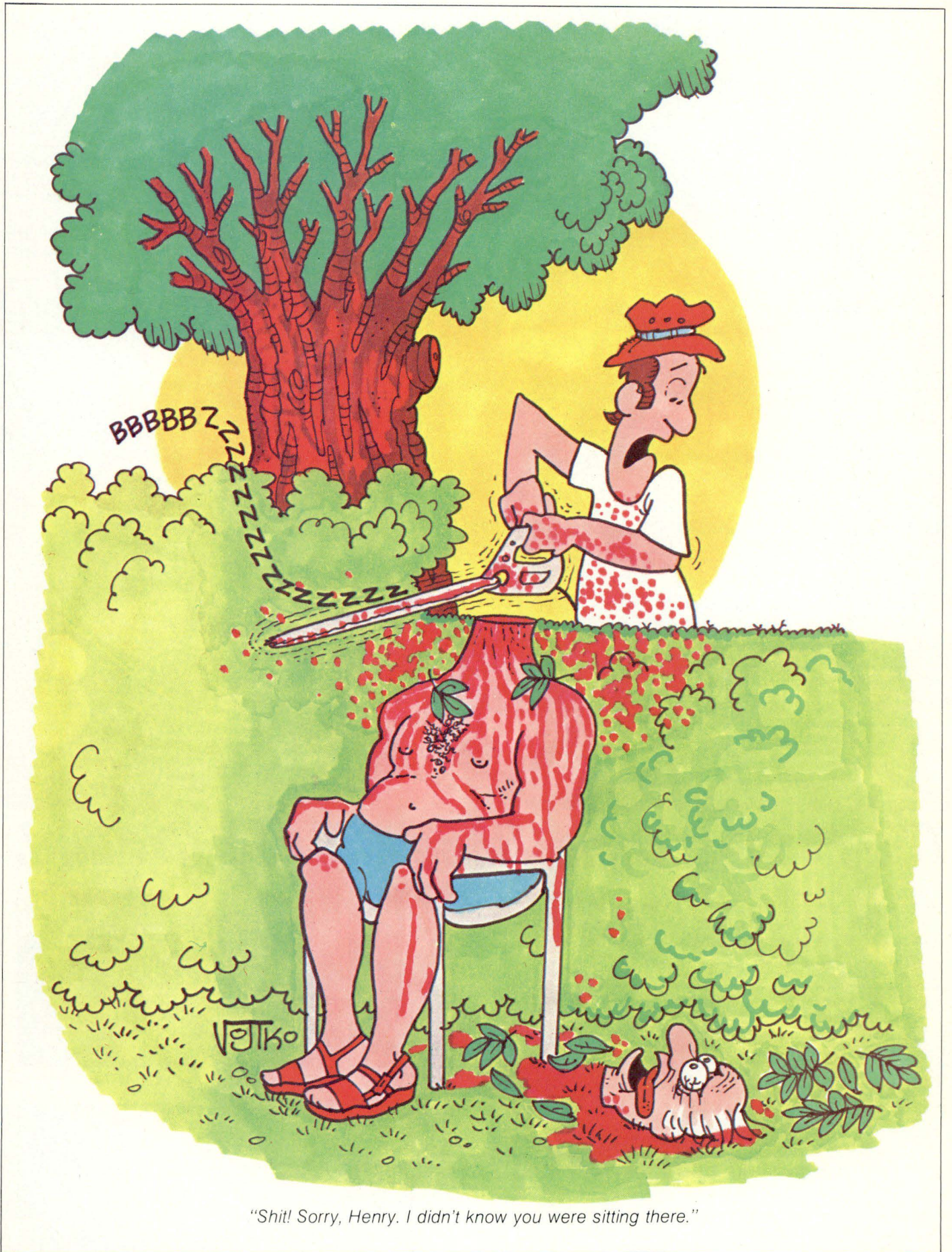
However, prison life in Texas was a different story altogether. The majority of homosexual activity was kept undercover. The red-neck ethics there were unrelenting when it came to man-to-man sex, and if discovered, there was a pretty heavy joint beef. This did not keep it from happening, but it made a man damn cautious. To give you an idea how prison officials' heads were screwed on in Huntsville, they would post periodic bulletins that read: THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES ARE STRICTLY PROHIBITED: FIGHTING, GAMBLING, CONSTRUCTION/POSSESSION OF A HOMEMADE WEAPON, HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITY, THE PLAYING OF RADIOS AFTER TEN P.M.

One of the super mindfucks during my stay in Texas was that no men's publications "harder" than *Esquire* were allowed to enter the institutions. Texas has a chain of prison farms that spans well over 200 miles, from Anderson County in the northeast, all the way to Brazoria in the south. The famed "Walls" is located smack in the middle at Huntsville and is the system's administrative unit. At last count, there were 15 individual units in the system.

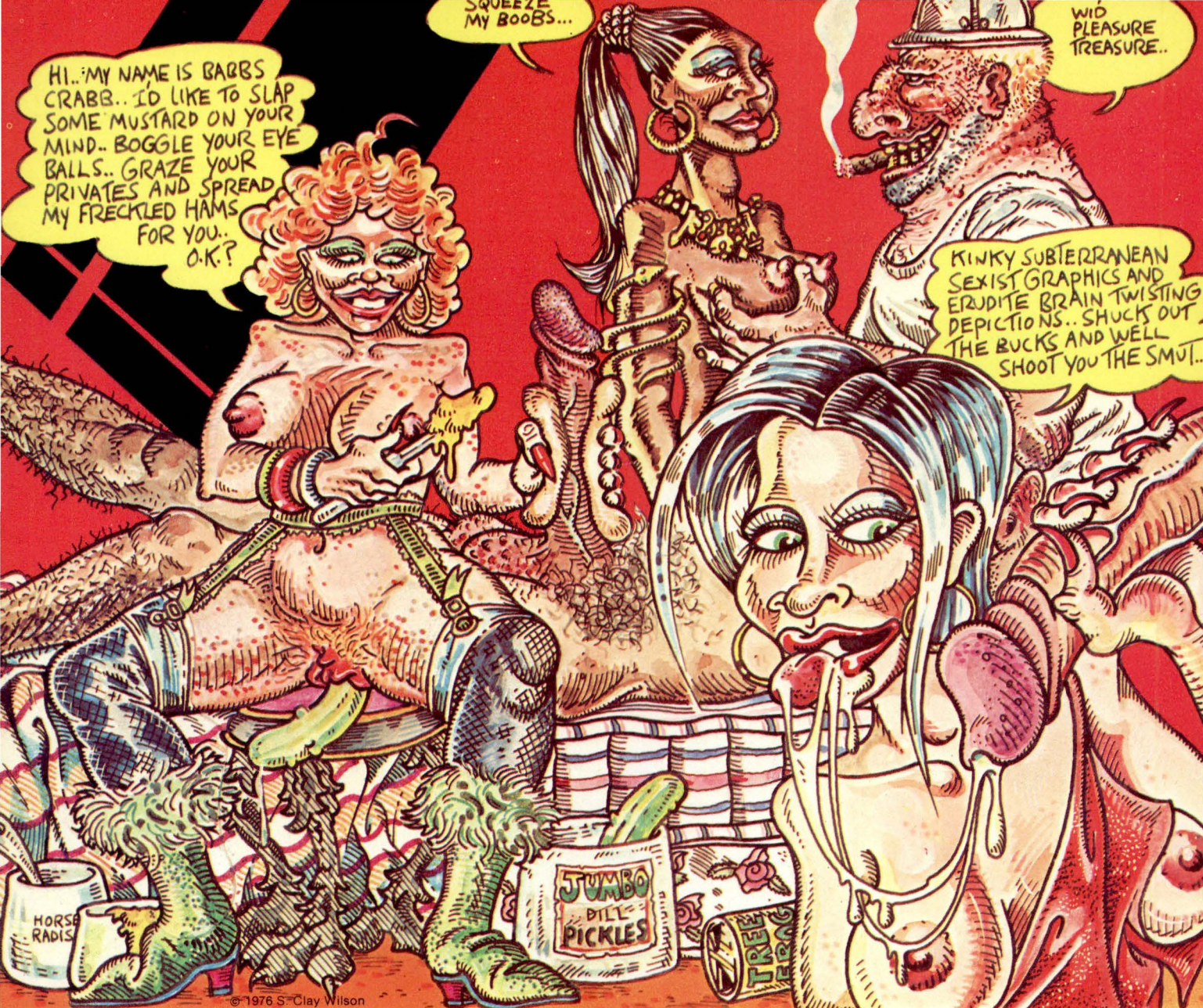
One of these is the Ferguson Unit, located about 50 miles from Huntsville. It is the farm for young first-termers, and in the early and mid-60s, officials censored *all* incoming publications, including *Time* and all the newspapers. The philosophy was: "If they can't see it, they won't think about it." Penal logic. At Ferguson, possession of a nude drawing was damn near a felony—it was a sure trip to the pisser (solitary).

I stayed on Ferguson for about eight months, on the construction crew, and during that time, I had a bright young helper out of the honor squad. His name was Richard Speck. Richard was no different than the rest of the brats serving time there. He had pimples and fantasies just like everyone else. The only difference I could detect was that he talked a lot less about sex than the majority of the young cons and that he had what seemed to me an unnatural fear of a homosexual encounter. Shortly after his release, he murdered eight young nurses in a Chicago apartment.

On Ferguson, there was little pressure on the mainline, but on the older, tougher, units such as Ramsey One, Darrington or the Eastham, it was not unusual to see the hogs line up to pick out a tender young man as he got off the chain (transfer) bus. "You belong



"Shit! Sorry, Henry. I didn't know you were sitting there."



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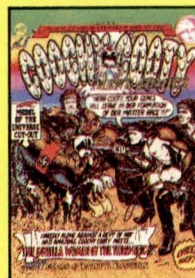
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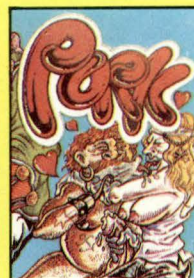
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by Rapid Robert Williams



by S. Clay Wilson



by Spain



by S. Clay Wilson



by J. Osborne



by Zap artists and friends

to me, boy," they would say. And belong he did. The men being chosen really didn't have too much to say about it; the choice was to either accept the role or go find themselves a knife.

Most men simply submitted and those who complained to the captain received the reply, "We don't allow that sort of thing on this here farm—quit your lyin' and git on back to work!" And if a man protested too loudly, he might wind up with the captain's boot up his ass—then something else come lights out!

For the most part, however, the man who "turns out" in the joint is an extremely passive type. He submits to sexual demands and survives, rather than fighting and possibly dying. When he's released, he will return to a hetero existence.

By and large, homosexual activity is a covert thing in prisons and a bit laughable at times. At McNeil, quite a few of the cons scorned the punks and sissies, yet they used them at every opportunity. The better a con's reputation as a "regular," the higher the price he had to pay one of the undercover fags—not actually for his services but for his silence. It wouldn't do to let their partners know that they were "unfaithful" or that they had a "friend."

You bet your ass I had a friend. (I served 91 long, hard months in Texas, and red-neck ethics had little effect on my aching libido.) His name was Sonny and he was very close to the closet. He chose me and threatened to cut off my head if I breathed a word of his preference for pricks over pussy. Needless to say, I held my mud and Sonny's secret was safe with me. Besides, he gave fantastic head and his "hot water french" was something to experience—not original, but he knew how to use hot water in his mouth to give an extremely satisfying blow job. I was "with" Sonny for nearly three years, then we got separated when they shipped him to the new joint they built in Anderson County. I stayed in the Walls and settled for an occasional head job from a row tender named Skippy—another closet case. Of course, Skip never threatened me. He didn't give hot water frenches, either, but he served to relieve my frustrations.

A boy I knew named Billy took his frustrations out on himself. Twelve years into a life sentence for rape, he cut off his penis one night and placed the severed member in his coffee cup, then put it between the bars for the bull to find when he made his nine P.M. count. "What the hell," Billy told the doctors, "I couldn't use the goddamn thing anyways!" He had been locked up since he was 16 years old.

Such drastic self-mutilation is about as rare as the man who is able to suck his own prick. In most instances, a man releases his

frustrations through masturbation and fantasy. It's safer, less complicated and one hell of a lot easier to come by than a homosexual alliance. But even masturbation can be a problem when you live in a five-by-eight-foot cell with another dude, unless you come to terms, like: "I'm on Monday, you're on Tuesday—I won't watch if you won't." Naturally, the adult thing to do is to just handle it like a bowel movement and do it any time the notion strikes you. If your cell partner happens to be a voyeur, let the cat watch—you might find it stimulating. In most instances, however, cell partners cut each other a lot of slack and self-gratification remains a private thing.

Even masturbation can be a problem when you live in a five-by-eight-foot cell.

When it comes to sexual gratification, convicts seem to bear out the truism that if necessity is the mother of invention, then sexual deprivation is the father of substitution. You should trip on some of the sexual devices I've seen—and used—through 15 years in the slammer. The most popular is called a "Fifi." As the name implies, it has a female form, and it is constructed as follows: A slick-surfaced plastic bag is folded and wrapped fairly tight in a piece of towel and then stuffed into a handy container—a plastic tumbler is the ideal size and shape. Hot water is then poured in until the towel is saturated. Then the top of the plastic bag is folded back and secured around the brim of the tumbler with a rubber band. This is to keep the bag from being shoved into the tumbler and also to afford a nice, smooth opening. Next, a liberal amount of hand lotion is poured into the orifice and whammo—instant pussy!

A similar device is less complicated: a two-inch slit in the mattress at a strategic spot; a plastic bag stuffed into the hole (prelubricated), then penetrated. Your weight on the mattress keeps a constant pressure on the filler, and your secret pussy is as tight as you want it. But if you're discovered, you stand the chance of a beef for destroying state property.

Of course, the more imaginative dudes will read the forum sections of their favorite

magazines, then get into things like banana pulp, Ping-Pong balls, autofellatio and feather pillows. But that's some sick shit and too perverted to get into here, like the dude who let the bull walk up on him while he was getting it on with a jar of Skippy. The bull made a big thing out of it and ordered him to surrender the peanut butter, telling him, "That is the sickest act I've ever seen!" The result was that the guy gave up the Skippy, then got the shit slapped out of him the next morning. It seems he'd borrowed the peanut butter from the dude living two cells down.

Fortunately, most cons no longer suffer from a lack of sexually explicit material to get off on. But back in the days when *Playboy* magazine was the hottest thing going, it was quite an occasion to see one floating around a yard in Texas. If there was one available, you could rent it for two packs of brand-name cigarettes. But if you removed a picture, you might wind up with something of your own removed—like an ear. Back in those days, illicit publications came into the joint the only way possible—through the bulls. I knew one dude on the Wynne Farm who paid ten dollars every month for a fresh issue of *Playboy*. But he made his money back—and then some—by renting it out to those less fortunate.

Hand-drawn "comics" were the order of the day, and if a man could draw and had a vivid imagination, he could get rich. An erotic picture, drawn in pencil, ran from one to three packs; a six-page comic went for as much as two bucks. But a picture out of a glossy magazine that was halfway revealing—well, the price usually coincided with your own desire and how much bread you had to spend.

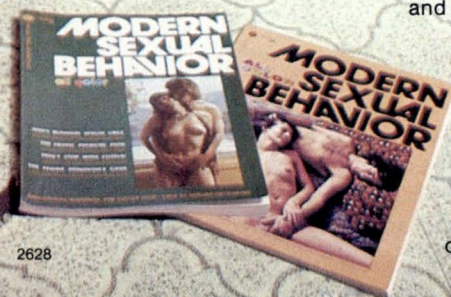
Today, cons have almost been reinstated as human beings with rights. There's a lot of magazine action in most joints. California is as liberal as they come, for the rules now state that you can have anything that can be legally mailed.

People who subscribe to one men's magazine can usually swap for another, but there are still people who keep stacks of them in their cells and guard them selfishly. Some dudes get into buying old issues and fabricating their own "jack books." They will take their favorite, most erotic pictures out of well-read mags and glue them into a single package, then sit for hours thumbing through them with prick in hand. Of course, dudes like that are the more "maladjusted," but cons tolerate them because they'll often lend their jack books.

Centerfolds are in big demand, and the magazine that comes up with the first inflatable-penetrable centerfold is bound to be the champion of the convict.

(continued on page 107)

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RATED REVIEWS

Skillful editing of juicy sex scenes from previous releases keeps New York City Woman moving.

MOVIES

by Frank Fortunato

THE NEW YORK CITY WOMAN

The *New York City Woman* is a compendium of sex scenes from previously released, average-quality features that's packaged around a thin narration. Luckily, skillful editing of some genuinely unique and juicy scenes makes this film better than you might expect.

The editing credit goes to Roberta Findley, who also directed several of the films that contribute scenes to *NYC Woman*. These include *Dear Pam*, *Sweet Punkin*, *Fringe Benefits*, *Anyone but My Husband* and *Love in Strange Places*. The producers claim it

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure that your money is buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

It's worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

took over 1100 editing cuts to put this film together. (Porn films normally average 300 cuts per feature.) Findley's careful editing has produced a reasonable continuity, even though the nonstop sex scenes unravel one after the other.

The story line is hardly earthshaking. John Holmes, playing the narrator, has come to the Big Apple to find a woman who can satisfy him. Holmes reappears continually during the presentation of about a dozen sex scenes in an attempt to keep the rickety plot afloat. But it is the incredible amount of fucking and sucking that keeps *NYC Woman* moving. The contributing films may have been average, but each contained at least one or two scenes with high erotic value, which were used in this film.

Georgina Spelvin, Eric

Edwards, John Holmes, Tony (The Hook) Perez, Marlene Willoughby, C. J. Laing and a host of lesser known porn regulars comprise this spliced-together cast. Seeing Spelvin again reminded me that she is perhaps the classiest lady in porn, and then watching Eric Edwards portray a chef who mixes cunt with crepes convinced me that he can give off a certain manic intensity in his roles. But it is C. J. Laing's incredible cocksucking display that ultimately steals the show. In the closing sequence, taken from *Sweet Punkin*, Laing devours Holmes to the gonads while being butt-fucked by Eric Edwards and pussy-plugged by Tony Perez. It is no surprise that Laing becomes Holmes's New York woman in the end.

This paste job of a film is not for porn regulars who are into fresh footage and new faces, but if you have not seen most of the contributing films, or if you appreciate a high ratio of sex-to-story, you'll enjoy *The New York City Woman*.

FUNK



Funk was recently released in an attempt to cash in on the success that has been generated by its 3-D predecessor *The Starlets* (HUSTLER, April 1977). Unlike *The Starlets*, *Funk* shows little imagination in the use of stereoscopic effects. Hands, feet, a crystal ball and a bright red light continually pop off the screen. And the predictable cum shot that splatters the audience at the end of each sexual scene rapidly bores the shit out of the viewers.

The plot is nothing more than a loosely knit gypsy tale. In the opening scene, Annie Sprinkle, who plays a gypsy, is accosted by two rapists (Al Levitsky and Ed Laroux) as she wanders through a field. As the rapists ravish her, a hunter (Alan Marlow) comes strolling by and is shocked into action by a traumatic memory of his sister's rape. He shoots the two rapists, and the couple flees to the "gypsy wagon," which has



In theory, Tonight We Love should have made it, but comes up short.

a Hertz truck rental sign on its side. Then, as another, rather fat, gypsy girl drives the truck along the highway, Annie Sprinkle reads more than the hunter's palm in an effort to comfort him.

Eventually we learn that the hunter's sister's life was ruined by a rapist. Through a crystal ball and a number of other silly mystic rituals, the hunter witnesses his own sister's rapist brought to justice at the hands of Annie Sprinkle wielding a cat-o-nine tails.

To bolster the weak plot, lame dialog, bad acting, poor lighting and a rather unattractive cast, a number of unrelated sex scenes are thrown in as filler. In an oft-repeated scene, Annie Sprinkle holds her pendulous tits toward the camera and says, "Think of me and your cock will stiffen." Annie can be quite good in a comic role, but as a sensuous, alluring gypsy, she leaves you limp.

Funk proves that a gimmick as flashy as 3-D is not enough to carry a film. A solid plot and strong eroticism in combination with the 3-D can only make a film work. I suggest that you pass up *Funk* and see *The Starlets* instead, which is a better value for your money.

THE SINFUL PLEASURES OF REVEREND STAR



A certain phenomenon frequently occurs in low-budget San Francisco porn movies. In a basically mediocre film, there is at least one scene that transcends all the others in terms of beauty and art. *The Sinful Pleasures of Reverend Star*, a thinly disguised "expose" of Reverend Moon and his "Moonies," is an example of this phenomenon.

The opening sequence is one of the best visual compositions that I have ever seen in an explicit film. An innocent-looking blonde (Victoria Quest) solicits a young black man and leads him into an apartment building hallway. The high-ceilinged hallway is long and painted a brilliant white. This backdrop creates a surreal effect as the couple gets into some highly stylized lovemaking. A wino stretched out on the floor forms a contrast to the ethereal qualities of this scene—a reminder that this is ultimately just a hallway fuck. Unfortunately, the film slides

downhill after this brilliant opening scene.

We find that the blonde is a "Star Maiden," a disciple of Reverend Star. The Star Maiden's function is to participate in exotic sex rituals and help the Reverend manage his worldwide white slave network.

Private detective Mike Murphy (Ken Cotton) gets involved with this religious sect when his assistant, Mel (Melba Walsh), is abducted by the Reverend, who then makes Mel a centerpiece in one of his rituals.

Various scenes intended to lend dramatic impact are interspersed throughout. These scenes are supposed to represent "individual indoctrination courses," where the new Star Maidens are ravaged by the Reverend's henchmen. The action takes place in brightly colored rooms resembling the tacky cubicles of a live-in Nevada whorehouse. Luckily, there is some erotic value to these scenes, thanks to the film's many attractive girls, including the ever-foxy Patricia Lee.

The ending is as trite and predictable as the rest of the movie. The "good" detective chases the Reverend out into the street, where a contingent of outraged citizens do him in. Nevertheless, the excellent opening scene has made me curious to see what director Charles DeSantos could come up with if he were to drop the hackwork and attempt to make a serious, artistic erotic film.

TONIGHT WE LOVE



Tonight We Love should have been called *Melting Pot Depravity*. This film concerns six people who hurl obscenities at each other and perform some incredibly bizarre sex. In one scene, an Oriental girl with a strap-on dildo sodomizes a black man while he gets some head from a white woman. Theoretically, this could have been a good film, but the plot is

just too unbelievable, and any audience would have trouble relating to the kinds of sex acts portrayed in the film.

The action takes place in the mansion of an embittered rich man who was castrated and then crippled by Japanese soldiers during World War II. Throughout the movie he runs around in a motorized wheelchair and choreographs sex scenes between his wife and hired performers.

In the opening scene, we are introduced to the cripple's daughter and "foster" son. They quickly disappear and are not seen again until the end. The plot revolves around an Oriental girl (Linda Wong) and her black boyfriend (Mick Jones), who have been recruited to fuck over the cripple's masochistic wife.

And they *do* fuck her over. She is an attractive, 40ish woman, played by Ursula Brandwynne, who seems to be a genuine masochist. For example: In one scene she is blindfolded, tied between two posts and whipped until *real* red welts cover the front of her body. Eventually, the foster son fucks her while she's still tied to the posts and later discovers that she is actually his mother. This film family suffers one

traumatic experience after the other.

The script attempts to insert "emotion" into this weak plot line by having the cripple hurl such obscenities as "chink cocksucker" at Linda Wong and "cunt" and "scumbag" at his wife. But the obscenities only accentuate the witless dialog and senseless story. The viewer is ultimately left with dirty talk and kinky sex floundering in a disjointed film.

THE PORN BROKERS

In the late 60s, hard-core filmmakers attempted to expand the market for their product from its birthplace on the West Coast to the rest of the country. In order to gain acceptance, they injected their films with "redeeming social value." The filmmakers would slip in haphazard hard-core footage between the long-winded speeches from supposed psychiatrists and sexologists and endless pan shots of erotic sculptures. Invariably, these so-called educational documentaries were boring. *The Porn Brokers* is a 70s porn

documentary that manages to hold the viewers' interest only temporarily before falling flat on its celluloid face.

The film is a potpourri of interviews, hard-core footage and a collage of erotic "art" from around the world. The major problem with *The Porn Brokers* is that it only goes halfway—both in the interviews and sex scenes.

The first ten minutes are devoted to a reasonably well done collage of hard-core stills and erotic art. From there, we're taken all over Europe for brief interviews. We listen to Milton, who is responsible for the Swedish sex magazine *Private*—probably the best-quality hard-core magazine in the world. We also get a look at Lasse Braun, the international loopmaker; the Jupps, a well-adjusted Dutch smut family; and an affable and gregarious English pornographer in the process of shooting a film. These interviews prove uninteresting, since the camera doesn't stay in one place long enough to allow us to find out what really makes these people tick.

The sex scenes are just as disappointing. There is a brief foray into the notorious red-light district in Hamburg and a sex act club in Stockholm, where some rather well choreographed but uninteresting vignettes are performed. For a little extra insurance, we even get a "guest appearance" by stateside performers Jamie Gillis and Helen Madigan, in a smutty sketch on a park bench.

The final 20 minutes of this 80-minute film are devoted to a drawn-out rape sequence that the film's publicists said contained bestiality scenes "never...shown in theatres before." Actually, a pony's nose is positioned in the vicinity of a woman's snatch.

Ultimately this documentary suffers from lack of eroticism. In one interview sequence, a disillusioned, novice porn actor finds he can't get it up in front of the camera. And in a way, that just about sums up *The Porn Brokers*: a porn film that simply doesn't get it up. 🍆

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

🍆 Erection

3 A.M.
Autobiography of a Flea
Diversions
Expose Me, Lovely
Femmes de Sade
In the Realm of the
Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Midnight Desires
The Opening of
Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

🍆 Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde Velvet
Candy's Candy
China de Sade
The Double Exposure
of Holly
Sex Wish
The Starlets
That Lady from Rio
The Joy of Letting Go
Temptations

🍆 Half-Erect

The Affairs of Janice
Blowdry
C. B. Mamas
China Lust
Easy Alice
Les Nympho Teens
Little Orphan Sammy
Love in Strange Places
Mary! Mary!
Teenage Twins

🍆 One-Quarter Erect

Ecstasy in Blue
Inside Marilyn Chambers
Kinkorama
The Story of O
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex
The Trouble with Young
Stuff

🍆 Totally Limp

The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Let My Puppets Come
Patty
Snuff



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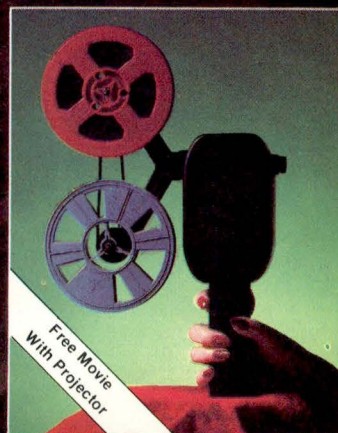
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Edited by Michael Toohey

WHITE WOMEN

Photographs by
Helmut Newton
Stonehill Publishing Company
38 East 57th Street
New York, NY 10022
\$25

White Women, a collection of nude and seminude photographs by Helmut Newton, is perhaps the most erotic book that's currently on the market. Newton photographs beautiful women in luxurious surroundings, but his women do not have that fashion-model look of bored detachment. Newton's women are three-dimensional. They are vain, preening themselves in front of mirrors and undergoing bizarre beauty treatments at expensive health spas. They are self-indulgent, sunning themselves beside landscaped pools and lounging on Louis XIV furniture. But above all, they are sensual and leave no doubt that they can be had.

"There must be a certain look of availability in the women I photograph," says Newton. "I think that the woman who gives the appearance of being available is sexually much more exciting than a woman who's completely distant. This sense of availability I find erotic."

Newton's women are indeed available, but sometimes there is a catch. Like black widow spiders, the same women who give their bodies so easily are also capable of turning and killing their men. A section of the book shows women during and after the act of murder. These are the most interesting and revealing photographs in *White Women*.

Yet, despite the violence and the hostility that are captured so well in many of these photographs, even the murderous-looking women manage to remain sexually desirable at the hands of a master like Helmut Newton.



Photographer Helmut Newton illustrates how the hand that rocks the cradle can just as easily fuck a bear.

FALSE STARTS: A MEMOIR OF SAN QUENTIN AND OTHER PRISONS

By Malcolm Braly
Little, Brown and Company
34 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02106
\$8.95

It would be easy to say that Malcolm Braly's *False Starts: A Memoir of San Quentin and Other Prisons* is sensational, prophetic, full of insight, an odyssey through hell, and all the other shit that cover-blurb writers are good at saying. But to write a review of Braly's fine autobiography is difficult—the book has too much meat to be pigeonholed by clichés.

Braly (author of "Prison Reform: American Horror Story," in this issue) weaves ideas and

observations into a well-written presentation of his life. For example, he often likes to point out the ineptitude of prison counselors and psychiatrists and the burden they place on the convict. Crazy David, the name given to the head of the psychiatric department, saw each con annually. In one encounter, he asked Braly only two questions: "How are you feeling?" and "Do you like your job?" and then remarked, "You should try to do several things each day you find difficult." The interview ended when Crazy David, inspired by an owl drawing that Braly had done, recited, "The wise old owl/Is a clever bird./He never repeats/What he's heard." Another third-rate analyst erroneously classified Braly as a latent homosexual. And once such a classification was entered in his file it was considered the gospel truth—or else, said prison officials, it

wouldn't have been entered. Obviously, prison bureaucratic logic is like military intelligence—a contradiction in terms.

Although he's not a homo, Braly's sexual experiences were limited by his "jolts" (prison stays). He often admits that his knowledge of women was firmly rooted in prison mythology. "I reached for her, still almost unable to imagine I was actually going to fuck this beautiful girl, and, when I came to it, I doubled her, knees to shoulders, as some self-styled stud had told me to do (they love it, man) and pumped away rudely for a few moments before I collapsed into her incredibly soft, star-strung wetness."

Braly spent some time as a free man, and portions of his autobiography deal with his inability to adapt to freedom. After his first six years in prison, he found he was far behind his free peers. "I wanted things,"

writes Braly. "I wanted clothes, a car, a hi-fi, I wanted my share of that river of products that Americans had begun to produce. We judged each other by these things."

The desire to succeed in the free world and the lack of preparation for it were what sent Braly to prison five times. Only in prison, Braly writes, does the con feel safe. "We were now secured against failure in the present. We could neither succeed or fail here, we were in stasis, and preserved against failure and loss until, once again we were set free."

Ultimately, the beauty of *False Starts* rests in the fact that Malcolm Braly refuses to analyze why he eats, shits and fucks—typical procedure in most autobiographies—and instead presents Malcolm Braly in the flesh.

—Zbigniew Kindela

MAKING LOVE: HOW TO BE YOUR OWN SEX THERAPIST

By Patricia E. Raley
The Dial Press

One Dag Hammaraskjold Plaza
New York, NY 10017
\$14.95

Ever since Dr. David R. Reuben shotgunned middle-class America with misinformation in his book *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex & Were Afraid to Ask*, such sex experts as Alex Comfort, Masters and Johnson and Abigail VanBuren have been busting their asses to get our nation back on the right monorail. Well, the job is finished now, in the sense that there are now enough accurate sex manuals around (if people would only read them) to dispel the myths spread by Reuben. There seems to be nothing left to write about fucking, yet new sex manuals are being published every month. Information is beginning to overlap, and it would be truly refreshing to find a book

that reveals a new, enjoyable perversion or two. But don't hold your breath in the meantime.

Patricia E. Raley's book *Making Love: How to Be Your Own Sex Therapist* gives us the same sex information, but with a refreshingly different premise: People can resolve their own sex problems without paying some amateur Freud to show them how to masturbate. This is accomplished by answering sets of questions that are included in the book about various aspects of human sexuality and relationships and then weighing the answers against both the established facts and the author's suggestions.

There might be some danger in this type of self-analysis, but it could never equal the danger of placing your genitalia in the hands of a pseudo-sexologist like Reuben.

Making Love: bent on eliminating the middle man from sexual therapy.



EVERYTHING ELSE...

Poems by Daniel L. Klauck
King Publications
P. O. Box 19332
Washington, D.C. 20036
\$5

Very few people read poetry anymore. (For that matter, few people read anything anymore.) The fact that a poet in America today cannot make a living from book royalties proves that this is true. For the time being, Daniel L. Klauck, the author of *Everything else...*, a book of poetry, does not have to worry about making a living at his craft. Klauck is in prison.

Poetry is dying as a form of entertainment because it tends to be incomprehensible, high-flown and humorless. Klauck's work exhibits none of these

traits. His poems are tightly written, easy to understand and often funny:

*finally got a letter today
they told me all about the
weather
what it's like out there
well
i already knew that
they let us have weather in jail
sometimes*

As you would expect, the author's many prison experiences play heavily throughout this book. In the poem "What to Do with Your Cock in Prison," Klauck advises newly arrived convicts of the alternatives available for their incarcerated cranks.

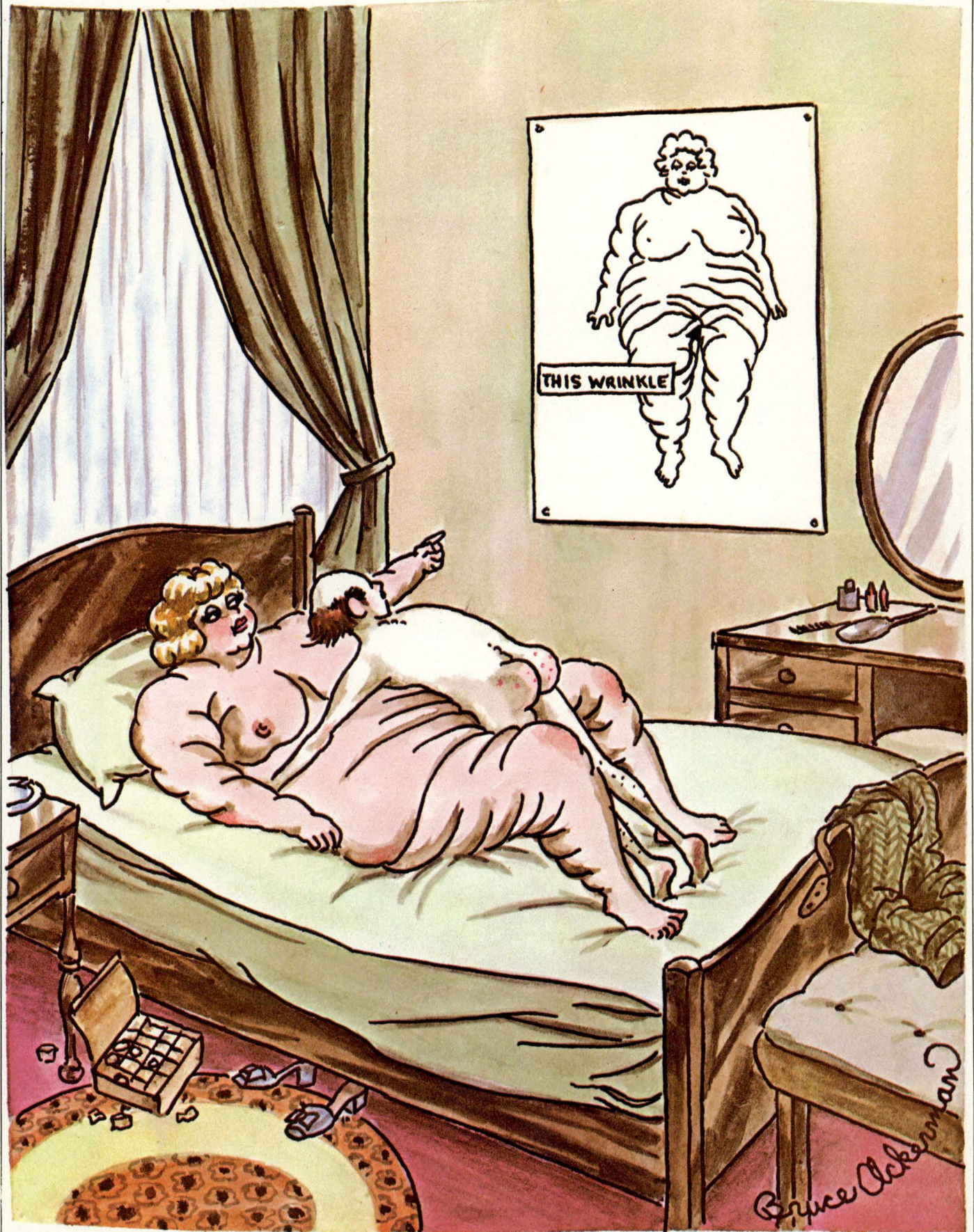
*if you're smart
you'll check it in at the front
gate
when you come here*

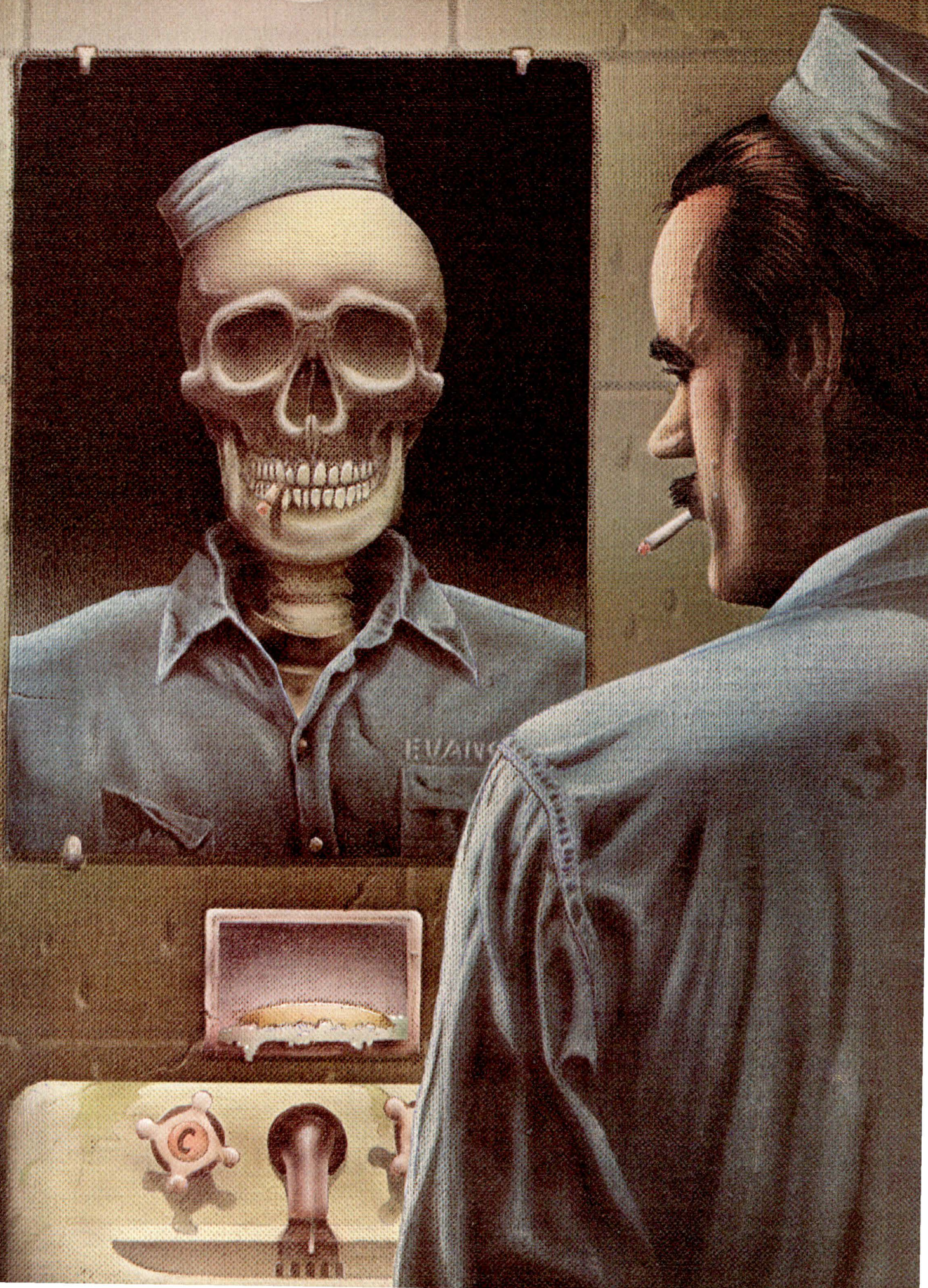
Then again, Klauck says, you may want to keep it just to have something to piss blood through:

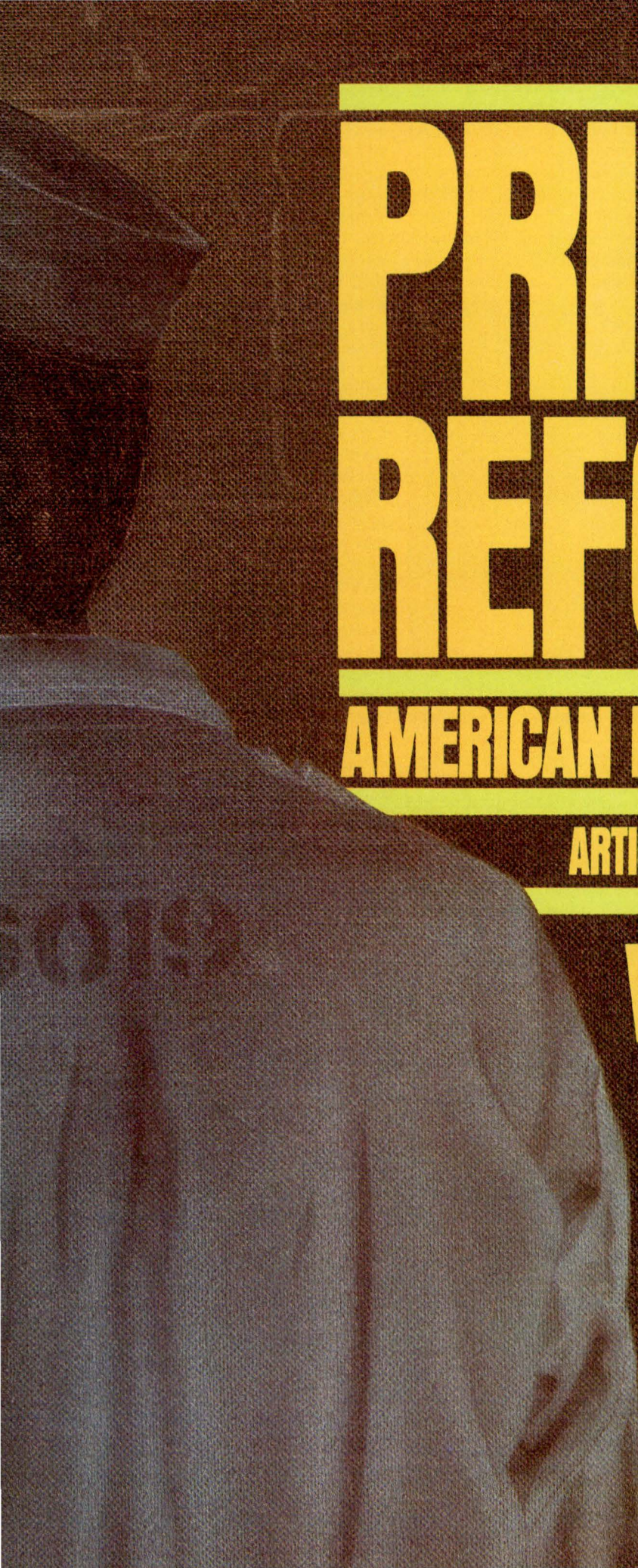
*and in prison
my god
you're sure gonna piss plenty
of blood*

Klauck's book effectively exposes the brutality of prison life—too effectively, in fact, to suit the administrators at Western Penitentiary in Pittsburgh, Pa., Klauck's present home. They pressured the poet to delete pages 15 and 16 from his book because the poems on these pages are particularly embarrassing to the prison establishment. According to Klauck, "It's a view of prison that the administration doesn't want people on the outside to know about because it's ugly and brutal and it strongly reflects the personality types of those people who run the jails." His refusal to comply resulted in the cancellation of a planned furlough to promote the book.

Barring further setbacks, Klauck will be out on parole this fall after eight years in the joint. He is presently at work on a novel and will continue to write poems whether anyone reads them or not. Poetry doesn't pay well. But it's honest work.







PRISON REFORM

AMERICAN HORROR STORY

ARTICLE BY MALCOLM BRALY

When I was pounding the yard at San Quentin, one more con with a number on his ass, I used to imagine how I would become a writer so I could help to destroy the whole sorry mockery of the California prison system. I'm sure others nourish their own versions of the same fantasy, for there can be few cons who haven't dreamed of destroying their jails—of smashing them to rubble to release the pain and misery ground into the very walls and bringing cleansing light to the deepest hole. An impossible dream?

Maybe not. In the ferment of the early 60s, a handful of angry and determined prisoners rose like David to take their stand before the Goliath of the prison establishment. Against all the odds, they wounded the giant, and the movement they started has continued to swell, until today it threatens to

Illustrated by Jim Evans

shatter even the most basic concepts of traditional penology. This is the story I want to tell here, but first we must take a look at some unpleasant history.

"The degree of civilization in a society can be judged by entering its prisons."

—Dostoevski

Crime is as old as law and so are prisons. Prisons were first used primarily for prisoners of war or political prisoners. In the late 18th century, the first English prisons were established in the hulls of abandoned vessels. These prisons were for "ordinary" criminals, and, ironically, they were conceived as a reform measure. They represented reform in that it was then a revolutionary idea to imprison someone in the hopes of "reforming" him. And if you consider it better to be locked up than to have your skin torn off with red-hot pincers, if you consider it better to be clapped into irons than broken on the rack, exposed in stocks or hanged by the neck, then those prisons did constitute reform.

But the reform was tainted with strong economic motive, for those first prisons were the ungainly bastard children of the Industrial Revolution, conceived out of the sudden demand for more and more cheap labor. Squads of convicts were housed by the state but leased like equipment to private contractors, who might literally work them to death. And this labor turned a nice profit for everyone but the sorry scrubs and misfits who actually performed it. Ironically, it wasn't liberals or humanists who finally forced an end to this abuse. It was the trade guilds fighting competition from this perpetual source of free labor.

In America, it was the Society of Friends, implementing the best of intentions, that introduced the notorious silent-and-solitary system. It was the Christian conceit of these pious and gentle Quakers that the most hardened and desperate offenders need only be locked away for 10 or 20 years—with only their thoughts of contrition and a King James Bible—in order to be washed clean of unnatural urges. But this system only turned its inmates into monsters.

It was these same penitential institutions that produced the caricature of the ex-convict: a stir-crazy zombie with a shaved head and strange eyes who whispers from the corner of his mouth and lives only to murder honest folk in their beds. Ten years of staring at a blank wall can do weird things to the most stable citizen, and even in the 19th century, society recognized that prisoners were not too well glued together and decided to put convicts back to work.

The stone quarries, where generations of

convicts pounded "little ones out of big ones," remain the classic make-work situation. It was here that men spent years hammering stone into gravel, which could have been produced a hundred times more efficiently by machine. People in the 19th century believed in the therapeutic value of hard work. They had learned that men who labored long hours with sledge hammers were too exhausted to make trouble or plan

Every prisoner is someone's son, and mom is always the last to split on him.

escapes. In prison, that's the real name of the game.

This remained true of most prisons well into this century. All they wanted from prisoners was hard work and passive behavior.

When I was a boy in a California reform school in the early 1940s, we were required to maintain constant *silence*. Talking was an immediate beef. We had to march everywhere, even to bed, and when there was nothing else to do, we were put to work moving a small mountain of red dirt around. We shoveled it down, loaded it onto wheelbarrows, then carried it 50 yards, only to pile it up again in another place. I personally helped to shift this hill three times (the experience has never proven valuable on a job reference), and if I had refused to comply with this insanity I would have been routinely beaten. We never questioned the intent of this exercise. We knew it was a punishment designed to break our spirits.

"I am persuaded that the institution of prison probably must end. In many respects it is as intolerable...as was the institution of slavery, equally brutalizing to all involved, equally toxic to the social system, equally subversive to the brotherhood of man...."

—Judge James E. Doyle

Prisons have not evolved through a pattern of success. Change has been forced on these institutions because of their chronic failure to perform any of the basic

functions they were designed for. Most jailers would have been satisfied to lock prisoners up for life, throw away the keys and draw comfortable checks for making sure prisoners didn't find a way to dig out.

But every prisoner is someone's son, and mom is almost always the last to split on him. The sorriest con may have a mother somewhere who will complain when her child is buried away and left to rot like garbage. And as much as the general public would like to ignore the problem, prisons have a strange way of continuing to smolder in the national unconscious. Society doesn't want to know what's being done in its name, with its tax monies, but it does know and somehow can't rest with it. For these and other reasons, the prison problem comes up constantly.

What's to be done? This question, asked again and again but never satisfactorily answered, creates a vacuum that hungers for positive programs. And strange notions have been sucked into this void. But few have been stranger than the massive emphasis that the state of California placed on rehabilitation in the early 1950s.

I entered San Quentin for the first time just as they were tooling up to perform total rehabilitation on California's increasing criminal element. For a number of years, I jailed within this demanding program, waiting for rehabilitation to hit me as a Christian waits for grace. You went along with it because if you didn't, you didn't get out. But not many of us believed in it. It was just another scam. One of our bitter jokes was to repeat the dictionary definition of this magic word: "re-ha-bil-i-tate 1. to restore to rank, privileges or property which one has lost. 2. to restore the good name or reputation of; to reinstate in good repute."

Of course, few of us had ever had anything to which we might be restored, and most of us had lost the little we did have when we were shipped to Quentin.

This new method of rehabilitation used the jargon of the Freudian revolution, and the psychiatrist began to replace the moralist as the architect who would repair our damaged souls. We had not stolen because we wanted the money but because we sought love and attention. We weren't evil; we were ill. We were no longer called upon to repent, to seek God and examine our flawed characters. Instead, we were expected to search out and recognize our problems and find salvation through these new programs.

All we needed to do was replace the King James Bible with the *Problem of Anxiety*; replace prayer with group therapy; replace contrition with understanding; and then we would all be free to be as honest as anyone else. Certainly a modest goal. Just a few



"That's it! That's it! Pork her, you big, hunky muther!"

years of the magic mind cure, say five or six, and we'd all be ready to rejoin society and take our rightful places as bag boys in the supermarkets or attendants in the nation's car washes. But first we had to recognize our problems.

Officially, it was assumed that we were in jail because of psychological problems, and our job was to isolate these problems and come to terms with them. We were judged by how well we came to terms with them. If we didn't have problems, it was prudent to invent them. Many of us thought our biggest problem was that we had been caught. If they'd only let us out, we'd try not to get caught again. We were encouraged to believe that what we had done was not what it seemed. For example, boys who had stolen cars were acting out a return to the womb, and once they had been helped to recognize their true motivation and realize its utter futility they would be free of the compulsion to steal.

I mock this now because it's easy to be amused by the quaint notions people held in the past. We don't seem to realize that our current cherished philosophies might be considered quite naive in the future. The earnest psychs who had us dutifully unraveling the Oedipal implications of our burglaries would have recoiled in astonished horror if they had been forced to watch a victim of the Inquisition put to the question. And it is not likely that they would have remembered that the Holy Inquisition was also initiated as a "reform."

"More ambitious therapeutic experiments have also been tried in California. Generally these have not been successful from the administration's point of view—that is, they have not had any measurable effect on recidivism. Often they have been disastrous from the inmates' viewpoint."

*—Struggle for Justice:
A Report on Crime and
Punishment in America*

In Quentin, we had a favorite anecdote that illustrated the effectiveness of the various rehabilitative programs we were required to suffer. It's a true story, and time has not dulled its point.

Luther Turnipseed was one of those sad, marginal misfits who often seems to have been born for no other reason than to wear a number and help fill a jail, a dim dude who had struck out in his genes long before he was ever given his equal chance to make trouble for himself. He was pulling a 1-to-5 for petty with a prior. This is a particularly vicious statute by which some wino can be shipped off to the joint for stealing a can of

sardines if he has previously been convicted of a similar petty theft. It's an effective way to keep California's clean cities swept out, but it also means someone can end up serving two or three years for clouting a few bucks' worth of merchandise. Which is what happened to Turnipseed.

When Turnipseed blundered into the joint, he was processed through the guidance center, where advanced diag-

No one with enough money to buy justice need ever serve a day.

nostic testing quickly determined he could neither read nor write. And that, at least, was something they were sure they could fix.

Turnipseed was assigned to the school program, and for several years this 50-year-old illiterate carried his books, did his homework, saw Spot run and worked his way up from the first to the sixth grade. Seldom had any of us, staff or inmate, seen proof of progress so positive. Turnipseed was finally paroled, and it was confidently expected he would use his new skills to land a decent job.

He did improve his lot. Six months later, he was back in prison on a 1-to-14 for writing bad checks.

I believe this anecdote serves to illustrate how simplistically we deal with the nature of crime, its cure and possible prevention. What could have been done for Turnipseed? He had been in and out of institutions his entire life, and no official philosophy of criminal behavior, past or present, really covers his case. He was simply reaching out for a better life, the better life we've all been sold through the media, and he used the only methods he knew. Society seems to realize that life is fiercely competitive but is unable to clearly understand that it is as much the nature of competition to create losers as it is to produce winners.

"We think it well settled that it is not the function of the courts to superintend the treatment...of persons in penitentiaries...."

—Stroud v. Swope (1951)

Historically, prison reformers have usually organized outside our institutions. Each generation has produced its handful of dedicated, and often quixotic, reformers, who chanted much the same slogans, did the little they could and passed on a legacy of failure. There was never any help from the courts. Prior to 1960, our judges had maintained a strict hands-off policy whenever they heard a suit brought by a prisoner against his keepers. The opinion quoted above was given against Robert Stroud, the "Birdman of Alcatraz," when he sued the federal prison system for the right to publish his book, which evaluated the prisons that had held him all his adult life. Rather than try to benefit from Stroud's life experience, the prison bureau could think only of silencing him. The justices agreed with the system. When Stroud appealed the decision, a higher court observed: "I think a judge should not be compelled to listen to such nonsense."

Despite the attitude of our courts, over the years prisons began to change superficially. The cells became a little larger. Some even had hot water. If you were a good boy, you could watch TV. Treatment moved from lobotomy and electric shock to chemical tranquilizers. The "hole" (which in California means solitary confinement in a nine-by-five-foot cell) became a negative reinforcement cell. There were homelier examples.

When I first entered Quentin, we changed socks once a week. Fifteen years later, fresh socks were delivered nightly. Obviously, men don't nourish their spirits on clean socks, but if you happened to cell, as I did once, with a country boy who never washed his feet, then those nightly socks seemed far more important than any of the ambitious treatment programs that were being devised one after the other.

But these improvements were simply cosmetic or superficial, just some new paint on a decaying house, and real change was desperately needed. Change finally began in the early 60s, and for the first time the movement stemmed from the inmates themselves.

It was during the 60s that almost every sector of our society began to reexamine the fundamental principles we lived by. This reexamination, fired by the Vietnam war, cut across the nation. Although it was clouded by the divisive passions of the day, the issue was simple: Could a nation responsible for any act so overtly criminal continue to command the obedience or inspire the loyalty of its citizens? This crisis of authority was massive, and many groups were alert to its implications. Among these were the Black Muslims, and it was they who fired the

(continued on page 90)

JODY



THREE IS NOT A CROWD




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Most men spend their lives looking for something extra in a woman, and Jody is one woman who's got it—an extra nipple. “It doesn’t bother me at all,” Jody reports. “In fact, all I have to do is

mention it, and I’ve got more men hounding me than I can handle.”

Of course, most men have to see it to believe it, and Jody is more than willing to oblige. “I invite them to inspect it closely to see that it’s a nipple, not a birthmark. It’s a sure way to get things started when I’m horny.”

But there are problems, too. “When I’m ready to get down for some good sex, a man is just staring at my third nipple. Then when he begins to suck them, he can’t make up his mind which one of the three he likes best.” Once he’s made a decision, Jody says, “he forgets about the rest of me. Then I have to take the lead.

“It’s not really that much, but it gives men an extra place to love on me, and I’ll take all the love I can get.”







THE OTHER CARTER

By Willie Carter Spann

At one time his name was William, or Willie, Carter. After his mother, Gloria Carter (Jimmy Carter's sister), married Georgia farmer Walter G. Spann, Willie's name was changed to William Carter Spann. That is the way daily newspapers have identified him, when they are not calling him "the black sheep nephew of Jimmy Carter."

Few people would judge Willie Spann to be a desirable source for an evaluation of his uncle Jimmy Carter's character or how life was down on the peanut farm in Plains, Georgia. By Willie's own admission, he has been a heavy drinker and dope fiend during various periods of his life since age 12. He has owned and used a small arsenal of handguns, and to support his habits he has burglarized, robbed, pimped and hustled as a male whore in Los Angeles and San Francisco. He has been in and out of California prisons for the last seven years. His latest home is the California Correctional Training Facility at Soledad, California, where he is serving a term of five years to life for armed robbery, with a parole hearing set for January 1979.

Despite that record, scores of newspaper and magazine people, and radio and TV representatives, have been besieging Willie and the California Department of Corrections for interviews with him. They have been unsuccessful because Willie is a maximum security prisoner, which means, according to CDC regulations, that he can be interviewed only once every three months by a single media person. In August 1976, it was a reporter for the San Francisco *Chronicle* and in November 1976, it was me. Undesirable a character as he may be by polite society's standards, Willie is the only Carter who is willing to talk about life in that family on a gut level—about marital problems, peculiar views on sex and morality, prejudicial attitudes toward blacks and Jews and fanatic religious beliefs mixed with alcohol and drugs.

In short, Willie Spann is the only source for a line on Jimmy Carter and his family that is stripped of veneer, purged of niceties and reduced to life at its raw levels.

Can Willie's stories be trusted? I have been corresponding with him almost daily since August 1976; the letters have been long, penetrating and soul-searching. In addition, I spent half a day locked up with him in the prison at Soledad. Through letters and phone calls from my home in San Francisco to Georgia, and through various official documents I have obtained, I have been able to check many of Willie's stories. Except for a few wrong dates, they have been accurate.

Jimmy Carter
Plains, Georgia 31760

8-12-76
To William C. Spann
I'm sorry about your
containing that you will
hope doing better in the
future. I've tried not
ever apologize to me
about publicity. You are
part of our family and
we are certainly not
thinking of discouraging you
We all just wish
you well.
Jimmy

I have also tried to obtain any disclaimers that members of the Carter family might want published in response to Willie says. Jimmy Carter, Billy Carter and Walter Spann have all declined to answer my letters and phone calls. I managed to get Miss Lillian and Gloria Carter Spann on the telephone, but they refused to answer any questions. I transcribed the nastiest portions of Willie's story and sent them to members of the Carter family and asked for their comments. They issued no denials or affirmations; they simply refused to answer.

Consequently, it's all Willie's show.

Willie knows every kind of life from opulent white south-central Georgia society to black Southern poverty to illicit street hustling in California to prison. Rich, politically powerful whites have been his parents and guardians. Blacks have been his playmates, teachers, friends and prison foes. Two women have been his wives, but several men have been his occasional lovers. And drug addicts and professional burglars have been his business partners.

Willie is now 30 years old. He has long, fine, brown hair; a thin face with sharply defined lines and slightly hollowed cheeks; and penetrating gray cat eyes. His speech, marked by a slight drawl, is a strange mixture of Georgia white, Southern black dialect, convict, or folk-jazz musician argot, and an occasional literary phrase or burst of intellect. One minute he can give you a well-reasoned socio-political analysis and the next he is talking like a Georgia cracker in the hayfields.

with Burton H. Wolfe

But he's not doing too much talking now. Willie is locked up in a special protective custody area at Soledad because his life may be in danger. During his robbery trial in San Francisco Superior Court, his lawyer, a public defender—none of the Carters has been willing to put up any money for his defense—mistakenly identified Willie as an "informer" against the Aryan Brotherhood, a violent prison gang. The error then spread through the prison grapevine and was accepted as fact. So Willie has to remain in protective custody along with other prisoners whose lives are also considered to be in danger.

From a window in the maximum security area, Willie watches as even more famous prisoners, such as mass-murderer Juan Corona and Sirhan Sirhan, who assassinated Robert Kennedy, play games and work out with weights in the protective custody exercise yard.

His biggest hope for the future is that he will be released for the remainder of his sentence to the Delancey Street Foundation—a San Francisco-based organization that is skilled in the rehabilitation of drug addicts and convicts—and then go into the television repair business. He already has accumulated several years' experience in that business as well as skills in electronics.

Willie says he realizes he needs some kind of rehabilitation therapy if he is ever to turn things around enough so he can stay out of prison. In prison, however, he has been unable to get help. In fact, his work-up sheet specifies that he is not allowed to participate in any kind of vocational or therapeutic program as long as he is in protective custody.

Willie probably deserves to be in prison, but will his time there make any difference in his life? Whenever an individual goes wrong, is it solely his responsibility, or is the individual the product of his unalterable genes, environment and family upbringing? Penologists and sociologists are still debating these questions.

You won't be able to decide just by reading Willie's story, but you will get some helpful insights into the problems. And Willie's problems may make you think about what our new president, Jimmy Carter, actually intends to do about developing programs to deal with society's "black sheep" in ways that will work.—Burton H. Wolfe

Willie's story

in his own words

(with a little help in arrangement
from Burton H. Wolfe)

I've always liked my uncle Jimmy Carter. He's a phony, but I like him. Jimmy's sister Gloria Carter (my ma) had gotten divorced from my real dad, William Hardy, when I was still an infant, and I was told that my name was William Carter. My ma, Billy and I all lived in Miss Lillian's house. Miss Lillian was the only one in the family who would show me any love. I thought she was my mother.

When my mom remarried, we moved to a farm that my grandfather Earl gave to my stepfather, Walter Spann. My name became William Spann after Walter adopted me. I was just four years old and couldn't understand it. Divorce being a dirty word in white south-central Georgia society in 1950, nobody would explain to me what was going on.

I must have seen my real dad at least once after that 'cause I remember him as this man who gave me an ice-cream cone. When he died in prison a few years later, it came over the radio, and I knew right away that he was my real father. It hurt me, and my ma raised hell. She said, "That man's not your daddy; Walter's your daddy." Well, I already knew enough about the birds and the bees to know who my real dad was.

He was in a prison work camp for drunk driving. They gave you a year in prison for that in Georgia in those days. He died in there. They said it was from a coronary occlusion, but I checked later and found out he never had heart disease in his life. So you know if he died like that at the age of 35, they beat him to death with nightsticks or ran him to death or something like that and then called it a heart attack.

* * *

From the earliest time I can remember, I was taught to view blacks as "niggers." When I was just four years old, I actually tried to shoot our maid with a .22 rifle. I propped the gun on a chair, opened the door a crack to the room where she was working and lined up the target. She turned and saw me and ran to call a neighbor. He came and laughingly took the gun away and patted me on the head.

When I was 13, I got drunk and took Uncle Billy's car and tried to run over a small black child. When my parents found out, I said, "So what? It was only a nigger." My real feelings are a little different, but outwardly I'm a racist. Every scar on my face—and I've got plenty—came from more than one black jumping me in jails or prisons to try to fuck me. I've stabbed, piped and fought them. I don't hate them as a race, though. Blacks as a whole are OK.

My mom told me some rough stories about Rosalynn's relations with blacks. The stories were told to me when I was about six, and I don't know whether they're true, so I'd better not repeat them. Besides, I'd have to question my mom's frame of mind at that time. I know my mom hated Rosalynn then. Mom was also on drugs. I found out one day when I discovered her stash of Benzedrine. She called it her "medicine." At the time, I didn't even know what it was. Later, I discovered she was using other drugs, too. I began to realize that Gloria Carter was the kind of person who had to be wired up on something most of the time. She also drank heavily—Purple Cow and Wild Turkey mostly. Me and my stepdad drank 'shine and Jack Daniel's.

As soon as I was old enough to drink and stop wearing short pants, I was told I'd have to "quit playing with them niggers all the time." Being the product of a divorce (an intolerable thing in southwestern Georgia), I was shunned by most of the white kids on orders from their parents. My mom and dad didn't have much time for me either. So I played with black kids and was raised by their folks, who worked on my stepdad's peanut farm.

My uncle Jimmy owns the land and issues seed and fertilizer. At year's end, he deducts the cost of materials, then splits the net. It sounds fair until you dig that he, my mother and stepfather own damn near the whole area around Plains.

My first intimate contact with my uncle Jimmy came when he was my Sunday-school teacher for around five or six years in the Baptist Church in Plains. He was the one who talked me into getting baptized. Uncle Jimmy would take us kids into this little room in the church, and we'd have Bible drills.

I had a little problem with the kids because they were a grade ahead of me. I had failed a grade, and that's something you're supposed to be ashamed of. Only poor kids did that—niggers or white trash, not me. Jimmy would talk to me about it. He couldn't understand, but he'd try to counsel me anyway. Jimmy didn't have the hang-ups most red-necks have, you know, where a father can't show you any affection. He could and he did.

But *not* if you weren't going to take his religion seriously. Ever since my aunt Ruth converted Jimmy, he's been a righteous, religious man. That's Ruth Carter Stapleton, the holy roller. She's hard to believe, speaking in tongues and all the weird things she does. She got Jimmy into all that and made him a believer—communicating with the Big White Father in the sky and looking for Jesus to resurrect the dead. Jimmy believes all that shit and everything you

read in the Bible. And he won't believe anything that casts doubt on the Bible version of how man and woman were created, anything that gets you thinking about evolution. I really doubt he believes there was ever such a thing as dinosaurs.

It was when Jimmy got out of the navy that he first volunteered for work in the church. He became a deacon and stood outside the church delivering his little spiel. Maybe it was a little bit out of political ambition—he was already running for things in the 50s—but mostly it was because he really wanted to be a deacon and a Sunday-school teacher.

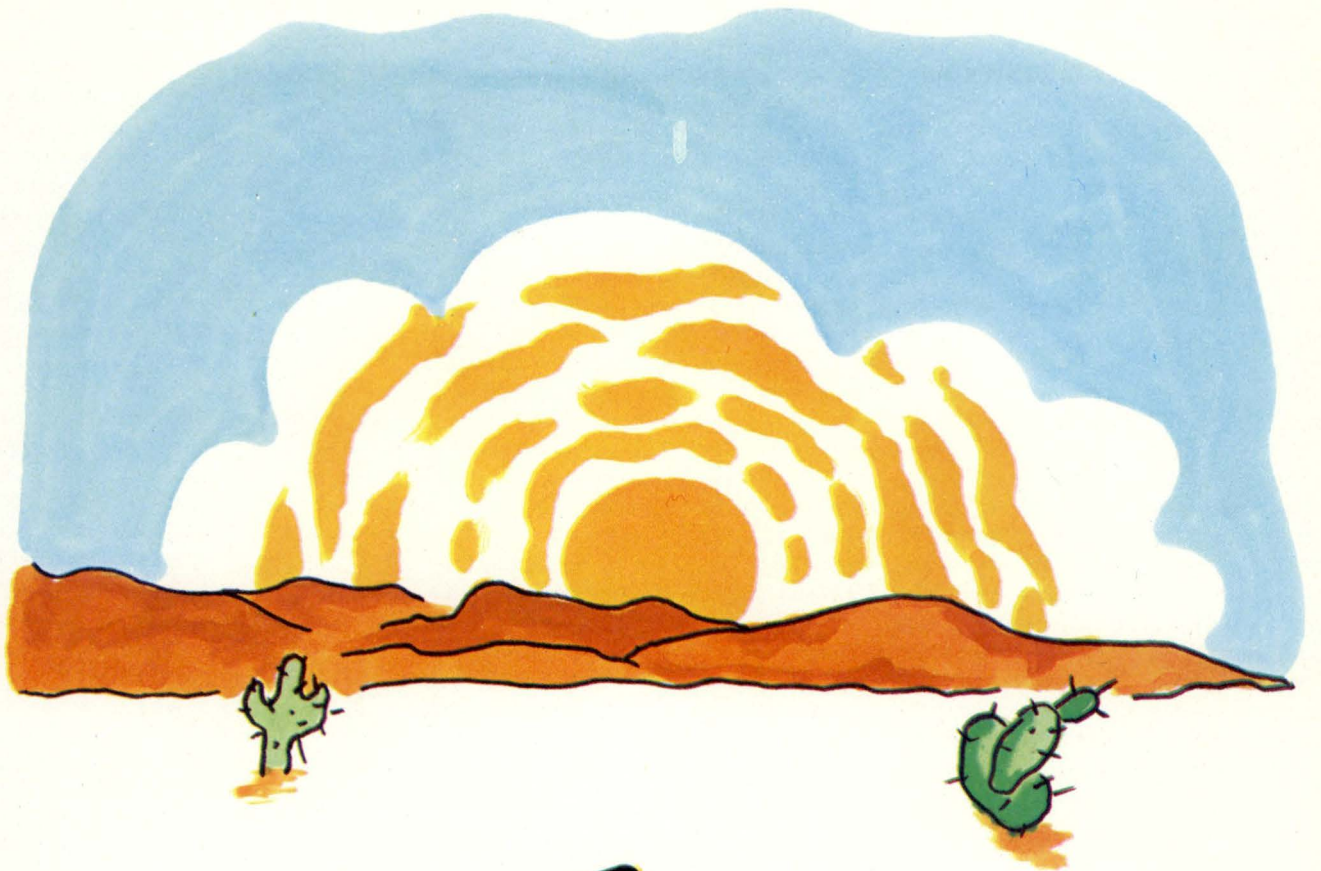
He would stand up there in his dark suit, white shirt and tie and he would tell us stories straight from the Bible. Then he would hand us a Sunday supplement, a little book he'd read questions from. He'd cite chapter such and such, verse so-and-so, and he'd ask us to look it up. The first one to get it would win. Not a prize. Just a pat on the head.

It was a race, not an attempt to understand anything. We were taught just to accept whatever the Bible story was. Like David killing Goliath. You automatically believed that there was a giant named Goliath and a little kid named David who snapped him. And we all made slingshots, too. We'd read about Samson, and we'd all go home and drink a lot of milk just to get strong.

At times I'd be curious about the people in the Bible 'cause I dug that they were Jews. But Jimmy never discussed that in Sunday school. Jews were bad things in Georgia. I'd ask people, "Hey, why do you love Jesus? He was a Jew." You just do. That's the end of that.

I never asked Jimmy. I just figured the people in the Bible he was telling us about were the right people. They were white. Sometimes I wondered why there were no black people in the Bible, but you didn't dare ask Jimmy Carter a question like that. Eventually I figured out from what he told us in class that there was a black dude in the Bible—Ham. "Ham and all his children were banished and turned black." And that's why they call niggers "hams."

After a long time of taking all this shit and not saying anything, I finally made Jimmy blow it on me one day. There was this circle prayer that Jimmy led. All the little kids had to say their piece about whom God blesses—God bless mommy and daddy, and God bless the school and all the pretty flowers. It got to be my turn and I didn't know what to say. I don't give a shit about the flowers, and I sure as hell didn't like school. So I said, "God bless everybody but the greedy little pigs." Jimmy snatched me up and took me



J. Kohl

"Shit!... Shit!... Shit!"

outside the room and shook the shit out of me 'cause I had committed a blasphemy, made fun of God. He took me by the collar and shook me and said, "You don't do that." He told me it would make God mad at me and I'd be punished.

When I was ten, I started fucking up in school. My stepfather accused me of deliberately getting bad grades in order to "ruin his credit." To this day I don't know what he meant by that, but he threatened to kill me with a shotgun for it. He scared me so bad that I stuffed pillows in my bed and slept on the floor for six months. I also started drinking—anything from Wild Turkey to Georgia "moon," whatever would relax me.

As the result of all this, I was getting paddled by my teacher and my stepfather. I started running away. It seemed to me that between my parents and my teachers I'd gotten the shit beat out of me all my life, and I got tired of it. I'd have righteous temper tantrums, run out of the school and go to the Carter warehouse. There was no place else to hang around in Plains, so I'd go there and play in the piles of peanuts, or go to the stables and play with the mules and horses.

Then one night, around midnight, my mother took me into the living room of our house, turned out all the lights and said, "I want you to sit there and think." She took all my clothes away except my underwear and left me sitting there. To this day I don't know

why unless she was in on it with my stepfather, the motherfucker who I thought was trying to kill me.

I was sitting there worrying, wondering what they were up to. I had to keep thinking about what they would do next 'cause they were always doing things to me. They'd beat me with a belt and buckle, a two-by-two, baling wire, anything. That goddamn Walter would lose his temper over trivial things and just wear me out.

In the living room, there was a gun cabinet right next to the library. Walter walked to that thing to open it. It had a little clasp that went "ping" when it opened. I knew that sound, so I hit the front door so fast he never got a chance to open the gun cabinet. I can't say for sure what he was after in there. But what could he have been after at 12 o'clock at night? He sure as hell wasn't about to go out hunting at that hour. And he knew how scared I was of that gun cabinet.

I ran across the road to my neighbor Howard Colson's house. I told him, "He's trying to kill me." I was jumping up and down, scared to death. My mother came across the road after me, but it was too late; I was over the edge. I told her, "He's trying to kill me and I'll never go back."

I wanted to go to my grandma's house, but Miss Lillian figured she couldn't handle me. She called my uncle Jimmy and he

came and took me to his house. I was tired of Walter threatening to kill me, so I was plotting ways to take him out. I was a sick little fucker, and my uncle Jimmy knew that. But he tried me at his house for a few weeks.

I lived in a bedroom with Jimmy and Rosalynn's sons, Jack, Jeff and Chip. It was a big room with four beds around the walls. The layout was like a fucking barracks, and everybody had his own little area. Everything you had was laid out very neatly, and when you wanted to change clothes you took your stuff into the bathroom.

The whole house was sectioned off so that you could live in it without ever being seen naked by anyone else. There was even a little dressing area in the kids' bathroom, and only one kid at a time went into that bathroom. That was all explained to me the minute I moved in. "This is the way we live." They had some real unusual living habits—to me, anyway. We were all boys living there—their daughter, Amy, hadn't been born yet—but we couldn't be seen naked in front of each other.

Shortly after I moved in, I walked into Rosalynn's bedroom by mistake—I didn't know the layout of the place yet—and I saw Rosalynn stark, bareass naked. I just stood there looking at her and enjoying it because Rosalynn is fine all over. But when she saw me, she almost shit. She was so shocked she couldn't say anything. We were all taught to be ashamed. Your body is an evil thing when it's naked. Jimmy's kids all believed that.

And they didn't jack off. There was absolutely no masturbation around that house till I came along. I did it because I like pleasure, things that make you feel good. But Jackie, Jeff and Chip never got into it. Their father taught them masturbation is a sin against God and a sin against your own body.

I couldn't get Jackie or Jeff to take a drink, either, or to smoke. But I turned Chip out. I got him drunk one night and I got him to smoke cigarettes and to cuss. Jeff became a fuckup later, went off to the Bahamas and smoked weed, but they got him off of it. There's never really been any juvenile delinquency in that family, except for me.

I take after my mother in some ways. When Gloria was a teen-ager, she was a rebel, a fuckup, the high school hustler, the only girl in the school who would put out. I know from stories told to me by guys who knew her. She drank her liquor and used her dope, too.

But there was no liquor or dope in Jimmy Carter's house. Not even beer. I thought of him as being hopelessly square, so I just tried to run my little trips on him, to manipulate him in any way I could so I could get money for beer and cigarettes. If he or



"Oh, ignore him, Gloria. He's just a little asshole."

my grandma wouldn't give me money, I'd lift cigarettes from wherever I could find them stashed. Eventually they accused me of being a thief. So I thought, "Well, as long as that's what they believe, I may as well live up to it." Then I started stealing cigarettes and booze out of the grocery store, cooking it up good.

That and shooting pool were my recreation. Jimmy had this pool table in his house. It was OK to shoot pool so long as you didn't gamble. That was a sin against God, too, so he wouldn't sanction it.

The main activities in the house were Bible reading, family circle prayers, shit like that. The family took turns saying grace at the table. But when Jimmy says grace he gives a sermon. You'd have to listen to that before and after every meal. Then, later at night, the family would get together for circle prayer. And there would be a community religious meeting at the house on Wednesday nights.

Well, I couldn't identify with that. While they said grace at meals, I'd sit there and be hungry. When there were prayer meetings, I'd go out behind the house and smoke cigarettes. Jimmy didn't try to stop me, but after the prayer meeting was over, he'd preach to me that it was evil and a sin. Everything I did was a sin. I didn't try to argue with him; I just accepted his word and believed that everything I did was a sin.

That was really the only way Jimmy could explain it to me or to himself. He never boozed or smoked, so he couldn't understand why I was drinking or why I got into the cigarette habit. He never had any of the problems you might have when you're growing up. He never encountered a stepfather who whips your ass or a mother who's neurotic. He never had to worry about that kind of thing, so he can't understand it. Jackie, Jeff and Chip couldn't understand it, either, any more than I could identify with them. There was nothing about me that was like them. Yet I was there with the family and I appreciated Jimmy's efforts to try to get me out of a bad situation. I understood what he was doing when he preached sin to me, but it just didn't work.

So he gave me a job in the warehouse. He figured he would show me what it was like to earn my own living and try to get me to come around that way.

Carter's Warehouse was where I worked. Some newspaper reporters have inaccurately written that I worked on Jimmy Carter's peanut farm. The so-called Jimmy Carter peanut farm is just a bunch of sharecroppers working nearly 2000 acres of land that Jimmy owns.

Jimmy Carter's business consists of the warehouse, a peanut processing plant and the land. Jimmy, Gloria, Billy and Ruth



"Fuck off, honkie!"

inherited all this when my grandfather Earl died in 1953. They inherited a headache, but Jimmy turned it into something worthwhile. He ran the business and then paid dividends to the rest of the family.

Giving me a job at the warehouse was about the nicest thing Jimmy Carter ever did for me. You just don't hire a young kid to work for you like that. I mean, I worked for my stepfather on his peanut farm, too, but he never paid me one goddamn cent, and he worked my ass off. But Jimmy was willing to hire me and pay me; he had faith that I would straighten up. He shouldn't have 'cause all I wanted was to be different from anybody in that family.

One day, he just called me into the office and said he'd put me to work. I remember that office—just a little room, a cubicle with a desk, chair and bookshelf. He was like one of those guys who whips himself. He didn't like any luxuries around him. No plants or music or anything like that. The office was always kind of musky, the kind you read about in a book about the Deep South. And he always wore work clothes—brown khakis—that's what everybody who worked there had to wear.

I was 12 years old and did a lot of things you couldn't get away with in a union shop. There is no union to represent workers in Plains, Georgia (except maybe for the railroad). My uncle fixed the wages and

settled the grievances. Whatever he said, that was it.

I worked 10 to 12 hours a day. If I was driving a truck to haul fertilizer around the fields, I wouldn't get any coffee break; the driving time was my break. The guys working all day in the warehouse wouldn't get any coffee breaks, either. They'd get a lunch break, except when the peanut season was on and they were processing peanuts. It takes all night to combine and get 'em all in while the money's right, and you don't have time for a break then. You eat while you work, and you work from sunup till late at night. Then, in the cotton ginning season, it gets busy like that again.

(You don't pick this up from the newspapers, but cotton is Jimmy's biggest business, bigger than peanuts. He also owns cattle, raises corn and owns a lot of land around Plains.)

Jimmy paid me 50 cents an hour, which was big money to me then, and besides, I thought it was fun. The grown-ups working in the place earned a little more—a dollar an hour, or dollar-and-a-quarter if they were white men. Niggers earned 80 or 90 cents an hour, a dollar tops. But that wasn't 'cause Jimmy was prejudiced. That's just par for the course in that part of Georgia. Under no circumstances, if I'm a grown man, am I gonna work beside a nigger who's getting

(continued on page 92)

NICOLE

ITALIAN DRESSING

Nicole is a vegetarian, a product of Italian parentage who gave up meatballs for heads of lettuce. "I'm a naturalist," says the 28-year-old topless dancer, who attributes her firm, supple body to her meatless diet and plenty of exercise.

When she isn't onstage at the Pompano Beach, Florida, bar where she works, she's either practicing her high kicks and splits or enjoying one of her many favorite sports. Tennis, bicycle riding and scuba diving occupy much of Nicole's spare time. But she always leaves plenty of room open on her busy schedule for the thing that comes most naturally—sex.







Nicole is tired of greasy kid stuff. So she much prefers *macho* men—domineering, strong, hairy-chested—and feels it's her natural duty to complement them by being a truly feminine bed partner. She is not shy about attending to her man's needs and desires, whatever they might be. And this leads us to suspect that Nicole does indeed eat meat from time to time, but she just doesn't swallow.





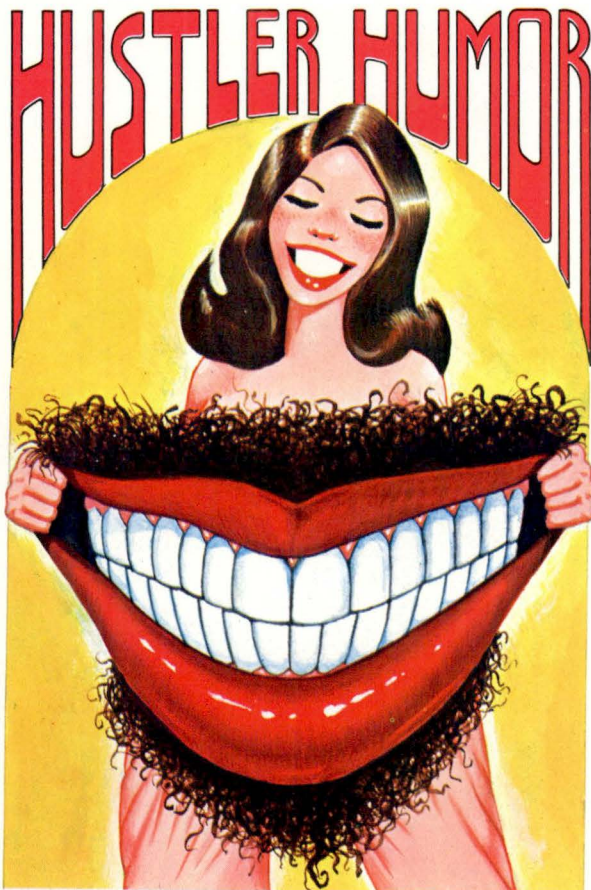




HUSTLER'S HONEY MAY 1977







We know a mean little old lady who refuses to give coins to blind men. She feels that it serves them right for masturbating when they were young.

How do you spell relief? F-A-R-T-S.

Do you know what you get when you cross an elephant with a prostitute?

A two-ton whore who works for peanuts.

One afternoon, a mother and her sheltered teen-age daughter were riding down Broadway in a taxi.

"Mama," asked the innocent young thing, "why are all those girls standing around on the sidewalk?"

"Those women are waiting for their husbands to get off work," her mother replied.

The taxi driver chuckled, "Aw, come on, lady, she's old enough to know. Go ahead and tell her what those girls are."

The daughter, eager to learn about life, said, "Oh, mama, *please* tell me."

With a frosty look toward the cabby, the mother explained that the girls were prostitutes. She then went on to explain the horrors of prostitution, such as VD and illegitimate children.

"But, mama," asked the girl, "what happens to all those babies?"

The mother smiled smugly and said, "They grow up to become taxi drivers."

Did you know that 87 percent of all politicians have hemorrhoids? And the other 13 percent are perfect assholes.

A man at a cocktail party was trying to impress a pretty young lady. After having several drinks to bolster his courage, he strode over to her and whispered in her ear, "Baby, I'm so big I'm in the *Guinness Book of World Records*."

The young lady skeptically eyed his crotch. "Humph!" she replied. "From what I can see, pal, you must have it stuffed up your ass."

Every weekend, Billy Bob, who weighed 260 pounds, would get drunk and go looking for trouble. He would start fights and beat up anyone he disliked. One night, the owner of a bar he frequented got fed up with this and locked a huge gorilla in the back room.

When Billy Bob busted in and threatened everyone, the owner said, "Billy, there's someone in the back room who says he can whip you."

Billy Bob kicked down the door and went in. For the next five minutes all that could be heard was screaming, pounding, rattling and yelling.

Finally, Billy Bob walked out, wiping his forehead and dragging the gorilla behind him. "Whew! Put a black guy in a mink coat and the bastard thinks he's King Kong!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Mixed Nuts* as: a convention of perverts.

At a local tavern, a bartender was serving drinks to several customers when he heard screams coming from the men's room. So he rushed into the bathroom only to find a very confused drunk.

The bartender asked him what the screaming was about. "Every time I flush this thing," insisted the hapless souse, "it jumps back and bites me!"

Laughing, the bartender replied, "Of course it does. That's not the toilet you're sitting on—it's a mop bucket."

On a transatlantic flight, a Jew was seated between two Arabs. Deciding to keep the peace, the Jew took off his coat and shoes and went to sleep.

Five minutes later, one of the Arabs elbowed the Jew and said, "Jewish swine, go get me a Coke."

Remembering his decision to keep the peace, the Jew went and got the Arab a Coke. When he returned, he looked down and saw a turd in his right shoe. He reminded himself to keep his cool, so he sat down, shrugged and went back to sleep.

A little while later, the second Arab elbowed him and also demanded a Coke. The Jew obliged. When he returned, he found a turd in his other shoe. Still he remained quiet.

An hour later, the first Arab asked the Jew what he thought about the world situation.

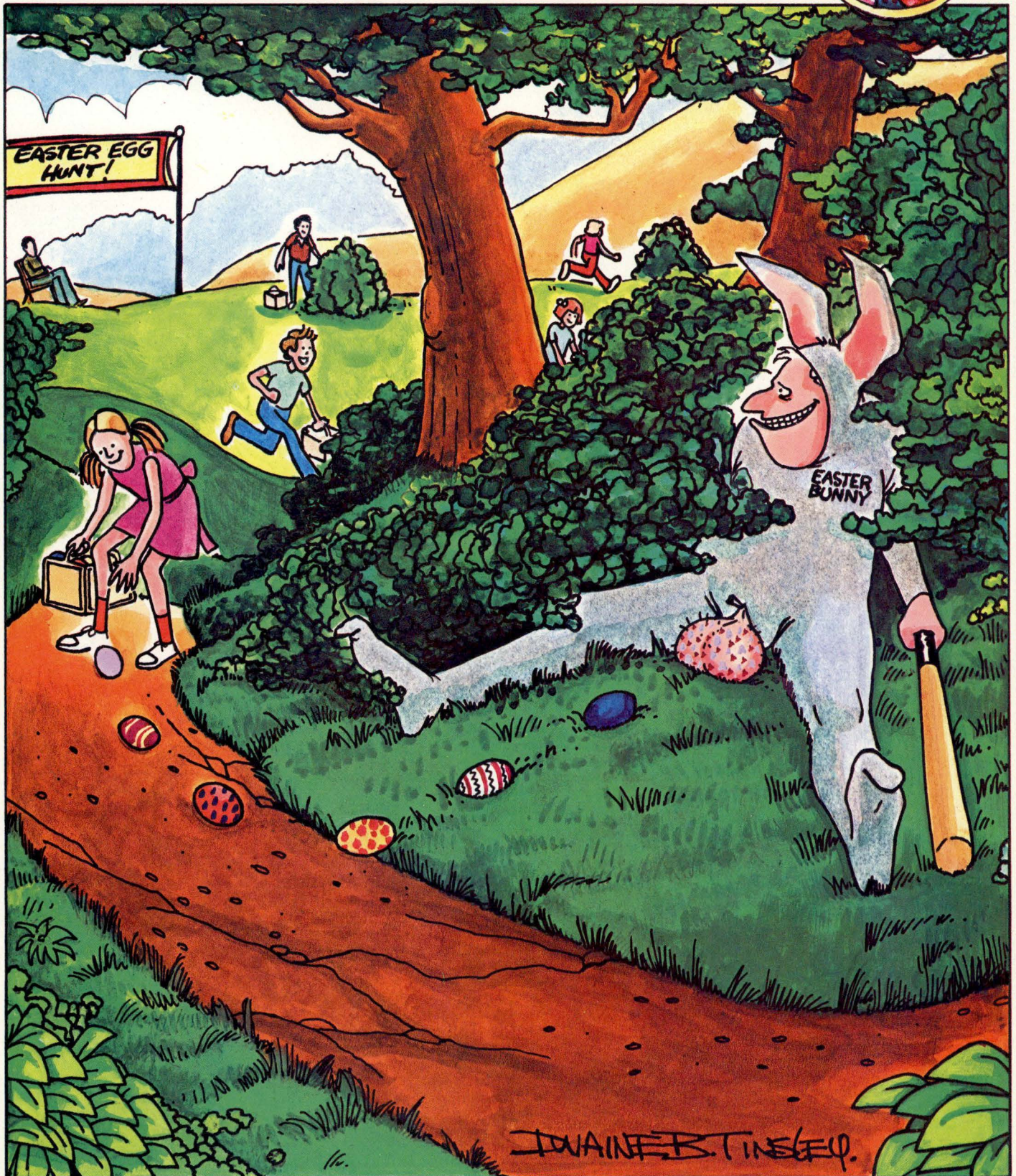
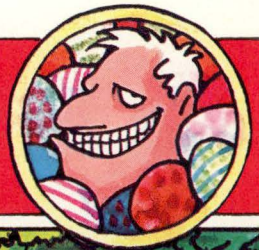
"Oh, it's terrible," the Jew replied. "American kids are on drugs, the blacks and whites are killing each other in Africa, and it's just terrible in the Middle East."

"What do you mean?" asked the smug Arab.

"Well," said the Jew, "the Arabs shit in the Jews' shoes, and the Jews piss in the Arabs' Cokes."

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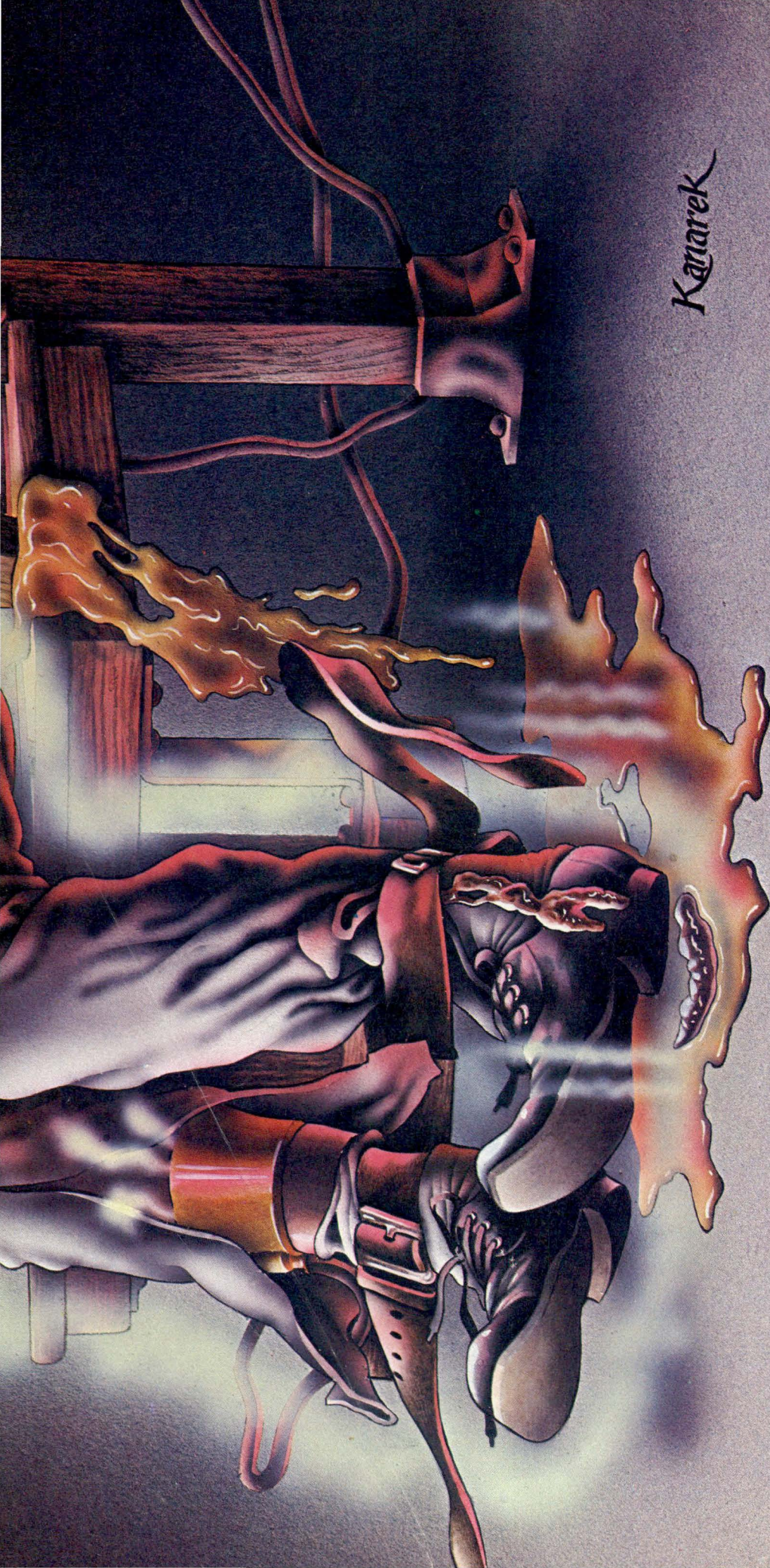
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EXECUTION

LEGALIZED MURDER

Article by Jay Levin





Kanarek

On January 17, 1977, Gary Gilmore was led before a firing squad in Utah and shot to death. He was the first person legally executed in the United States since 1967.

The descriptions of the execution played up Gilmore's stoicism and played down the blood. However, the event touched off a furor. There has been a virtual bombardment of TV bulletins, newspaper headlines and many cover stories in the newsmagazines. Public

officials and legal experts everywhere have been quoted on the death penalty. Protest demonstrations have been taking place around the country.

The event was extensively reported on, but certain pertinent details were missing. Vivid specifics about what executions look like, sound like, smell like—and what precisely happens to the victim—are hard to find. If a condemned man's eyes pop out or if piss runs down his leg, Walter Cronkite doesn't go into

details. Should the smell of shit or charred flesh permeate the death house, Barbara Walters doesn't describe it.

In 1972, the Supreme Court ruled that existing capital punishment laws were unconstitutional because the penalty was applied arbitrarily. Four years later, in 1976, the Court ruled that execution methods in the U. S. are not inherently "cruel and unusual" punishment as prohibited by the Constitution. In light of this, 35 states and the federal govern-

ment have reinstated the death penalty. Fourteen states have capital punishment laws similar to the Georgia, Florida and Texas capital punishment laws that were upheld by last year's Supreme Court decision. Now, more than 350 people are on death row in those states. Nationwide, approximately 300 other people await court decisions on the legality of the death statutes in their states.

The Supreme Court based its 1976 opinion, in part, on various polls show-

ing that Americans favor capital punishment by a two-to-one margin. But there's a catch. According to law, the public at large isn't allowed to be present at executions. For "humanitarian" reasons, public executions were outlawed in the last century. As this issue of *HUSTLER* goes to press, indications are that the networks won't televise executions (even with court permission) because they may be too offensive for the public to see. But if Americans could witness the actual killings by the various methods employed—the electric chair, gas chamber, gallows, firing squad—would they or would they not find capital punishment cruel and unusual?

After all, what actually does happen to an execution victim—and to his body?

* * *

The electric chair is the method of legal killing used in 19 states.

The chair was first used in 1890 in New York to off William Francis Kemmler, who, in a jealous rage, had murdered his mistress with a hatchet. A year earlier, a special state commission had recommended electrocution because of a general outcry against hanging. After witnessing some hangings, including one in which a woman slowly choked to death, the commission agreed that hanging was indeed "barbaric." The commission then observed the electrocution of a dog, a cat, a horse and a human-sized orangutan. Even though the orangutan's hair caught fire and its flesh burned, the commission decided that electrocution was a more civilized means of killing. The commission concluded that human beings, by virtue of their relative hairlessness, were better suited than apes to die this way.

On the day of the first electrocution, Kemmler sat calmly in the chair and was strapped in. The executioner threw the switch, and 1000 volts of electricity at seven amperes shot through the condemned man for 17 seconds. The chair rocked violently, then began lurching rapidly backward and forward. Kemmler strained against the bindings until the executioner, Edwin F. Davis, satisfied Kemmler was dead, shut down the power. As violently as he had slammed forward, Kemmler crashed backward in the seat. Again the chair rocked.

With the current off, Kemmler's chest heaved violently once, then his heart resumed rhythmic beating. Quickly, Davis upped the voltage and threw the switch. Kemmler smashed forward again. The straps bit vividly into his straining flesh. His body turned red, and wisps of blue-gray smoke appeared around his head and back, where the electrodes were attached. A pungent odor suffused the room. For a moment, a blue flame danced around his

spine. For four minutes Davis sent the current through Kemmler in short bursts: The electricity crackled, the smoke grew thicker, and the odor grew worse. Finally, Davis turned off the power. Kemmler, then pronounced dead, was rushed into an adjoining autopsy room.

There, doctors found Kemmler's back burned black and some flesh torn away.

The gas chamber is soundproofed to prevent witnesses from hearing the gasps and cries of the victims.

The doctors opened up Kemmler's body. Blood was coagulated almost everywhere they looked. At the back of Kemmler's head, where an electrode had been placed, blood had turned to charcoal. Kemmler's brain tissue was baked hard.

A public outcry immediately ensued when the results of Kemmler's execution came to light. Editorial writers and other softheads couldn't get it straight that the electrocution had, just as promised, been civilized and was not some great event for lovers of gore. On the other hand, the electricity experts insisted that, no matter what eyewitnesses said, Kemmler could not have suffered any pain since the initial shock would have rendered him unconscious. They argued that the executioner simply needed more practice to get the killing down pat.

The experts prevailed, aided by power company lobbyists, who found ways to soothe worried legislators and officials. Legal electrocutions continued and soon spread, with further assistance from the lobbyists, to other states. Since Kemmler's death, executioners have had thousands of opportunities to work out the bugs.

In many penitentiaries, the execution chamber adjoins the death house cells; in a few it is located in a separate small building. Architecture and design are uniform: bare walls, no furnishings except a few pewlike rows of seats—and the chair. Lighting in the chamber is usually bright and focused on the chair. Witnesses often feel they're in an empty theater or chapel. A white hospital stretcher on wheels stands behind the electric chair, waiting to trundle the body away.

The chair itself is made of heavy wood and is bolted to the floor. A rubber headrest

is fixed to the back panels. Fitted to the chair are eight heavy leather straps: one crosses the chest, one crosses the abdomen, one binds each wrist and upper arm to the armrests and one restrains each leg.

Electric cable runs beneath the floor to the chair. Every prison uses a separate generator or outside power source to avoid the possibility of overloading the main power system and dimming lights, which would otherwise tend to incite inmates. At some Southern jails, a generator truck provides the necessary electricity.

The executioner operates the power controls from a small cubicle off to the side of the chair. In most prisons, he watches the victim through a one-way glass, an innovation that shields the executioner's identity from the witnesses.

An hour or so before the electrocution, two copper electrodes are fitted into place. One electrode clamps onto a cable at the foot of the chair; the other is attached to a cable that runs up the rear and is plugged into a "cap" that is strapped atop the prisoner's head. And to insure uninterrupted current flow, the chair is then tested with mechanical devices shortly before the execution. (Robert G. Elliott, official executioner for six Eastern states for more than 30 years, often used a hand-made light-bulb board for the test.)

Ten minutes or so before the electrocution begins, witnesses and reporters file in and take their seats. By law, most states require 10 to 20 "disinterested" observers, all volunteers. Anyone who displays too much bloodlust by volunteering too frequently is excluded. But generally these volunteers turn out to be successful, "respectable" businessmen and professionals, who inevitably get to watch people from the lowest economic strata being offed. (American society seems to tolerate the use of the death penalty only against minorities or the poor. Few wealthy people have ever been executed in the United States.) The witnesses are instructed to remain silent during the killing. Once execution begins, no one is permitted to leave the death house until the victim is certified dead.

For humanitarian reasons, and to try to prevent hysteria, no time is wasted in escorting him from the nearby holding cell straight to the chair. The steel door of the execution chamber is locked behind him. Guards immediately seat him in the chair and rapidly tighten the straps. The inexperienced guards practice in advance to avoid fumbling delays.

Usually one pants leg of the victim has already been sliced up to the knee. If not, a guard quickly cuts the material and bares the person's leg. Against the leg, a guard



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places a small sponge taken from a pail of brine. He presses the electrode plate against the sponge, then cinches both plate and sponge tightly to the leg.

At the same time, other guards apply the head electrode. In many instances, a small section of the victim's scalp has been shaved to prevent hair from burning. A brine-soaked sponge is placed on the shaved section and the cap is pressed down onto the scalp. A strap running from the top of the head around the chin is then bound into place. The brine solution conducts electricity efficiently, while the wet sponge minimizes the amount of flesh that will burn when the current is turned on.

In some states, a tight mask is placed over the prisoner's face so that observers can't see facial contortions during the electrocution. However, in most states only a wide belt covering the eyes and part of the nose is strapped around the head. The belt, or mask, is necessary to keep the person's eyes from popping out of their sockets.

When everything is set up, the guard steps away from the chair. By choice, a few old hands usually take positions where they don't have to watch the electrocution. The executioner peers out from his cubicle to satisfy himself that the victim is properly bound. Unless the prisoner makes noise, there is dead silence in the chamber.

Satisfied that everything is ready, the executioner either exchanges signals with the supervising officials or proceeds on his own. He throws the switch immediately.

WHOMP!

The current hurls the victim forward against the bindings with incredible force. Instantly, the victim's hair stands up and his flesh turns beet red. Facial skin in particular looks like it's on fire. Body temperature soars very close to 140 degrees. Every muscle in the body contracts violently. Hands that were resting on the chair arms clench into fists and flip over grotesquely. The feet twist upward and outward, and sometimes an arm or leg may momentarily twist into a deformed shape as the current takes control of muscles.

There is a sudden explosion of air, sounding like a fart, as the lungs belch out their contents. An awful gurgling sound issues from the victim's throat as more air rushes outward.

Tight as they are, the straps seem to give under the ferocious forward pressure of the body. Neck muscles and cords stand out like metal bars. The victim's skin swells visibly, as if about to burst from within. The straps bite deeply into his flesh.

Since Kemmler's bungled execution, executioners have found that starting with approximately 2000 volts works best. After about 15 seconds, the executioner eases

the current down to about 1000 volts to prevent excessive burning. The sizzling, crackling sound of electricity subsides, and the victim's body relaxes in the chair. As this occurs, sphincter muscles loosen and the victim may piss or shit in his pants. Occasionally he ejaculates. A foamlike fluid runs out of his mouth and out through the mask or belt. After another 15 seconds or

A belt, or mask, is necessary to prevent a victim's eyes from popping out of their sockets during an electrocution.

so, the executioner winds the current back up to the 2000-volt range. Again, the prisoner lurches violently forward against the restraints. Since the sponges are now drying from the intense heat, wisps of smoke begin to appear around the electrodes. Within two minutes, the executioner winds the power up and down three or four times, usually three. Frequently, a dreadful smell of singed flesh filters into the air. In some death chambers, exhaust fans carry it away.

In the death chamber at New York's Sing Sing, an electrocution was carried out in 1963 that writer-reporter William (Pete) Hamill attended. He described what he saw this way: "The guy [convicted murderer Frederick Charles Wood] was sort of like Cagney—stocky, short-armed. Came out smiling. He was still smoking a cigarette as they strapped him in the chair. Then there was a kind of *kchhht*, an audible sound. His whole body went *whoomp*. Everything seemed to be bursting on him. You could see the whole body straining and jerking.

"I remember his wrists jerked up so that the bottom of his hands were parallel with the ceiling. His wrists turned entirely. Then he got hit again and his hands tightened again, with the knuckles flipping toward the floor. And he pissed in a pool on the floor. He pissed up and down his leg and on the floor."

At their "cleanest," electrocutions produce no urination or defecation, only a small amount of visible burning and a barely noticeable dribble of foam from the mouth. The victim's heart stops after three jolts. According to Alexander Abbott, former supervisor of Trenton, New Jersey's, death house, in the 14 electrocutions that he has

witnessed, the executioner prevented major disfigurement by decreasing the voltage whenever the victim's hands turned a bright pink. The hands are farther from the electrodes than any other part of the body. Therefore, when the current is on they are paler than the rest of the skin. When they turn bright pink, this is the signal that the flesh elsewhere is about to burn.

At their ugliest, electrocutions can leave the victim with flesh peeled off the body and burned into the chair—or worst of all, still alive and requiring more jolts. In 1954, Arthur Lee Grimes, a convicted murderer, was zapped in the Alabama electric chair with 2300 volts. Afterward, when attending doctors walked up and listened through their stethoscopes, Grimes's heart was still beating faintly. The doctors stepped back, expecting the heart to stop momentarily.

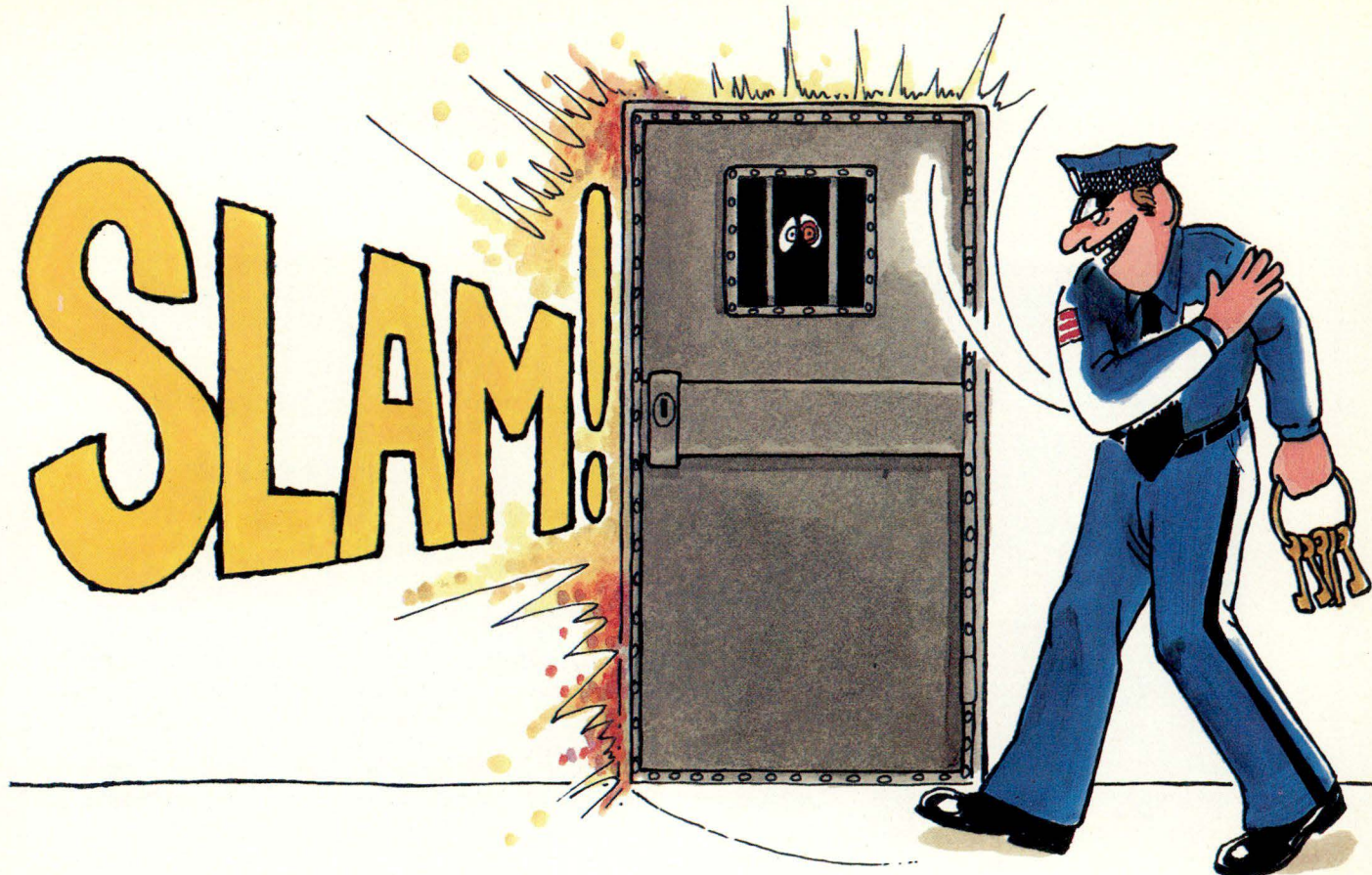
Suddenly, Grimes's body shuddered violently and started to thrash about in the restraints. Seeming to labor for consciousness, Grimes gasped softly, then loudly, then very loudly—then shrilly. He sucked in air with a painful, piercing whine, like a squealing pig. More hits were ordered. Even so, the body continued its struggle. The executioner had to jolt him for a total of seven minutes before Grimes finally gave up and died.

An uglier case was the execution of Frank White at Auburn Prison in New York in 1903. White screamed in terror when he saw the chair, and the guards had to drag him to it. In the chair, he continued to fight the bindings. The first shock didn't kill him. Grotesquely, he moaned, mumbled and kicked. After the fifth shock, he was still gurgling. One of the attending doctors, Ulysses B. Stein, fainted and fell to the floor in front of White, who had to be whacked six times before he was dead. According to one observer, after White was dead, the witnesses "fairly ran" from the death chamber.

The reactions of witnesses vary from stony silence to heavy puking. One former New York *Post* reporter never made it from an execution he witnessed in the early 60s back to his office to write the story. Appalled by what he'd seen, the man went from the death house to a bar and stayed drunk for a very long time. He eventually sent in his resignation.

Robert Elliott, the executioner who put away 387 people, neatly summed up witnesses' reactions in his book *Agent of Death*. "I have seen them turn pale, tremble or gag as they watched life depart from a human being. I have seen them stare off into space; cover their eyes with their hands or with handkerchiefs; fidget nervously with some piece of clothing. I have heard them groan feebly or cry out."

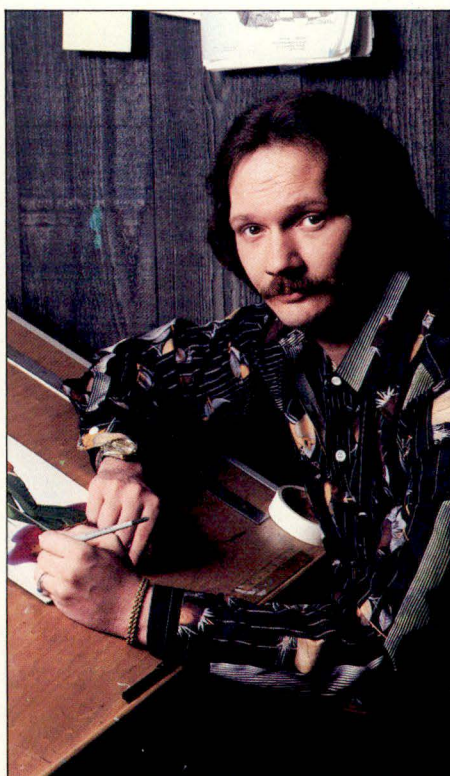
(continued on page 93)



BY DWAIN B. TINSLEY.

Prior to his arrest at the age of 13 for three counts of auto theft, Dwaine B. Tinsley's most noteworthy accomplishment had been the fact that he was the last baby born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1945. Determined to maintain a tradition of finishing last, Dwaine followed up his first arrest with 16 others over the next decade, spending a total of four-and-a-half years in various joints. In between bits, he supported himself by various illegal means—among other things, stealing a parking meter that netted him \$2.43.

Dwaine hit the big time as a burglar and was shot while fleeing the scene of a crime by a cop who had ordered him to halt. "I thought he said 'haul ass,'" Dwaine recalls. His lame excuse failed to impress the judge, who sentenced him to six years in the Maryland Penitentiary, 15 months of which he spent in a



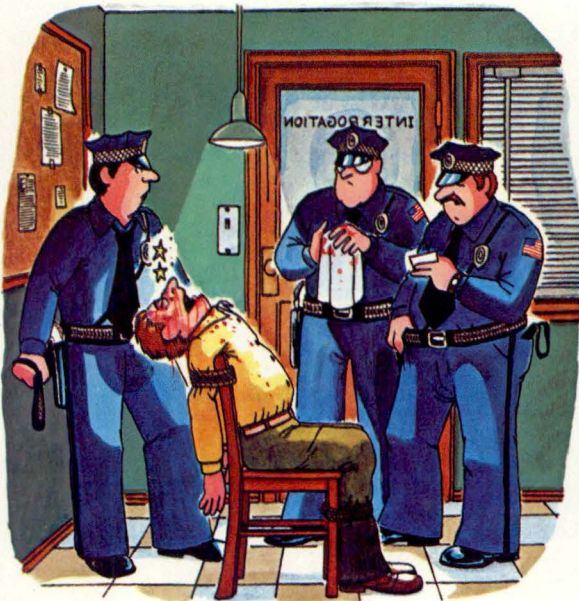
four-by-six-foot solitary cell for his participation in a prison riot.

Dwaine's eventual release did not mean the end of his life of crime—or of losing. In 1972, ex-felon Dwaine voted illegally for Richard Nixon.

Dwaine's career as a loser did not end until he walked into the offices of the sex tabloid *San Francisco Ball* with a total of \$1.16 in his pocket and an impressive portfolio of cartoons and illustrations under his arm. Dwaine was hired as staff illustrator, and it has been uphill since then.

A combination of hard work, determination to overcome past failures and the unfailing support of his wife, Susan, has made Dwaine one of the most successful—and controversial—cartoonists in America. There is no doubt that Dwaine B. Tinsley's cartoons have helped to make *HUSTLER* what it is today.

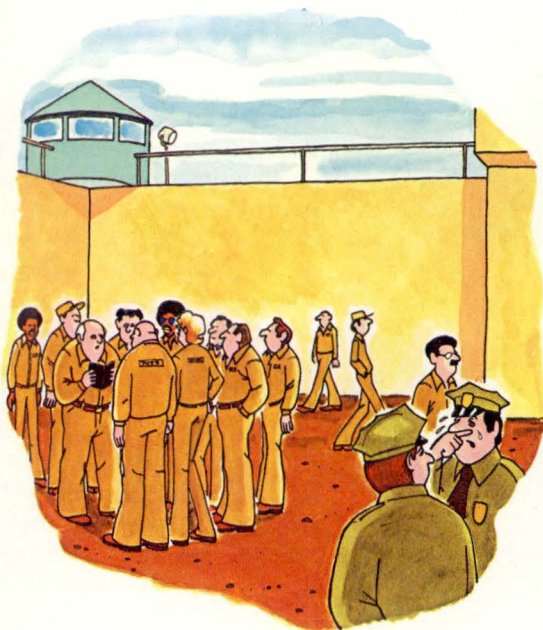
Thank God that Dwaine was never totally rehabilitated.



"You have the right to remain silent...."



"Oh, darn. Mahoney, tell the shift commander we have a vacancy in 47B."



"I can't help it. I always cry at weddings."



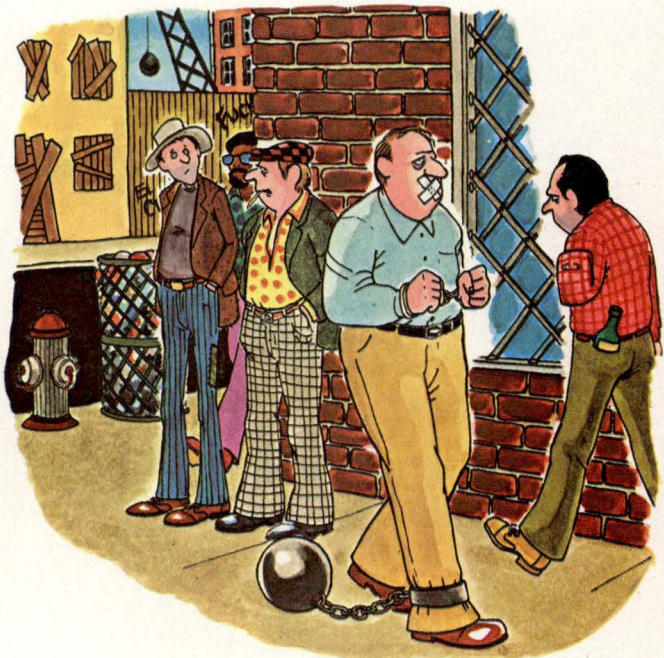
"Don't worry so, mother. I've learned to adjust since I've been here!"



"Hey, Dutch, ever wonder why the stew tastes funny the day after they've executed someone?"



"Now that you've been rehabilitated, Herbert, we feel it's time you became a useful and productive member of society once again."



"He's on parole...."

MINDY

Split for Hollywood







Mindy left the Pennsylvania farmlands to seek the glitter of stardom in Hollywood. "I want to be an actress," she said. But it's still the same old story. "A lot of it depends on who 'you know.'" We hope this spread leads to a big opening for the 21-year-old starlet.

Diet and exercise also play a role in making headway on the road to the silver screen. "You have to think before you do anything," Mindy told us, "because appearances are so important in Hollywood." But she doesn't let it stand in her way of having fun in California. "It's crazy here. You can do anything you want. Anything goes."

That attitude laps over into Mindy's sex life, which she says is spontaneous. "Since it's warm here, there are lots of different places to have sex if the mood strikes." Mindy is willing to try anything to please her man and becomes totally involved in bringing off that pleasure.

Mindy hasn't forgotten the simple life, though, and goes in for things that are "pretty and delicate." On the other hand, she likes her men to be "strong enough to be gentle." Right now, rather than being strapped to one man, Mindy is holding her options open.



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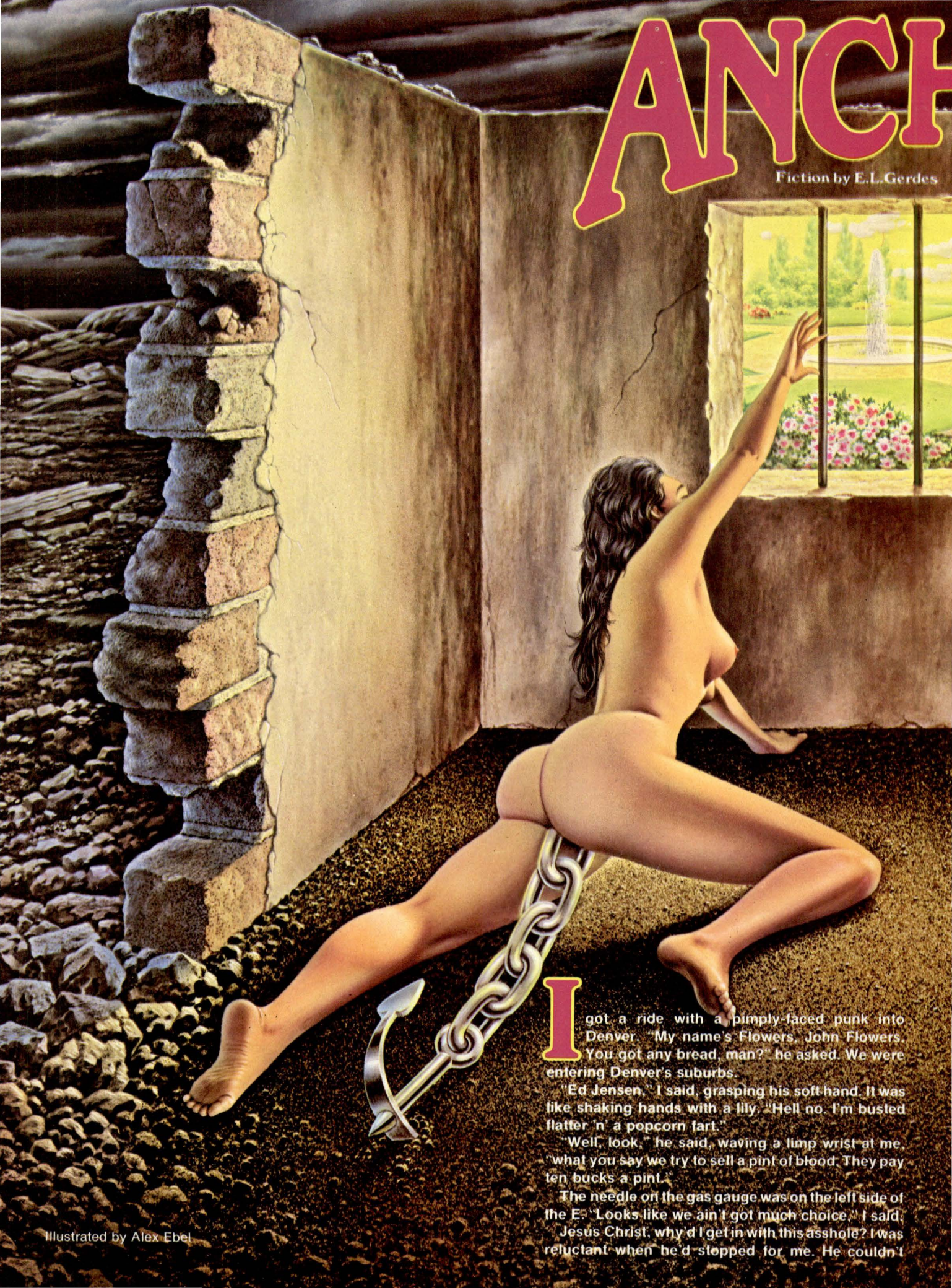
It's a long stretch from Pennsylvania to Hollywood, and a lot can go through a girl's head in Tinsel Town. But if Mindy keeps a stiff upper lip and keeps plugging away, she'll make out all right.





ANCH

Fiction by E.L. Gerdes



I got a ride with a pimply-faced punk into Denver. "My name's Flowers, John Flowers. You got any bread, man?" he asked. We were entering Denver's suburbs.

"Ed Jensen," I said, grasping his soft hand. It was like shaking hands with a lily. "Hell no. I'm busted flatter 'n a popcorn fart."

"Well, look," he said, waving a limp wrist at me. "what you say we try to sell a pint of blood. They pay ten bucks a pint."

The needle on the gas gauge was on the left side of the E. "Looks like we ain't got much choice," I said. "Jesus Christ, why'd I get in with this asshole? I was reluctant when he'd stopped for me. He couldn't

HORS



have been more than 17 or 18. But the Chevy looked clean, and the little six in it purred quietly. He was going to Indiana. I was going to Iowa. He had a high-pitched voice that sounded like a cunt about to go hysterical. I kept waiting for this tutti-frutti to make a pass at my cock. But I'm 40 years old, six one, 200 pounds. My face has the scars of a rounder. He probably knew better.

It took us awhile to locate a blood bank buying the red juice that day. The kid went in first, then me. The nurse was a pretty, dark-haired girl. Her tits were tilted toward the sky, and they seemed to protest being confined inside that light white uniform. Nice legs, too.

ALEX EISEL

She asked all those fuckin' questions about diseases, medicines and then she took my blood pressure, pulse and stuck a needle in my finger for a blood sample. She had soft hands.

It took her 15 minutes to drain a pint of my oil into the plastic bag. Tilt-tits stuck a Band-Aid over the puncture, gave me a slip for the cashier and tick-tocked her cute little ass ahead of me to the hall, where she pointed to the cashier's cage. I stuck the ten in my billfold.

I looked for the fruit but didn't see him. He wasn't in the lobby. I walked out to the parking lot—gone!

Shit! I had been ripped. He got my suitcase with my razor, clothes and some paperbacks. I had five short stories in longhand in the suitcase, too. Tough shit, baby. *They're in the wind.*

* * *

At the nearest bar I ordered a double shot of Kessler's with a beer chaser, got two packs of squares from the machine and sat down at the bar to think.

No big thing. I wasn't in a hurry to get back to Iowa. When I left Oroville, California, my plan had been to hitchhike to Iowa, show some of my stories to someone in a writer's program there and then apply for financial aid from vocational rehabilitation. As an ex-con with 20 years behind prison walls, I qualified for aid to the handicapped. The only difference was that my qualification stemmed from having my head on crooked instead of being physically crippled. Institutionalized, I was mentally crippled. No one does six numbers in joints and comes out par. I was a recidivist. A fuckin' small-time crook, I was a manipulator who committed felonies to finance my pursuits: women and booze.

Last time, I robbed a bank. Got five thousand and blew every goddamn dime on drinkin' and fuckin'. Did seven years of a 30-year sentence and got paroled. I was on parole 13 months. Only way I made parole was by staying drunk, shacking up and snowing my parole officer. He went along with my bullshit as long as I didn't heist another bank. Not a bad guy. Different from most. I think he felt sorry for me.

Altogether, I did 22 calendar years in Iowa prisons. That's how I got interested in writing. It seemed a good way to pass cell time. By some miracle I fucked around with my stuff long enough to where I started selling to small magazines. The college and university groups first. Then I said, "fuck this" and shot for the coffers of commercial magazines. Never sold a goddamn word. Literary publications said to "forget it." I was terrible.

When I got out, I compromised—I got drunk.

Then I headed out to visit my folks. I hadn't seen them in 12 years. Two hours at home and I was ready for the wind. Shit. I wasn't happy there.

I wasn't too goddamned happy about being stranded in Denver either. But, by God, I wasn't bored. I grabbed a newspaper on the bar and turned to the want ads. Found a dishwasher's job at a restaurant and gave them a call. They wanted to know if I was white or black. When I told them white, they said the job paid \$12.50 a shift, one meal, and to come to work at 7 A.M. I ordered more juice and sized up the pussy.

Her pussy
looked like it had
been worked
over with a
bulldozer.

It was a creepy, roach-ridden joint. The customers were losers, the music fucked up and the beer warm. I felt right at home. I had loot for a few more drinks and a room, and I had a job. I had the world by the ass. I lit a smoke.

On my way to the pisser, a long, leggy broad gave me the pecker check. I smiled but kept walking.

In the pisser, I held my breath as long as I could. The smell was sickening, like I was drowning in piss and puke. Tossing a glance over my shoulder, I saw an asshole in a brown suit raise his bushy eyebrows at me. I waved my cock at him and said, "Ten bucks."

He smiled, reached for his wallet, extracted a five, and when he held it out to me I swung a hard left to his jaw. I saw his face crumble as the shock from the impact ran up the length of my arm. It seemed as if we were momentarily frozen, as if a movie suddenly solidified into a still shot. The distorted angle of his jaw made his face wrinkle up like a Halloween mask. My knuckles left white splotches on his red face. His head bounced off the rust-stained porcelain of a urinal as he fell. I didn't think I'd swung that hard. I'd hit men hard before, but they'd been set for it, whereas this poor pussy expected a cock in his mouth instead of a fist.

He was out cold and stiffer than a frozen Popsicle. But what really surprised me was when I looked down and saw that my cock

was rigid as a tent pole. That freaked me. I pulled all the green from the queer's wallet and stepped over him. And on the way by the leggy goose, I grabbed her hand and said, "C'mon!" It was that kind of joint with those kind of people.

We hustled around the corner and I whistled for a cab. We got in.

The big cunt snapped fast, "Marquette Hotel on Curtiss." She looked apprehensively out the back window of the cab. "What came down, baby?" She had a whiskey-hoarse voice.

"I clipped a limp," I said. "What's with the Marquette?"

"I got a room there," she said. "A solid joint, if you behave yourself."

"What's your name?"

"Mona, just Mona. I work free lance."

Mona had black hair that hung down below her shoulders. She had a set of tits big enough to shoot baskets with. At one time she must have had a pretty face, but now it was scarred with the marks of skid row and booze. Losers have physical degrees from the same university. It shows.

"My name's Ed," I said. "I just got dumped by the dude I was ridin' with."

"It happens, baby." She laid a hot hand on my cock, giving it a gentle squeeze. She kissed me.

"You got a jocker, Mona?" I asked. I wanted to wipe my mouth but resisted the gesture.

"Got it right here in my hand," she said. My prick rose to the occasion. We got out at the hotel and went up to her room on the second floor.

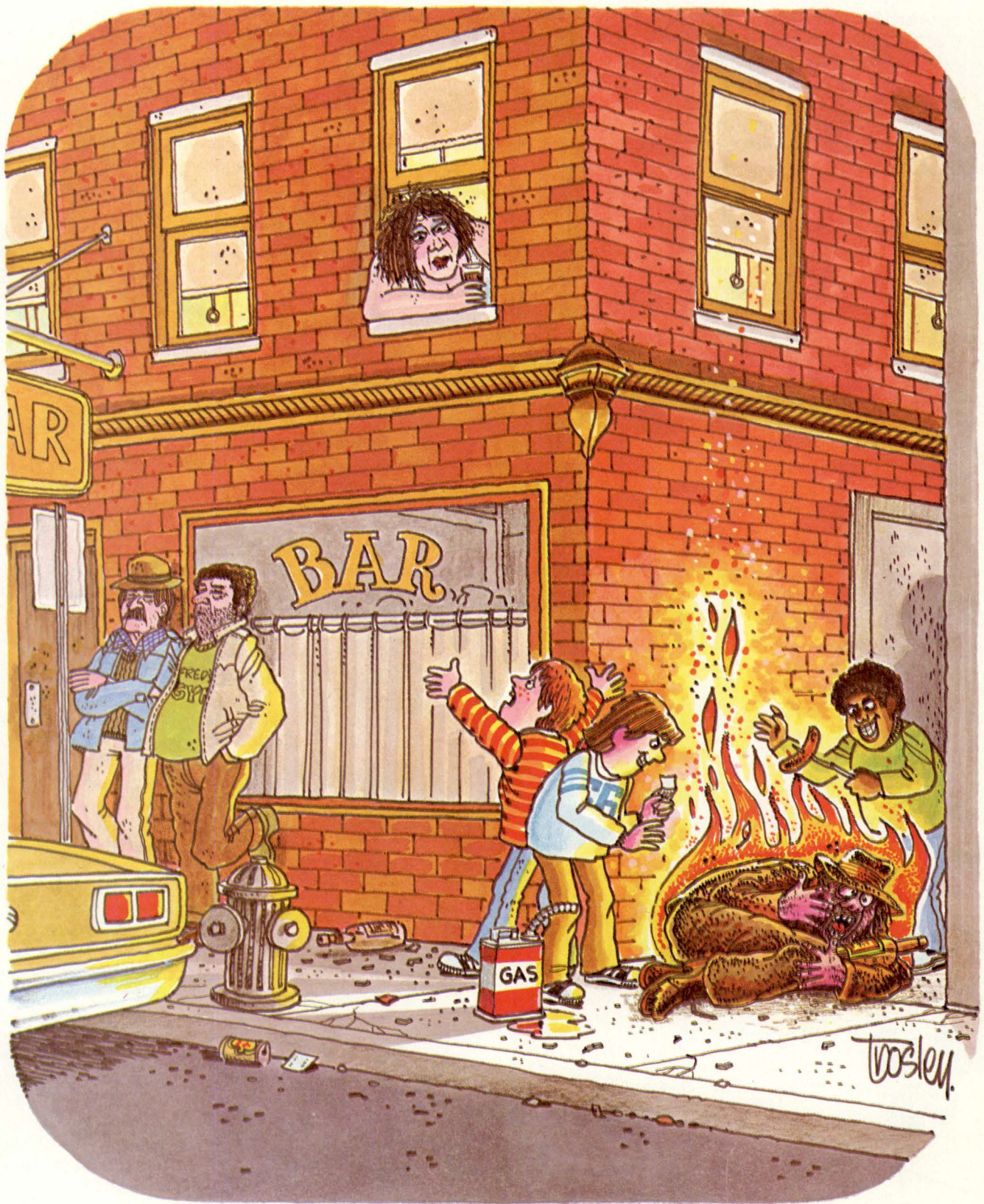
* * *

Mona's cunt had a magnificent black bush. The hairs were long and thickly curled over her wrecked slit. Her pussy looked like it had been worked over with a bulldozer. There were miles and miles of use in the wrinkled lips that puckered like a dried prune. The large, dark fold of flesh that housed her clit was soiled into a rust color that offset the purple lips of her cunt. Too many dicks in the same old territory had left little graveyards—mounds and ridges where once there must have been only a smooth valley surrounded by lush grass that had grown rich and deep but now left its battered tale of a life. Too many hard-ons for too little gain—unless it was the two-dollar tricks.

Her tits sagged from the weight of all those lovers—johns and "quickies" and one-night stands between termite-eaten bedposts.

But, Jesus, Mona was a great fuck!

My dick felt like it was inside a soft, pliable meat grinder with velvet walls slick with fuck juice and frenzy. She fucked me like an old whore on her last stand, as if everything



"Aw c'mon, ma! Let me stay out another 15 minutes...."

depended on how good and how quick she got my nut. She had to ward off the emptiness that had filled her life, when a good fuck became a means of livelihood rather than just a good old-fashioned roll in the hay with someone she wanted to fuck all her life but never had the chance to before. What Mona's cunt lacked in beauty, it made up for in the expertise of her trade learned in dark alleys, underneath cigarette-burned tables in booths that reeked of stale beer, puke and wino piss.

The rhythmic squeak of the rusty springs under the soiled and sagging mattress played a lullaby to the tired desperation in her eyes. And the blue shadows under them puffed and swelled to the need she must have felt was beyond her reach. Instead of the ecstatic thrusts of a smooth, slick cunt there was now only a physical motion, rocking an empty and aching heart that pumped piss rather than blood. All she had left was barren passion, wasted years that could be counted in the wrinkles and lines of her overfucked cunt. It was just like fuckin' a mummy's foxhole, and necrophilia was the song of the dead. But she got me off. And when she felt my cum shooting into her, she exploded like a grenade full of white syrup. And I wondered where all that juice came from. Not from love.

After a shower and a douche, she stood

naked before me as I sat on the bed. "Will you eat me, Ed?" she asked. Her thick bush was an inch from my face. She moaned as she swiveled her hips and rocked her huge pendulous tits.

"After I've been here awhile," I stalled.

She sank to her knees, took my plum in her mouth and did things with her tongue that drove me wild. "Easy, lover," I said. "Let's stick with the old-fashioned way."

"Horsefuck?" She stood with her back to me, bending over so I could ram it in there. We got off quickly.

* * *

Next morning, in the dim, gray light while Mona was still asleep, I counted the cash I'd ripped from the queer. One hundred and forty bucks. I sneaked out into the hall, called the restaurant and informed them I couldn't make the scene. Then I went back to Mona and we fucked again. It had been a long time.

Later she said, "I'm hungry. There's a little Greek joint next door. Pukey-lookin' place, but the food's good."

"Let's make it," I said.

We ordered bacon and eggs. The coffee was strong, the way I like it.

* * *

I waited for Mona in the Falstaff tavern, sucking up beers and smoking cigarettes. The bottom of my right pants pocket was

completely gone, and I caught myself hustling my balls from time to time.

Mona came into the tavern wheeling a baby buggy piled high with packages.

"Jesus Christ," I exclaimed. "You crazy cunt! Watcha do? Heist the fuckin' store?"

Mona laughed. "Uh-uh. Stolen credit cards, a sexy smile, shakin' tits and a rollin' ass makes for service with a smile."

I gave her a frown even though I was really pleased. "What's with the buggy?"

"Couldn't carry it all," she said. "Order me a cooler."

Back at the room, we opened up all of the packages. Shirts, slacks, socks and shoes—even ties—you name it. She got herself some clothes, too, but it was mostly underwear.

From the bottom of the buggy, Mona withdrew a half gallon of Jack Daniel's and a six-pack of Schweppes. I went down and got ice. Mona would do.

After a couple of drinks, she asked, "Will you eat me now, Ed?"

"If you wanted a gobbler, you shoulda married a turkey," I said.

"Birdshit," she said.

"I'll compromise," I said. "I'll fuck you like a farmer."

For an answer, she stripped quickly, shoved her big tits in my face and said, "Chores, lover!"

Later, after I'd had a shave and a hot shower, she said, "What'll I have to do to get you to eat my cunt, heist a federal reserve?"

* * *

We had a late meal in a fancy restaurant. The kind where you pay for the atmosphere and pick at the food. We danced to live music; the band played Glenn Miller stuff—a rare find these days. We were talking and playing with each other under the table and getting high on the booze and fun.

Mona was laughing at some corny joke I had just told her. Then she looked at me seriously. "Hey, man—We're really gonna do it, ain't we?" she said wistfully.

"Do what, doll?" I asked.

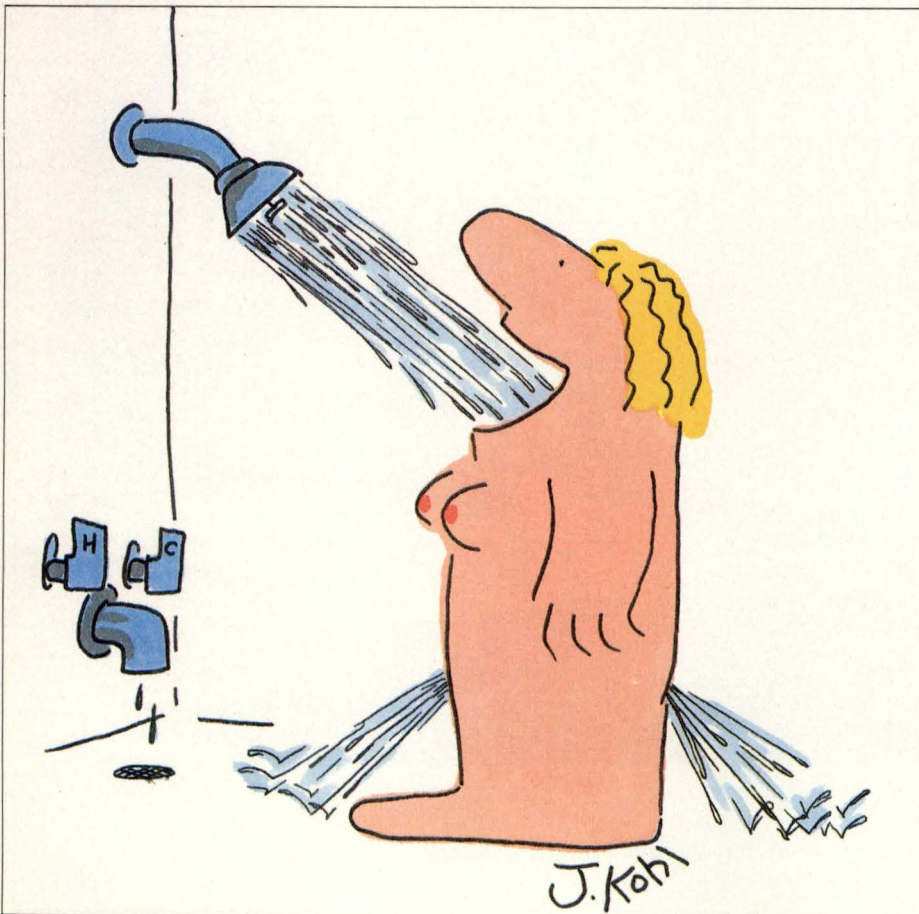
"Make it! Just really make it, together. Doin' our thing, and—"

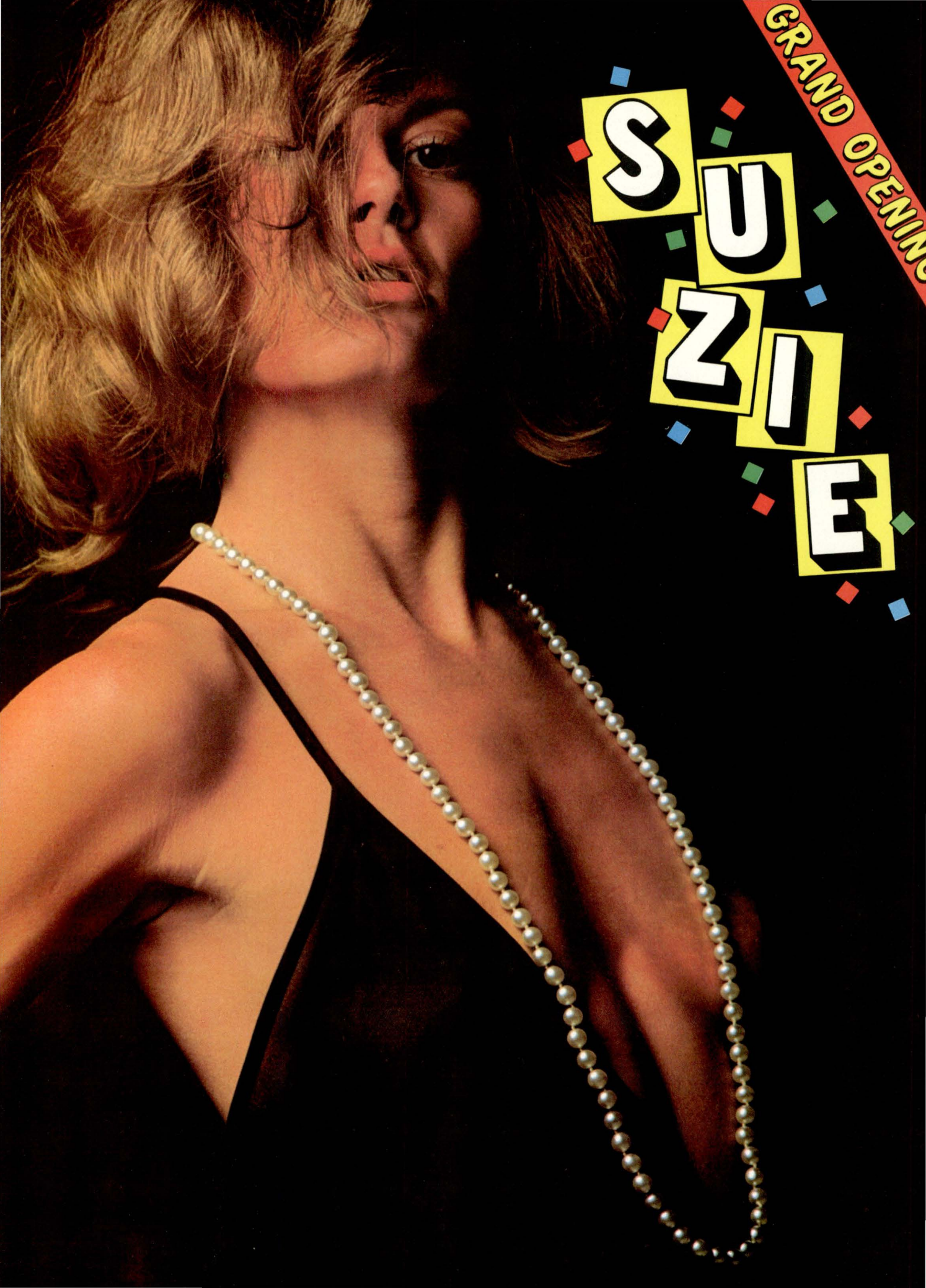
"—And what, Mona?"

She looked around the postage-stamp dance floor, to the other tables, other people, most of them much younger than we were. "We can live, Ed. We're not old, and we can live!" I laughed quietly.

I didn't need that shit from some broken-down whore. Trying to change her mood, I ran my hand between her soft thighs over the tops of her nylons. She was wet there, very wet. Winking at her, I said, "Wanna fuck or eat first?" I figured I'd give that fantasy a quick bust in the chops. She turned her face away from me quickly.

(continued on page 108)





SUZIE

GRAND OPENING





Millions of masturbating men watch actress Suzie Humphrees get down and dirty, but she'll tell you she's actually a very shy person. The 31-year-old star of two new erotic films, *The Happy Housewife* and *Candy Lips*, says, "When I'm playing a part, I can be more aggressive. I can do a lot of sex acts I wouldn't normally ask for." As if she had to ask.

At an age when most women have already begun to fade, this native New Yorker is proud of her looks. Acting brings out the best of Suzie's sexuality, and exercise and outdoor sports keep her in the best of shape. But she admits she has another beauty secret: "Mainly, it's hereditary."

Suzie's acting career opens up her life in more ways than one. She says her film roles often lead to off-camera friendships—especially with strong men. "Because I'm shy, I need somebody strong."

Suzie knows it takes strength for a woman to spread her talents in the male-dominated areas of filmmaking, "directing, producing, things like that." But that's Suzie's goal. We're sure this 20th-century fox will come up with some star-studded attractions.





PRISON REFORM

(continued from page 42)

opening rounds in the legal war that is still going on in prisons today.

It's now well understood that the Muslims first gathered their strength in our prisons. Where else would the strongest of their number be? We have always used the prisons to defuse the potential of groups striving for autonomy. After the Civil War, many Irishmen filled our jails. Later it was the Eastern Europeans, still later the blacks. I recall the first Muslim cadres in San Quentin, and the sight of 30 or 40 young blacks exercising in close unison was deeply impressive. They were like commandos, and I wondered what the object of their training was.

They also followed a prophet, a tiny man who closely resembled Mahatma Gandhi, and whenever this leader appeared in the yard, he was immediately surrounded by his people. He would lecture them, smiling all the while as if he knew some marvelous secret. Naturally, the prison authorities had only one reaction to this: They issued orders against the practice of this religion. They chained the prophet and shipped him off to Soledad. Not only was this un-

constitutional, it was also dumb because it presented the courts with an issue they couldn't overlook, and the movement continued to thrive even in adversity. Wherever they shipped the prophet, he only found new ears for his message. After he turned Soledad into a Muslim stronghold, the prison authorities signaled their failure to understand what they were dealing with by transferring him to Folsom, where he continued to preach.

The California Department of Corrections felt it had to allow the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom only to its Catholic, Protestant and Jewish prisoners. The Muslims were forbidden to worship together. They were denied any literature dealing with their faith, denied contact with their coreligionists in the free world, and, in a stunning blunder by prison officials, they were forbidden the Koran. They took the only course open to them: They sued in the courts.

"Whatever may be the view with regard to ordinary problems of prison discipline, we think that a charge of religious persecution falls in quite a different category."

—Pierce v. La Vallee (1961)

Previously, the courts had said in effect that they knew nothing about running pris-

ons and had no interest in learning. Such depressing matters were best left in the hands of the self-styled prison experts. But with the *Pierce-La Vallee* decision, some judges abruptly reversed their stand. It was the thin edge of the wedge.

The next group to enter the battle was the Vietnam war draft resisters. These men were apt to be intelligent, righteous and litigious. Generally, they found themselves in federal prisons, where they discovered it was against the rules to subscribe to a large number of periodicals. For example, a radical-chic newspaper as toothless as the *Village Voice* was contraband. Clearly this was political censorship, and it provided prisoners with a means of continuing their opposition to the abuse of authority. They were soon in the courts attacking the prisons' right to censor what they could read. They won their suits and went on to attack the censorship of mail.

Judges were next asked to rule on prison conditions at their worst. Scandals that had been hidden were now being brought to light. Were the courts going to stand by helplessly once they had learned that some prison guards were administering discipline by applying electric shock to the genitals? Were they going to allow some prisoners to be held for months in solitary cells still smeared with the shit of former inhabitants?

To understand why the courts were now beginning to act when many of these abuses were as old as the institutions themselves, we must also appreciate how defensive, embarrassed and inadequate the responses of the prison officials to these legal challenges were. When asked why they ignored the constitutional rights of the Black Muslims and maintained subhuman isolation cells, their answers were frequently lame, foolish or illogical. It was their general inability to defend their own system that spurred judicial action. When the court struck down Soledad's punishment cells, it particularly noted Superintendent Cletus J. Fitzharris's tone of "futility."

Q. And would you say the quiet cells are a proper way of controlling noise?

A. I don't know. I just don't know what's the proper means....

That, at least, was honest. He didn't know, and very likely no one did. But if a prison expert and administrator like Fitzharris doesn't have the answers, it seldom stops him from trying to appear as if he does. When I used to see Fitzharris around San Quentin, he wore his attitude of moral certainty and superiority like armor. I note his embarrassment here with some satisfaction because when Fitzharris sat on the California parole board his personal record of denials was far higher than the board average. And when I came before



him on a routine parole violation, he handed me a two-and-a-half-year sentence on charges of shacking up and leaving the county without permission. This cost the taxpayers around \$20,000.

"This case [Holt v. Sarver, 1969], unlike earlier cases, amounts to an attack upon the system itself...This is the first time convicts have attacked an entire penitentiary system in any court."

*—American Civil Liberties Review
"Decarcerating Prisoners
and Patients"*

In the late 1960s, a number of highly skilled free-world attorneys joined the jailhouse lawyers in their fight for prison reform. Usually these counselors were unsupported and acted on their own in the public interest. Many were civil rights lawyers who, in a sense, followed their clients into jail. Others became activists during the general agitation over the Vietnam war. In prison conditions, they found a ready-made cause to fight for.

One of the more prominent and successful of this new breed of crusading lawyer is Alvin J. Bronstein, the director of the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation in Washington, D. C. Bronstein heads a group of five other lawyers and a large staff, which includes three former prisoners who work full time preparing litigation. I found it a warming experience to walk through these busy offices and consider how all this time and talent are being employed to benefit the cause of prisoners everywhere. The project is in effect a way for the silent majority of inmates to lobby for change.

Bronstein has dedicated himself to making prisons an abuse of the past. Bronstein says that prisons have little value in the control of crime because the majority of professional criminals are never caught. He goes on to quote many authorities when he claims that up to 70 percent of men and women imprisoned today do not belong in jail. They could be safely returned to the free world, which would create huge savings for those of us who pay their keepers. And this is something most prisoners have known for years. But when running jails becomes a business and prison work a livelihood, then inmates are no longer seen as people but only as items of stock in someone's warehouse.

Bronstein is no shallow and idealistic dreamer, but a sturdy axman in a forest of abuse, and the Prison Project has already won several major victories. The most significant was its successful suit against the Alabama prison system, which was

declared unconstitutional. In a landmark decision, United States District Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., found that cruel and unusual conditions existed and ordered the state of Alabama to institute improvements.

The implications of this decision are stunning, and very good news for prisoners everywhere because, as Al Bronstein said in a recent address before the American Correctional Association: "...your turn may come. We already have similar litigation pending in Tennessee, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia, and are in the planning stages in Wyoming and Idaho."

"The law is not the proper social instrument for solving most of the problems it attempts to solve."

*—Struggle for Justice:
A Report on Crime and
Punishment in America*

Will the walls come tumbling down? Prisons are too convenient, so obviously it won't be soon. However, it is equally obvious that a movement is swelling now that will correct some of the abuses of the immediate past. Today's prisoner has a better chance of surviving his experience and not having his crimes matched by the

further crime of punishment.

We used to say that our only crime was getting caught when we were broke and that no one with enough money to buy justice need ever serve a day. At the time, this seemed like simple sour grapes, but today, in the harsh light of the Nixon years, it begins to ring with a certain hard truth.

I personally kicked the jailing habit over ten years ago, and there are even times, particularly when my taxes are due, when I begin to feel like a citizen of this nation. And while I admit to a certain indelible prejudice against our criminal justice system, I have also seen both sides, and perhaps some of my observations have value.

It's worth repeating that we are all in this together, and anyone, even a former attorney general, could wind up in jail. Most of us in the safe center live our lives excluded from both great reward and great punishment, and we begin to imagine that those who fail in our limited system, those who fill our jails, are somehow aliens. But they are us—our shadows and reflections—and as long as anyone steals, we are all thieves. As long as our police carry guns, we are all armed. As long as our taxes support prisons, we are all jailers.

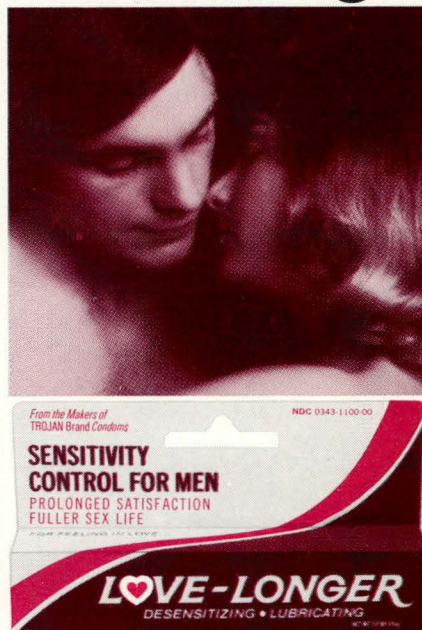
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THE OTHER CARTER

(continued from page 53)

the same money I'm getting. That puts him on an equal footing with me.

The blacks called my uncle "Mr. Jimmy," and most of them liked him all right. He gave them jobs, and if you were a black and you got a job, you were doing good. If you were raised on Carter land, or you knew Mr. Jimmy, then you just got income right there. But if you borrowed from him, then you were hurting 'cause Jimmy Carter gets his money. He owns almost everything in Plains, so you can't borrow without him signing for it, and if he signs for it, you pay him back with interest. If you don't pay him, you're fired and you don't get another job. He's got it right where he wants it.

Once in a while a black would come to me to borrow some money. I would ask him, "What do you want money from me for?" and he would say, "I have to pay Mr. Jimmy back." So I'd loan him money, and I'd never see it again 'cause they just didn't have it.

When I grew up and got out of the air force, I resumed working for my uncle Jimmy. Right away I earned more money than some of the black guys who had been there ten years. Yet they were the ones who had to teach me how to drive a payloader to move cotton around. After some black man had taught me the job, then he would be put in a place where I'd move cotton bales in the payloader over to him. He'd pull a test, a sample, of it off and give it to a white man 'cause a black man couldn't run a sample. It's a licensed, bonded job. You couldn't license or bond a black man.

The black man I worked for most of the time (when I was 12 and living at Jimmy's house) was a cold Uncle Tom—just a buck-dancing, high-yellow nigger. He was my uncle's right-hand man. He got paid like a white man because he was almost white, and all his kids worked there. The more yellow you were, the more respect you had coming. That was the order in the warehouse: The whiter you were, the more money you made.

It started with my granddad Earl. He was a prejudiced man, and he set up the whole pecking order and the precedent in Plains. My grandma, Miss Lillian, was the rebel. She scrapped for better deals for blacks. But as far as having them around her house, that's bullshit—a vote-catcher. She didn't do that.

Jimmy wouldn't let blacks in his house, either, except for a maid, or maybe a

sharecropper to talk to him in the hallway for a few minutes. Jimmy already had political aspirations then, and you just don't want blacks to be seen in your home, especially if you want to get anywhere politically. He wouldn't have got off the ground.

His worst problem was my uncle Billy. Now, if you want to check out a red-necked bigot and a bona fide fool, talk to my uncle Billy. He's been a worse drunk and fuckup than any black man who's ever worked for him in the warehouse and peanut processing plant that he manages for Jimmy.

For instance, Billy always bought fast cars, and he would get mad at his old lady and smash them. He bought his old lady a horse, but she couldn't ride. He was gonna show her how, so he got on it Christmas morning before the sun came up; the horse threw him and broke his arm. Billy got mad

In prison, I had to borrow postage stamps from Charlie Manson. Jimmy Carter wouldn't send me a dime.

and jumped into his car and tore the transmission out of it right there in the middle of Main Street in Plains 'cause he was mad at his old lady and that horse. Billy has done shit like that all his life. Jimmy would have to come along and calm him down before he wound up in worse trouble.

Maybe, as I recall my brief life with Jimmy Carter, I sound like I've eaten too many rotten peanuts. I don't mean to be an ingrate or crybaby. Considering where he comes from, my uncle Jimmy was fairly easy on me. I was given a lot of free time around the house. All I had to do until I went to work in the warehouse was rake the leaves, sweep and keep the few things I had in order. But it was that "order" that got me.

Jimmy raised his kids like it was a military school. Very strict. You couldn't stay out at night, couldn't date, couldn't drink, couldn't smoke, couldn't masturbate, couldn't let yourself be seen naked, couldn't put a piece of clothing down without folding it up and setting it in place. Life with Jimmy Carter was, for me, just a lesson in being square. It was an exercise in fading away.

He finally realized I would never cotton to it and turned me out. I can't blame him. I was too bad an influence on Jackie, Jeff and Chip. I wouldn't submit to Bible reading and prayers. I smoked and I drank—not deliberately, just to fuck up. I was a nervous

wreck then, and I had to smoke and drink just to try to relax myself. I think he finally understood that and got me away from there partly because I was too sick to be around his kids. His kids were impressionable, and though I was just 12 years old, I behaved like I was 16 or 17. I could understand how Jimmy was afraid I might burn the house down one night or teach his kids to jack off. So he was right to get me out of his house.


Jimmy tried in his own way to make me see what was wrong with me, but he just couldn't do it 'cause there was never much feeling between him and me, and he was just too square and cold. He would try sometimes to show me affection, but if you don't do things the way he wants, then you're out.

I remember I got paid for two weeks' work, and I thought I had some more money coming. I got drunk, and he knew it. I went back the next week and asked him, "Don't I have some more coming?" He gave me the coldest look and said, "No, you don't have anything more coming." Then, just like that, I was fired.

When Uncle Jimmy won the governorship of Georgia in 1970, I was rotting my guts out in the hole. I was sick and the California Department of Corrections was punishing me for being sick by putting me in an isolation cell. I asked Jimmy to help me. He sent me an invitation to his inaugural ball. It couldn't have been a mistake. It was in his own handwriting. That's got to be pretty cold, doesn't it, to send an invitation for your inaugural ball to your nephew when he's locked away in the hole?

Anyway, I've learned my lesson. Jimmy's got more power than anyone else in the country now, but I don't ask him to use it to help me in any way 'cause I know he won't do it. Just before he got elected, I asked him for help—legal help, money for postage stamps, anything he could do. I got back a letter addressed to "William C. Spann," telling me he still considers me a part of the family and won't turn his back on me. That was all. At that moment I was so broke that I had to borrow postage stamps from Charlie Manson, who was in the same cell block with me. But Jimmy wouldn't send me a dime.

Don't look for him to change his ways and help the poor and unfortunate now that he's in the White House 'cause his Christianity never has extended to his pocket book. He's gonna do just like George Wallace did when he was in office. He's in there now, and fuck everybody.

I know Jimmy Carter. He smiles outwardly, but at heart he's a cold motherfucker. A lot more people are going to find that out now that he's our president. 

EXECUTION

(continued from page 70)

Witnesses are not the only people who are repulsed by electrocutions. Many prison officials find electrocutions so vile that, where the law allows, they pass the supervisory buck to deputies. One corrections officer, who requested anonymity, said, "I was in Korea, but this was the most wretched thing I've ever witnessed. I'd never do it again. After seeing one, I don't think I could ever feel cruel enough again to see another one. It drained me of all cruelty. Now I just feel pity." He added, "They ought to show just one in color, close up, on national TV, and that would put an end to it once and for all."

In spite of opposition to electrocution, the chair has its defenders. Regardless of how cruel and unusual electrocution may appear, they argue, it is painless for its victims. The proponents agree that body damage is extensive. Autopsies generally reveal paralysis of most muscles and organs, disintegration and coagulation of blood, burning, at least around the medulla area of the brain and the brain stem, and occasional rupturing of the heart and

fracture of the eye lens. Nevertheless, the defenders say, the huge amount of current—enough to light 1000 bulbs—instantly shatters the entire nervous system beyond repair, rendering it incapable of registering pain.

"There's not a bit of sensation," said Dr. Harold W. Kipp, who attended more than 200 executions as chief medical officer of Sing Sing. "The effect of electricity is instantaneous brain death. What observers see are muscle contractions, not agony," he added.

Some doctors, however, disagreed with proponents of electrocution. It was partly because of their opposition that the gas chamber, invented in the 1920s, was promoted during the 1930s as the humane alternative to electrocution and hanging. By then, so many repulsive electrocution stories had gotten around that many state officials again were anxious to find a "civilized" method of killing. (The gas chamber has since been used in Arizona, Colorado, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, Wyoming and California.)

The gas chamber built in 1938 at San Quentin in California was the model for many others. Its chamber is octagonal, measuring eight feet wide and seven feet high. It is constructed from corrosion-resisting steel and has large bulletproof

glass windows set in seven sides for viewing purposes. The chamber is sound-proofed to prevent witnesses from hearing the gasps and cries of victims, and an airtight steel door seals the chamber from the outside. Around the outside, only three feet from the chamber, is a railing against which observers stand as they peer in to watch the victim die.

In midroom are two straight-backed wooden chairs, each with the necessary straps. Under each chair is a shallow pan. Tubes lead from the pan out through an opening in the nearest wall and into a small vestibule. Shortly before the killing takes place, the executioner fills each of two cheesecloth bags with 16 one-ounce cyanide pellets. Then the bags are suspended from mechanically activated hooks beneath each chair. Just minutes before the execution, an assistant, in a small anteroom, mixes sulfuric acid with water. On signal, the potent hydrosulfuric acid is sent through the tubes into the pans beneath the chairs. A lever is pulled and the bags full of cyanide drop from their hooks into the acid. The chamber immediately begins to fill with gas. Perforations in the seats of the chairs allow the gas to reach the victim quickly.

Two years after construction of the chamber at San Quentin, Clinton T. Duffy became warden of the institution. From

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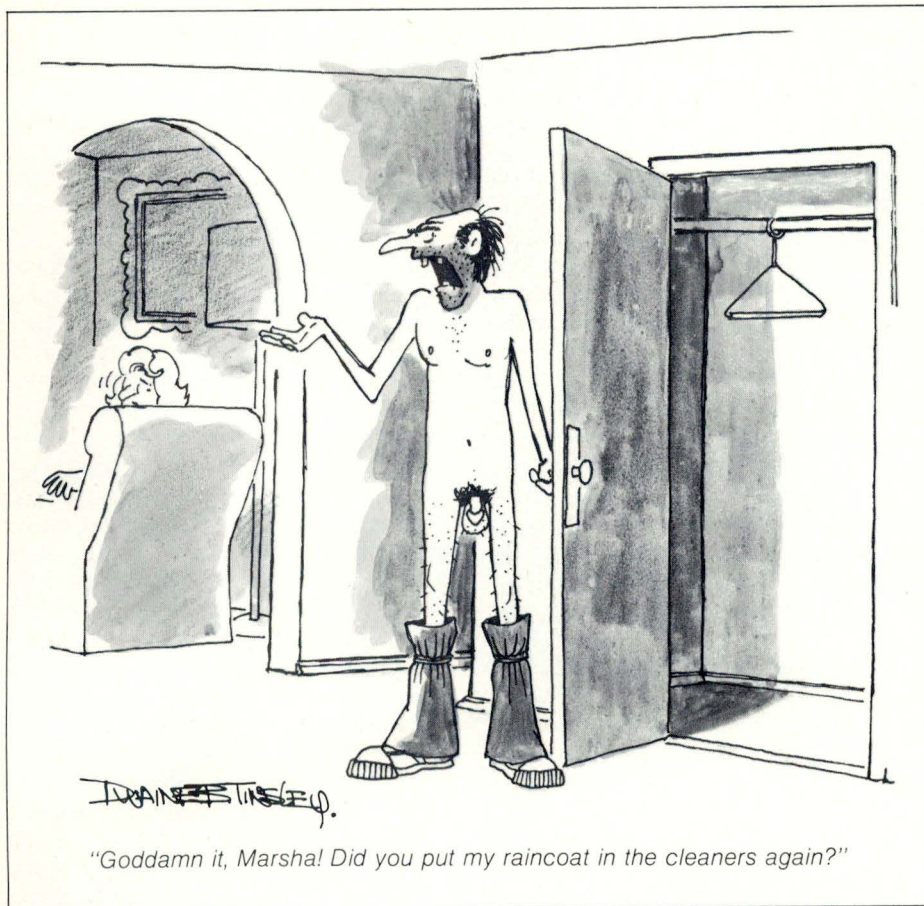
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1940 to 1952, he supervised the executions of 88 men and two women. An adamant opponent of the death penalty, Duffy described a typical gassing.

"We try to start the procedures a little before ten A.M. so that right after ten the execution takes place. There's no reason to delay. I go to the gas chamber cell with an aide. The doctor has already been there and placed a stethoscope over the heart area of the condemned with a rubber tube sticking out through the shirt. [Once the prisoner is in the chamber, the tube is connected to a longer piece of rubber that leads outside to a doctor, who monitors the heartbeat throughout the execution.] Then I have a last few words with him.

"I go out and stand by the lever. Then, just 30 seconds after ten, I nod to the death watchman to bring the prisoner into the gas chamber. This is about 10 or 20 steps from the holding cell and separated by a solid steel door. The prisoner is led in by the guards, one on each elbow, and strapped in. Then the executioner's assistant opens the valves and the acid flows into both mixing pots in the chamber. Then a test is made—of course, the door has been shut, tight—to see that there's no leak. There being none, the warden orders the lever to be thrown by the executioner."

The gas takes several seconds to reach the victim. He is told beforehand that as

soon as he smells something like rotten eggs, he should count to ten and then take three or four deep breaths. The promise is that he will pass out quickly by doing so, and he'll feel no pain—a myth.

In most cases, the victim begins to wheeze and gasp immediately as he fights for air. His breath becomes labored. His mouth opens and closes to resemble the tortured gaspings of a fish dying on land. Sometimes he screams or cries out. Choking, he thrashes about in terror at the sensation.

As witnesses watch, the prisoner is asphyxiated. Potassium cyanide molecules in the gas "freeze" the available oxygen molecules, rendering them useless to the body. As the cyanide is pulled into the lungs and absorbed throughout the body, it cuts off the vital oxygenation process in each cell.

Then, at the first real shock of oxygen deprivation, the victim's body convulses. He battles the straps, trying to get free. His hands claw the air. His face contorts in pain. Then he turns purple and his eyes widen and bulge outward. He drools. His mouth falls open and a swollen tongue hangs out. By all standards he appears to be strangling to death.

After two to three minutes, the victim's head usually starts to flop back and forth spasmodically, like a broken puppet's.

Eventually, his head comes to rest either on his chest or the back of his shoulders. More often than those who are electrocuted, the gas chamber victim pisses and shits. But he is not yet dead. Death usually takes about eight minutes. In one North Carolina gassing, it took 11 minutes.

Dr. Leo Stanley, the retired chief surgeon of San Quentin, was at the other end of the stethoscope for nearly ten years. He recalled, "The heart takes a big jump when the gas is released, then slows down. After two or three minutes, it takes a second jump, which lasts three or four seconds. Then it just gradually slows down. But after three minutes the pulse rate is still 30 beats a minute." With the heart pumping for such a long period, a prisoner often shows some signs of revival even after his head slumps. His body may jerk suddenly and his mouth vainly suck for air for a moment.

The most notorious gas chamber execution in U. S. history was that of Caryl Chessman in San Quentin in 1960. Chessman had been convicted in 1948 on charges of kidnapping, attempted rape and forcing two women to perform "acts of sexual perversion" on him at a Los Angeles lovers' lane. (In effect, Chessman, who steadfastly denied the charges, was put to death for forcing his victims into his car and making them give him head.)

Chessman fought the sentence of execution for 12 years, and his case became world famous in the process. While in jail, he also became a novelist and essayist. Consequently, the joint was packed when he got killed, and the world was treated to some vivid details about cyanide gassing.

As the witnesses pressed forward, Chessman inhaled as rapidly and deeply as he could. A minute later his eyes suddenly rolled back in his head, then closed. When he opened them again, they were blurred. Chessman flung his head back and his throat could be seen working, trying to haul in air. Failing, he jerked his head back and forth violently. He gasped visibly and threw his body against the straps. Pain warped his features. Momentarily, he turned a greenish hue. Then he seemed to relax, and his head slumped forward onto his chest. His tongue came out, fat and heavy and convulsive.

One female eyewitness reporter filled in the rest.

"I thought he must be dead but, no, there was another agonizing period during which he choked on the gas. And again. And then again. There was a long period, another deep gasp. At the fourth such straining, Chessman's head lolled in a half circle, coming forward so that he faced downward with his chin almost touching his chest. This must be the end. But the dying went on.

"A deep gasp, then his head came up for

an instant, dropped forward again. After two or three deep breaths, which seemed something like sobs, a trembling set up throughout his body. Along the line of his broad shoulders, down his arms to his fingers, I could see the tremor run. Then I saw his pale face grow suddenly paler, though I had not thought that it could after his 12 years in prison. A little saliva came from his lips, spotted the white shirt that a condemned man wears for his last appearance. Even more color drained from his face and the furrows in his head smoothed out a little. And I knew he was dead...."

The witness concluded that "death in California's execution chamber is not painless." No, it sure isn't. Nor is it painless in any other gas chamber.

Neither is hanging. Six states still employ the noose: Delaware, Idaho, Montana, New Hampshire, Utah and Washington. One argument in favor of hanging has always been that, however repulsive electrocution and gassing may be, hanging is worse—and more painful—therefore, it's a better deterrent. There's absolutely no evidence to support this contention, but the gallows has hundreds of years of tradition on its side. Also, hanging is relatively inexpensive—no small consideration in the above six states.

In "modern" hangings, the rope is secured to a chain suspended from the gallows crossbeam, and the chain is adjusted for the height and weight of the prisoner. Chains are used to prevent the rope from slipping from the beam when the victim drops, a centuries-old mishap. The drop distance is six to eight feet. The noose is tied in a large knot known as a "submental," meaning below the chin. Actually the noose is cinched in such a way that the knot strikes the victim behind the left ear as he falls. Ideally, this impact should instantly knock the person unconscious and, at the same time, break the small bones of the cervical vertebrae in the neck without tearing the head off. If the hanging works to perfection, the bones then press in on the spinal cord. This cuts off oxygen to the brain, causing rapid brain death, and paralyzes the rest of the body.

Rarely, of course, is there a "perfect" hanging.

Clinton Duffy, the former San Quentin warden, has witnessed 60 hangings. He described the preliminaries. "The executioner would go to the cell and strap the man's hands to his sides. Then, at the appointed time, the warden gives a signal and the prisoner starts through the room and up 13 steps. The prisoner is placed on the gallows trapdoor, the center of it, and a

black cap is put over his head to keep the grimaces from showing to the witnesses. Then his legs are strapped together. The executioner puts the noose over the head and cinches it up with the knot behind the left ear, not choking tight but tight.

"On the platform is a little [booth] with three strings and three men. Only one string is real; the other two are dummies. Then the warden gives the signal to the executioner, who signals the three men. They each cut their strings. All three of the strings drop, but only one of them springs the trapdoor."

In a "clean" hanging, the victim thrashes around at the end of the rope for only a few minutes. His wheezing can be heard. A dreadful stench, more powerful than that resulting from either electrocution or gassing, quickly fills the air as the victim often simultaneously shits, pisses and ejaculates. The smell of perspiration alone is usually sickening, however. Shit runs down the victim's legs and drops to the floor. Witnesses often puke or faint. After a couple of minutes, the prisoner's more violent pitchings at the end of the rope subside. There is one last jerk, some twitching, then nothing.

In a dirty hanging—"most of them," according to Duffy—the condemned slowly strangles to death, a disgusting process that can take as long as 10 to 15 minutes.

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Occasionally, the knot gouges out a chunk of face and head, and witnesses see this fall to the floor. The victim's wheezing is far louder and more hysterical than it is in electrocution or gassing—like the squeals of a dying pig. Witnesses see the victim bob up and down on the rope as he fights for air. His legs whip about, seeking a perch. To stop the grotesque show, a guard seizes the flailing legs from below and clutches them tightly, steadying the victim so the rope won't break. This reduces the agony of the witnesses—but not that of the condemned.

In British penal history, the force of the drop often severed the head from the body. A shorter rope was eventually introduced and the position of the knot was moved. In the United States, decapitation during a legal hanging has occurred at least once.

In 1931, Frank Myer of Parkersburg, West Virginia, was hanged for murdering his wife. Myer was a heavyset man with a short neck and soft bones. When the trap was sprung, there was a thud as his body landed in the concrete pit. A second thud followed when his head landed a few feet away. Needless to say, several witnesses got sick at that execution.

The condemned in Utah get a choice of execution methods. If the victim doesn't want the gallows, he can be killed by a firing squad. Most choose to be shot. Usually, the victim is driven to a spot near the prison,

where an oval-shaped canvas wall has been set up. At one end of the oval is a concrete wall, against which stands a captain's chair. The condemned is strapped into it. A doctor then pins a black cloth target over the man's heart; a hood goes over his head.

At the other end of the oval is a smaller enclosure, also canvas. Inside, unseen, are five marksmen volunteers armed with .30-caliber rifles. Each rifle is loaded with one cartridge—but one of the five is a blank. The volunteers don't know which rifle has the blank, a psychological ploy that enables each man to deny his own responsibility for the killing. The marksmen aim through slits in the canvas. When the order is given, they all fire at once—from a distance of only 20 feet. Considering the skill of the marksmen, death is probably rapid and almost painless.

In that case, why then aren't firing squads more widely used? Aside from all the bloodiness, it isn't that easy to find people who are willing to shoot another human being. (At a shooting execution in 1951, the condemned was the son of a deputy sheriff, and apparently none of the marksmen wanted to bear responsibility for his death. When they fired, all four bullets hit the man, Elisio J. Mares, in the wrong side of the chest. He bled to death.) Firing squads also are shunned because they are considered inhumane. The "humane" way is the im-

personal—a lever or switch thrown by an unknown executioner. Officials are smart enough to know that the public will support capital punishment as long as no one is reminded that it's really one person killing another.

When the Romans executed Christ by nailing him to the cross, they were carrying out a death penalty mandated by law. However barbaric it may seem now to let a man die so horribly, according to the standards of the day it wasn't cruel and unusual.

Under Roman law, the mandated death penalty for anyone who killed his father was to be sewn inside a goatskin with a snake, a dog, a rooster and a monkey. The bag was then thrown into deep water and allowed to sink. The drowning animals tore the victim apart in their struggle for life.

Vestal virgins in Rome who lost their cherries were, according to law, buried alive. If a girl could form a small air pocket for herself, then her death was probably more terrifying, but perhaps not any more physically agonizing than death in the gas chamber or at the end of a rope.

During the Inquisition, the condemned were pressed to death by great weights, boiled alive or burned at the stake. Each method of execution was properly spelled out in ecclesiastical statutes, which were acceptable to the community. In France and Germany, death on the wheel was a lawful punishment. The executioner would break most of the bones in the victim's body so that his arms and legs could be molded smoothly along the curve of a giant wheel. The wheel would then be raised, the victim's body would be mutilated a bit, and he would be left to slowly die.

Drawing and quartering was a legal method of execution for years throughout Europe. In many cases, the condemned was dragged along the ground until his skin was scraped off. He was then hanged by the neck and allowed to choke for a while. Occasionally, as the victim swung from the rope, the executioner pulled out his intestines and burned them before his eyes. Finally, if he were still alive, the victim's arms and legs were attached to four horses and his limbs were pulled from his trunk, a process that sometimes took up to a half hour. The "community" demonstrated its approval by cheering the executioner on.

In the papal states, the prevailing form of lawful killing was to smash the victim's skull with a huge mallet, then cut his throat to finish him off. Garibaldi put a stop to this practice over 100 years ago.

In Spain, the garrote (an iron collar that is affixed to a post and tightened by a screw until it breaks the victim's neck) was used until around the turn of the century.



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Gradually, such execution methods gave way to the gallows, the guillotine, the electric chair and the gas chamber. They have a great deal in common with earlier execution techniques: Each is a lawful means of execution. Each enjoys wide acceptance in the community. By the standards of the Supreme Court, none of the execution methods just described could be considered cruel and unusual because in their respective communities they are—or were—acceptable punishments.

Yet each is totally barbaric. The only significant difference between burning at the stake and burning in the electric chair, for example, is that the period of agony has been shortened. The "community" still cheers the executioner on, but it no longer enjoys viewing his handiwork. If you doubt the inherent cruelty of our execution methods, you should apply Warden Duffy's test: Ask yourself if you'd want to see your brother, father, mother or closest friend die in any of these ways, no matter what the crime.

You will probably answer no, but proponents of capital punishment usually voice two reasons for keeping it on the books—deterrence and retribution.

Even though it upheld the death penalty, the Supreme Court agreed there's little proof it deters. Statistics, the Court ad-

mitted, are inconclusive and conflicting. There are figures showing that the murder rate had actually declined in some states that abolished the death penalty. Yet in other states that abolished it, as well as in states that kept it on the books, there has been a gradual increase in the rate of murders.

Statistics aside, will the potential murderer necessarily be stopped by the knowledge that execution might await him? Execution is not a deterrent to the mentally deranged or to those who kill during a quarrel or while drunk or in a fit of passion or jealousy. In a rage that blinds a person to the consequences of his actions, he's not thinking of the penalty—no matter what it may be. As Gary Gilmore wrote about his murder of two young men, both strangers to him, "Murder is just a thing of itself, a rage, and rage is not reason, so why does it matter who? It vents a rage." And murder without thought of consequence accounts for approximately 80 percent of all murders committed.

Based on what's now known about human psychology, it's even possible that many murders may be committed *because* the death penalty exists. Many case studies have shown that, at least at the fleeting moment when he loses control and kills, the murderer wants to die himself. In some

cases, the death wish isn't so fleeting. According to the Washington Research Project, an Oklahoma farmer shotgunned a total stranger not long ago. His explanation to police was, "I was tired of living."

In 1961, convicted murderer James French strangled his cellmate in an Oklahoma prison. French said his motive, after three trials for one murder, was to speed his execution. In 1938, Robert West, who had helped build Missouri's gas chamber, murdered a young girl, then turned himself in. His sole motive, he told police, was to be able to die in the gas chamber.

So, unable to present a real case for deterrence, the Supreme Court stressed retribution and punishment as sound reasons for keeping the death penalty. In its ruling, the Court upheld the notion that these are worthwhile human values—proper ways for people to deal with one another. (As it turns out, an estimated 84 percent of all homicides are motivated by retribution and punishment—the desire to "get back at" the victim for some real or imagined offense.) The Court, in effect, has now confirmed that "getting back at" is a praiseworthy norm—society has a *right* to take life as a means of retribution. How can this idea not reinforce the murderer's notion that *he* has the right to "get back at" his victim?

There are many arguments against the death penalty: The long wait in the death house, due to all the stays and delays, is a form of acute mental torture that has claimed the sanity of many prisoners; only the poor are executed; murderers are the most easily rehabilitated and best-behaved prisoners. Indeed, cases of murder committed by paroled murderers are rare or almost unheard of.

But the gut case against the death penalty is that our execution methods are barbaric. And they always will be. There is simply no "civilized" way for one person—or a group of people—to kill another person. Killing is ugly, cruel and wrong. Forty-one nations around the world have realized this and have abolished capital punishment. If such bastions of progress as Honduras, Ecuador, Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic have figured this out—as have England, West Germany, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and others—the U. S. should be able to learn it, too.

Clarence Darrow said it best. "In the end, this question is simply one of the humane feelings against the brutal feelings. One who likes to see suffering, out of what he thinks is a righteous indignation, or any other, will hold fast to capital punishment. One who has sympathy, imagination, kindness and understanding, will hate it and detest it as he hates and detests death."



"Can't you just shake the head like other guys do?"

HUSTLER

Beaver Hunt

If you've been waiting for the right time to approach your girl about appearing in Beaver Hunt, wait no longer. May is probably the best time of the year to take amateur beaver photos. The spring weather will have her hot and ready for action, and she may just give you the wildest photo session you've ever had.

Send us a sharply focused, HUSTLER-style photo—no black and white, please—of your favorite model in the nude along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible. Be sure to fill out the model release form on page 109. Send it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio

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If we publish your girl's picture, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and everyone who sends us photos will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If she's chosen as Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your lady may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive \$1000-\$1500 as a paid professional model. Go ahead, spend a buck for a roll of film. It may be the start of something big.

Photo by M. Brady



A West Chicago housewife, 25-year-old Dixie Jo likes amateur modeling sessions and gymnastics, but she confides that what she would really like is a young male or female slave to put through some sexual gymnastics.

Photo by Terry Kox



Waitress Peggy Fender, 19, calls Elgin, Illinois, home. A self-described nature freak, she loves swimming, horseback riding and dancing. But she really prefers having unexpected sex near the ocean or in the woods. Naturally.

Twenty-one-year-old Joey Guy, a legal secretary from St. Petersburg, Florida, gets a big kick out of swimming, boating and horseback riding in the nude. Writes Joey: "I pride myself in taking big men!"

Photo by Steve Baker



San Jose housewife Sara Baker, 24, likes arts and crafts, sewing and puttering around in the garden. She writes, "I like making love with a warm and gentle man. I enjoy touching and feeling and giving pleasure in all the right places!"



Photo by George Cornelius

Photo by Jeff Budzek



Donna Budzek is a 20-year-old student from Pineville, Louisiana. She spends some of her time sewing and gardening but "cockteasing and dancing nude on a bar tabletop" are where her head is really at.



Photo by Henry Kimball

Lara Galbraith, a 26-year-old legal secretary from Titusville, New Jersey, dabbles in astrology, music, poetry and men. She fantasizes about being on a hot, sandy beach with men licking her all over.

Photo by Jeff Jones



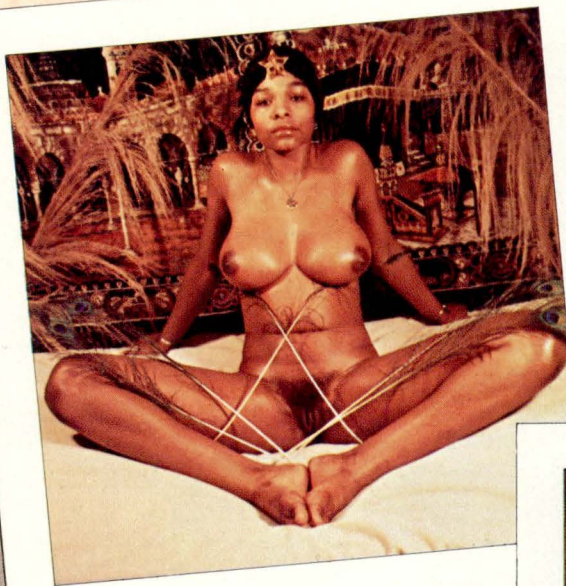
Connie Jones is 18 and a housewife from Longview, Texas. She runs an antique shop as a hobby. Her fantasy is "making love in a crowded park with my man."



Photo by Tall Dog

Susy Blattell, 23, from Ventura, California, is a fiscal administrator who knows what she wants out of life—"fast cars and big cocks!" She writes, "I like to imagine that I have a cock instead of a dildo. Then I'd fuck all of my friends."

Photo by Ron Excum Randolph



An interpretive dancer from Philadelphia, Terry Jackson, 22, divides her time between sewing, dancing, drawing and making love. She really likes to get it on in water—at the beach or in the bathtub. "Slippery when wet!" she giggles.

Photo by Mike Talerico



Gigi is a Utica, New York, housewife. Thirty-year-old Gigi is into hunting, fishing and sex in the woods. She says she's tried two men at a time and now she's eager to sample more.

Photo by Randy Nelson



Liz Maderos, 19, is from Forest Grove, Oregon, and a recent graduate of modeling school. Motorcycles and sunbathing in the nude are her hobbies, and she fantasizes about making love to several men throughout the night.

Carol MacManus is a 25-year-old secretary who is from Brooklyn, Connecticut. As you can see, she's into nude modeling, but she also likes "fast cars and sexy men."

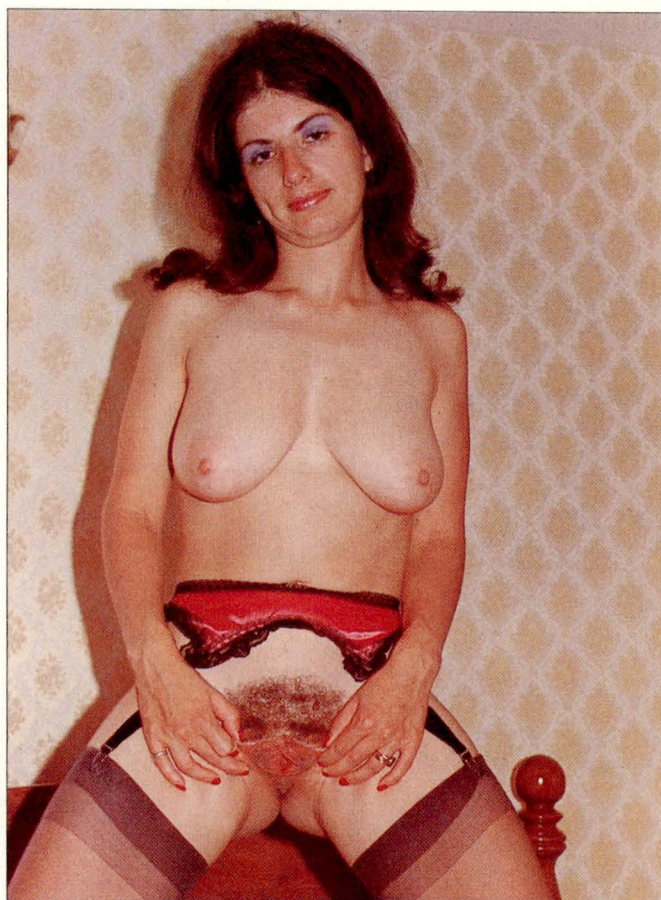


Photo by R. A. MacManus

Alison Kremer, 23, is a Denver cocktail waitress and a spare-time fan of horseback riding, guitar and writing. Alison gets off on exhibitionism: The idea of appearing nude on stage, screen and, you guessed it, in magazines, really turns her on.



Photo by Steve May



Photo by R. C. Rowe

Linda Kern, 30, is a Rochester, New York, secretary who likes to sew and make candles. She says she sometimes dreams of making love in front of an audience.

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KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning your sexual encounters? If you do, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

TUB OF LARD LOVE

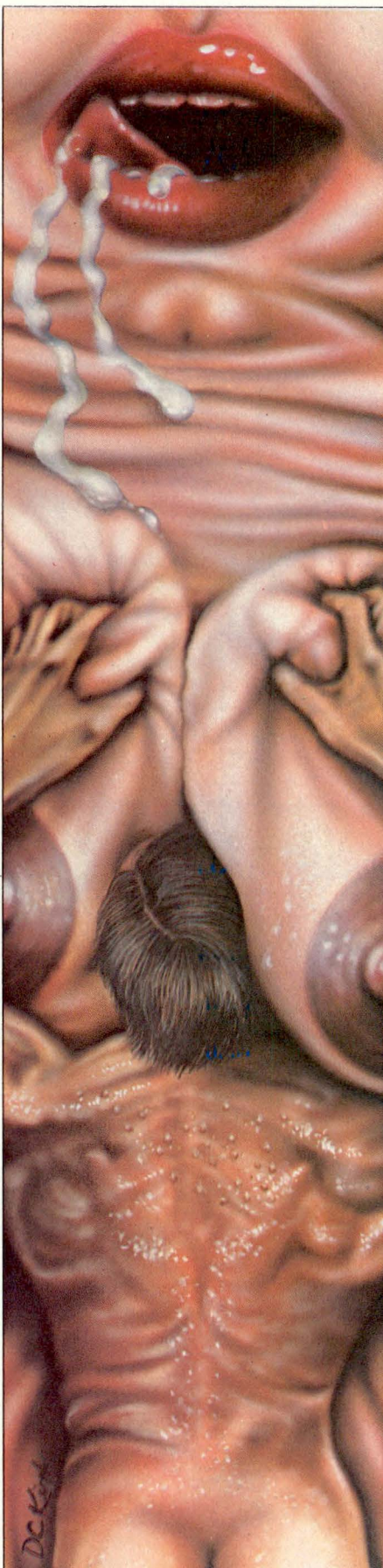
by G. F. Shella

Every now and then HUSTLER runs a picture of a fat woman, and although you guys make fun of them, I get my nut stroking it over the pictures. (You just don't know what you're missing if you've never tried getting it on with chubby ladies.)

For a long time, I tried to be the same as other men, but I could never get a hard-on for skinny chicks with shapely figures who looked like the pinup girls from the 40s. I got turned on by fat women, and it seemed that the fatter they were the harder my dick got. This made me feel really bad, though, because society and peer pressure had taught me that I was crazy to feel this way.

Then, one night, after I got off work, all this changed. I'd been horny far too long, so I decided to come on to this waitress in a little beer and burger place near the factory. I had seen her flirting with most of the guys who came in there, and she usually flirted with me, too, but I never thought she was serious until this night. When she wasn't waiting on someone, she came over to where I sat, leaned over with her elbows on the counter and talked to me. The cleavage between her huge tits really turned me on as she leaned over the counter. It was late, there weren't very many people in the restaurant, and I was horny; so I turned the conversation around to sex. I was more excited than I had been by any other woman, and I could hardly wait for closing time. Edna, the waitress, was a short, plump woman. Her waist was huge and as much a turn-on for me as her big bazongas. The white material of her uniform stretched across her butt, and it looked like her buttons were going to pop. She had two fat sausages for legs, with just a few wrinkles at her knees and ankles.

She kept leaning over, showing me those meaty tits and talking dirty, so I finally asked to take her home. She said yes, and after closing time we crowded into the front seat of my car. As we rode along, she began to play with my leg. My rod popped up right away, and she started running her pudgy little hand over the noticeable lump in my pants. I reached over to rub her legs and



tried to run my hand between them. I couldn't get past her thighs because they were so close together. I could feel her straining to move her legs apart, but her dress was stretched to the limit. This turned me on even more.

Meanwhile, she had unzipped my pants and was squeezing my cock in her hand. I sped up and hurried to her place because I wanted to blow my load inside her cunt and not all over my steering wheel.

When we got to her place, I tucked my cock back in my pants long enough to get inside the apartment. As soon as the door was shut I started unbuttoning her dress. It was like opening one of those spring-loaded trick cans. Everything popped out, and I was looking at a good 200 pounds of woman standing in front of me. I'd never seen anything like it, and my cock was throbbing.

However, before I could get a good look at all that meat, she was on her knees in front of me, rubbing my cock between her fat hands and licking the end of it. She took it into her mouth and pressed her tongue against the underside of my shaft. I was 21 and had never had a blow job except from a whore, but this felt better than *anything* I'd ever had.

I could feel her body pressed against my legs, and as she sucked on my cock, she reached back and unfastened her bra. When she pulled it off, my legs pressed into those meaty tits, and it was like the whole lower half of my body was being swallowed up by flesh. I pulled her up and took her to bed, taking off my clothes as I went along. While I stopped to untie my shoes, she pulled off her panties, which looked more like a pair of silk boxer shorts than panties, and sat on the edge of the bed to peel off her stockings. Even when she raised her leg up to remove her hose, I still couldn't see anything between her legs. All the fat overlapped from one leg to the other, and I wondered if I'd be able to get to her snatch.

She lay back on the bed, but even with her legs spread all I could see was a sparse patch of pubic hair. I climbed onto the bed and started playing with one of her tits. I could squeeze on it and pull it around, and it didn't seem to bother her a bit, except that she was starting to breathe heavily.

Those tits were so gigantic that I could sink my whole face into them. I ran my hand across her stomach and found that I could grab whole handfuls of flesh. I got up on my knees beside her and started squeezing and kneading her body all over. It was unbelievable. She had started playing with my cock again, and I decided I wanted to eat her pussy.

I dived down to her snatch and pulled her legs as far apart as I could. I was lying on top of her, and it was just like sleeping on my grandmother's old goosefeather mattress. I put my head between her legs to start eating her cunt, but I still couldn't get at it.

I got off the bed and had her scoot down to the end of it. She spread her legs as far as she could, and at last I could get to her pussy. The outer lips were almost handfuls in themselves, and I spread them back to get to her pink insides. I licked up and down her cunt and was a little surprised and disappointed that her inner lips and clitoris weren't as big as the rest of her.

It only took a couple minutes of tonguing to bring her off, and when she clamped her legs around my head, I thought I was going to smother. I got my head out, moved her back up on the bed and climbed on, ready to fuck. I had to push up on my hands so that I would be at the right angle to get my throbbing cock into that wet hole.

I think I could have gotten off just burying my cock in those fat outer lips, but I plunged it in as deep as it would go. When she pulled her legs up around me, I could lean down on her body and hump away. She started pumping back against me and I felt myself riding on waves of flesh, bouncing around so much that I thought if I weren't hooked into her the way I was I'd fall off.

Being surrounded by all this flesh brought me off really fast. She started coming, too, and the whole bed shook as the two of us pumped against each other. I had just fucked a fat woman and loved it.

After it was all over, I cleaned up and left. On the way home I thought that it had been pretty good, but the way I was brought up wouldn't let me believe that I could really be turned on by a fat woman without being crazy. I had just been horny and it was the best thing available, I told myself.

I still took Edna out every now and then, but I couldn't bring myself to be seen in public with her. I wanted to, but I figured that people would think I was weird.

Then one weekend a couple of the guys set up a fishing trip. When we got to the lake, there was a camper nearby with three girls standing outside. We invited them over for drinks that night.

The evening turned into a party, and people paired off. I wasn't interested in the two good-looking girls, but I had my eye on the third, who made Edna look tiny.

She was going to leave when the other girls had paired off, but I didn't want to let her get away. Like almost everyone else, she thought fat girls weren't wanted. I asked her if she'd like to walk down by the lake. This girl was kind of dull, but I was horny, and no matter how dull she was, she was the larg-

est woman I'd ever had a chance to fuck.

It was a pretty clear night, and, half-jokingly, I asked her if she would like to go skinny-dipping. I had hardly gotten the question out of my mouth when she started taking off her clothes. Her belly was so big that it hung down below her snatch, and her tits were about the size of hams with nipples like pancakes.

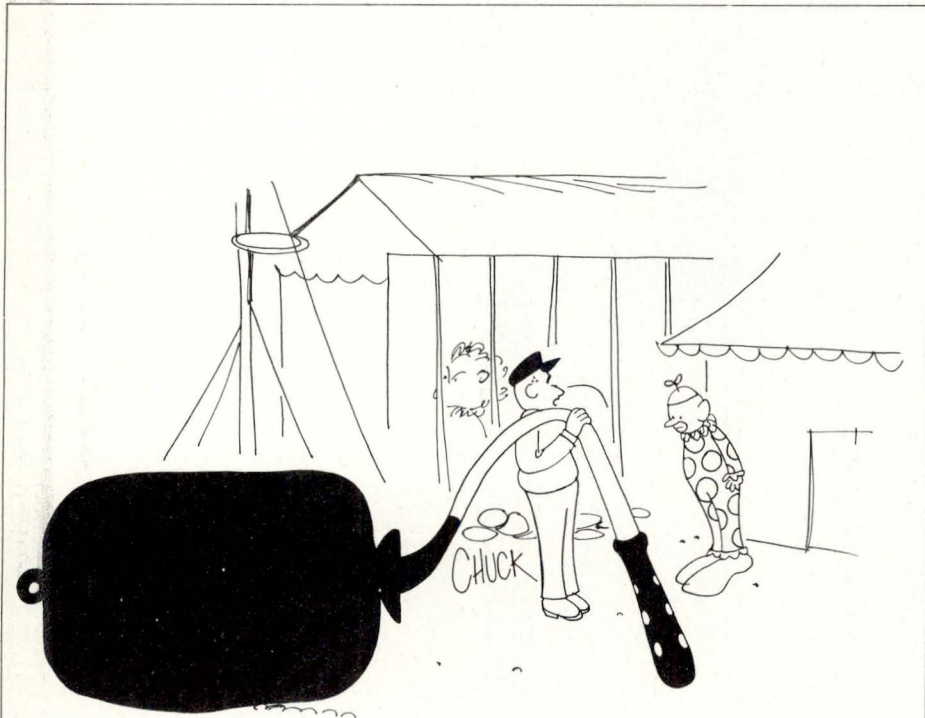
It was a dream come true. I could hardly control myself. We got into the water, and I was almost crazy with passion. I no longer cared what people thought. She grabbed my cock and pressed against me. If we hadn't been in the water, she would have knocked me down. As soon as she touched me, my cock got hard and I decided it was time to stick it in.

In the eyes of society, this girl may have been a pig, but she was hot for sex and made me just as hot. Before I could blow my load, we got out of the water and she lay down on the grass so that we could 69. Lying on top of her was unbelievable. It was almost like being in bed with two girls. She sucked greedily at my pecker while I lapped at her cunt. It was tight when I was fucking her in the water, and I noticed how small it was while eating it.

When she came, she started shaking all over, and the feel of all her flesh rippling under me was all it took to get me off. We lay there awhile and talked, and I finally realized that the best sex I had ever had was with fat women—and society be damned. She told me that most heavy girls don't get much attention, but when they do get some, they really want to put out.


To prove this, she started playing with my cock, and when she got it hard, she squatted over me and started rubbing her cunt on me. I had never dreamed I'd ever have a woman this size on top of me, let alone enjoying it without guilt feelings. My cock was completely inside her outer pussy lips, rubbing against the wet inner lips of her cunt. Her tits were dangling in front of my face, and I could grab them and pull them to my mouth while I lay there and let her pussy give me a cock massage. Her warm belly was pressed against mine, and when she brought the opening of her cunt to the head of my cock, I slammed it home and pulled her down on me. I was surrounded by flesh—and I loved every minute of it.

While all the other guys were laughing the next day about my getting stuck with the fat girl, I was just thinking how much they were missing. I started going out with this girl and several other fat ones. Now I am not only no longer embarrassed, I'm proud to be seen in the company of fat women. Under those tight-fitting clothes, there is a woman who craves sex and really knows how to give it. That's true beauty. 🍆



"Where do I find the constipated elephant?"

(continued from page 29)

The moralists in our midst have decreed that a man must be legally married in order to engage in this particular "rehabilitative activity." In the United States today, there are some 400 prisons with a total male felon population of nearly 400,000. Of these institutions, less than a handful allow conjugal visiting, and those that do, offer this privilege to less than 20 percent of their respective populations. But that's to be expected. We Americans are a plodding lot, valuing image above reality while we impress the rest of the world with just how moral and humane we are. 

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ANCHORS

(continued from page 84)

We danced a slow meat grinder. Mona held the lower half of her body away from me like a shy teen-age cunt at the high school prom. We were sitting out a fast boogie when suddenly her face got hard as she looked at the young kids swingin' their chicks to the lively, fast-stepping number. Resentment glowed on her face like a neon light on the fuckin' freeway over the salt flats.

"Goddamn them," she cursed. "In my day, I'd have danced them off the fuckin' floor!" No warning, just the bomb juice and BAM!

"Easy, doll," I cautioned. "They're just havin' a good time."

"Bastards!" She seethed. "I hate them. I hate them when they make me feel—"

"All right, Mona," I said, heavy with the edge. "Just let it slide, will you?" I'd made up my mind if she said it to me I was going to deck her right there!

"Fuck—I!"

I clipped the point of her chin neatly with a right cross. Mona crumpled like a rag doll. With my left hand I grabbed her two wrists, heaved her up and bent beneath her while

the momentum held her up, letting her fall forward over my left shoulder. "Goddamn dumb cunt," I said between clenched teeth. "Just can't stand it. Christ! Everybody's gotta get old sometime. Big, dumb cunt!"

The headwaiter escorted us right past the cash register. We didn't pay a damn dime.

* * *

Back in the room, once she'd finished crying and after a good fuck, we talked.

"What kind of stories do you write?" she asked. Her long fingers tingled the skin around my balls. I lit a cigarette.

"About losers mostly."

"Like us?"

"Yeah. I guess you can say that."

"You gonna write about us?" she asked, excited.

"I'm a little bent out of shape right now, sugar," I said.

She thought quietly for a while. "Wonder if we could really get it together?" she asked.

"I mean get enough money to live on for a long time. Then find a place to live by a lake or an ocean. You could write and I could... I could... Jesus Christ—what could I do?" she asked, perplexed.

"You could fix meals and suck my cock," I said. "No preference, and you could be useful in a lot of other ways, Mona." I sensed her inadequacy. Lovers like us—losers—seldom felt secure. I wanted to put

her at ease. Bullshit. I wanted to put myself at ease. Christ, all we had were dreams.

"What else?" she asked.

"Oh, lots of things," I lied, racking my brain. "Hell, you could do some research and get books and magazines from libraries. Stuff like that."

"But how we gonna get the money?" She sat up on the bed, her legs bent Indian fashion.

"We'll have to think it up, doll." I caressed her pussy. Her bush was still damp.

"Goddamn it. Why does it have to be like this?"

"What, sugar?" I asked.

"Life, living, always hustling, ripping off, and lookin' over our shoulder for the Man. It's crap. Fuck being poor. The law ain't right for the poor. It never is. My kid sister got tangled up with a dooper. He came from a good family with lots of money. They got busted with some hard stuff. He went to a hospital. My sister went to jail. It's fucked up!" She got up and poured two drinks. I looked at the blue bruise I'd left on her chin.

"Rules are for people who never do anything," I told her.

"Well, shit! Let's do something, Ed. Let's get the fuck out of this rat race, at least for a while."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I took my drink from her. I slid one hand up and down the inside of her soft thighs. Patting her cunt, I said, "Angel, no matter what you do, where you go, there's always gonna be anchors in your ass. Something, or someone, to hold you down or hold you back. It's never easy. Life is like your little man in the boat here." I fingered her clit gently. "Life is like this clit, baby. It can be a lot of fun if you just play it lightly. But it's also something that has to be there all the time. It's kind of a trap. OK when it's getting off—coming—but just hanging around it's like someone trapped in a room with only three walls."

"Three walls?"

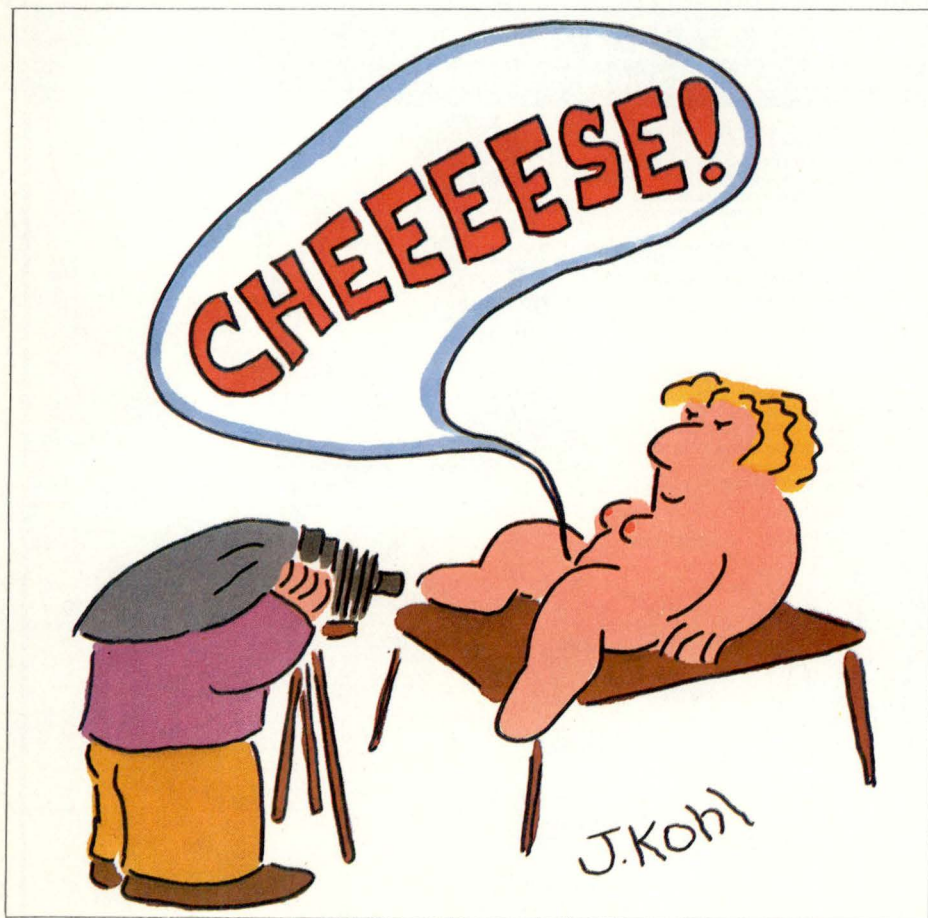
"Yeah. Three walls. Like a prison cell. You can see freedom, smell it, watch it move around. But there's always iron bars between you and the freedom you really want."

"We ain't got no iron bars or anchors in our asses, do we? I mean, right now we can be anything, do anything, even if we're poor and fucked up."

"We have to live, baby," I said. "We have to learn to live and try to keep the anchors up so we can move around." I pulled her to me and kissed her.

"You gonna wash dishes tomorrow?" she asked softly.

"Yes, baby," I said. "I don't want to do anything wrong anymore." I sounded like a shit salesman with a mouthful of samples. I'd be in Iowa within the week. ☹️



ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 14)

the crotch. For a while, she would jerk me off, even though she wouldn't let me fuck her, but that stopped, too. In 1973, her girlfriend's husband got a divorce because he came home and found them in bed. I really don't want to divorce my wife because I've wanted to fuck her all these years and she's a challenge. She never enjoys anything sexual that I do. I have finally decided that she is a full-blown lesbian. Am I right?

S. D.
Gary, Indiana

After all this time, it'd be hilarious if you were wrong. If it's taken you 37 years to decide that your wife's a lesbian, you deserve her.

My husband and I have been married for two years. My problem is that I can't climax during intercourse even though I can when masturbating. I know it isn't my husband's fault because it was the same way with former lovers. I have tried fantasizing, relaxing, thinking about not coming, contracting muscles, etc., and nothing works. I enjoy sex a great deal and would love to have my orgasms with my husband instead of with my fingers. My vagina isn't real big, either. What can I do?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Don't feel alone: Recent surveys have shown that many women don't usually have orgasms during intercourse even though they often do from other stimulation. Sometimes the bump just isn't enough to grind. Positioning yourself on top of your man or having him enter from the rear may give you the needed clitoral stimulation. Either you or your husband can manually stimulate your clit while you're fucking. Try these positions, and you'll probably be able to train yourself to achieve orgasm with your husband.

My husband and I are happily married and enjoy an active sex life. Sometimes, though, I still want to masturbate. My husband satisfies me, but every once in a while the urge to masturbate will hit me. Somehow it doesn't seem right now that I'm married. Is this desire abnormal?

A. R.
Lexington, Kentucky

If masturbation was a part of your life before marriage, there's no reason it shouldn't be now. Self-manipulation is totally normal and can be a pleasant addition to your heterosexual sex life. Who knows, your husband might feel the same way and want to join you.

I'm a 22-year-old man who has never had intercourse. In fact, I haven't had a complete erection for the past two years. I date regularly, but petting, oral sex and everything else fail to excite me. I masturbate about 20 times a week but still don't get erections. I've had a medical

checkup, and there's nothing physically wrong with me. I live at home and am always afraid when I masturbate because my mother might walk into my room at any time. I beat off by lying on my stomach in bed and moving up and down against the sheets. I can't masturbate by hand because I don't feel any sensations when I touch my penis. What do you suggest I do?

O. W.
Roanoke, Virginia

If you can feel sheets, you should be able to feel your hand, but your fear and guilt might be preventing both sensation and erection. Through excessive masturbation you are simply reinforcing your fears and lessening the chances of getting it up from other stimuli, like someone else's hand. Seek therapeutic help, get a lock for your room or move out of your mother's house.

I am a 20-year-old male who has never had sex with a woman. I've never had my foreskin treated, so when I try to enter a girl, it hurts a lot and the foreskin doesn't peel back. Also, I masturbate a lot, and my friends tell me I'll become sterile. Is this true?

M. P.
Charlotte, North Carolina

In a condition called phimosis, the foreskin cannot be retracted over the penis head, but this is easily corrected by circumcision. Also, masturbation will not make you sterile.

The woman I am dating is 54. I'm 48 and want to know if a man my age can get a woman her age pregnant.

E. L.
Ashland, Ohio

As long as you're producing sperm, and at your age there's no reason you shouldn't, you can knock up a woman. Your girlfriend's ability to conceive depends on whether or not she has gone through menopause. For most women, menopause begins between the ages of 45 and 50. After its onset, it takes about two years before this "changed life" is complete. If your friend still has menstrual periods, no matter how irregular, she can get pregnant. If she hasn't had a period for about a year, chances are she's already gone through menopause and can't get pregnant.

Due to an early marriage, I am 20 years old and already have three children. I do not want more kids, but the local family planning clinic will not tie my tubes since I am so young. I am certain that I don't want more babies and am hoping you can tell me where I can get this operation.

D. G.
Danbury, Connecticut

Since tying the fallopian tubes (tubal ligation) is a permanent, irreversible method of birth control, clinics regularly refuse sterilization to people your age. Three kids are enough for any woman, and you ought to seek a private doctor to perform this procedure. If you can't find anyone now,

faithfully use another contraceptive method, like birth-control pills or an IUD, until you reach the "required" age.

I have been having a problem with my girlfriend. She brought her cat from her mother's home to our apartment. I do not hesitate to say that I detest cats. One night that little fucker jumped up on the cabinet and knocked over a bag of sugar. That was the last straw. I stomped the piss out of that son-of-a-bitching cat. But unfortunately, my girlfriend didn't understand. That cat has ruined our sex life. Now the cat would probably suck my dick sooner than my girlfriend would. Should I leave her and her fucking

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Photographer: _____

Send prize to:

☐ Model

☐ Other _____

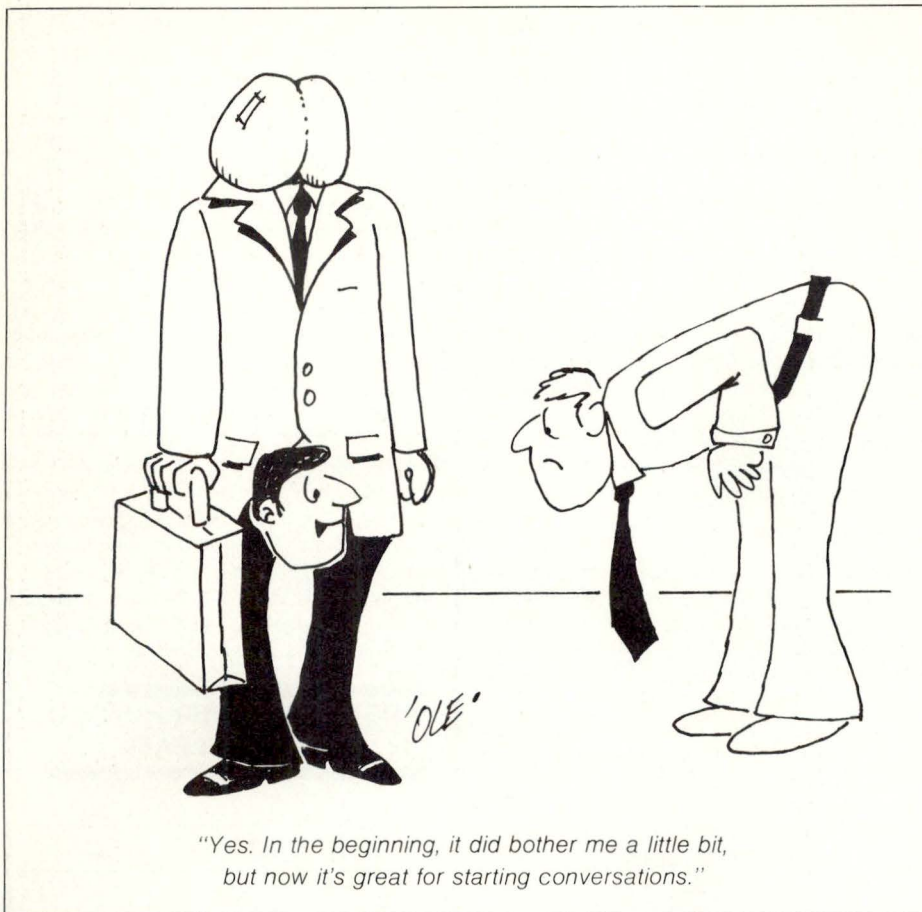
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs, of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. Furthermore, I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Parent or Legal Guardian _____

List on a separate sheet of paper age, occupation, hobbies and sexual fantasies.



feline, or should I admit that I was wrong and stay with her?

T. D.
Rock Hill, South Carolina

Your girlfriend must not mean very much to you if you're willing to let a cat come between you. Your detestation (or fear) of cats can be overcome or at least controlled so you don't harm the animal. Your girlfriend could take the cat back to her mother's, but if the cat is more important than your relationship, you're both better off if you do leave. Why don't you compromise and get a dog?

When we were married five years ago, my wife and I agreed to have intercourse only when we both wanted it. By the end of our first year of marriage, we were fucking twice a month, and for the last couple of years it has been twice a year. My wife sees nothing wrong with this pattern and thinks it is normal for us. I am dissatisfied with fucking twice a year and feel something is wrong. Do you think this frequency is normal for a couple in their late 20s? I promised my wife we would only have intercourse when mutually desired, but it's getting harder to keep this promise.

J. S.
Columbus, Ohio

One psychoanalyst has a theory that all sex is neurotic. In his study, he says that the sex act is actually a form of aggression, with sex used most often as a weapon to vent anger, frustration or disappointment. A study by Edwards and Booth (May 1977 Sex Bits) showed that it is normal for

many young married couples to go without sex for as much as eight weeks at a time. But sex that occurs only twice a year is rather extreme denial and, since you're dissatisfied, it is certainly not normal for you. Try to coax your wife or get a divorce.

I contracted venereal warts while overseas. My doctor said they were caused by a virus and could never be cured. He also told me they were not contagious, and women I had sex with should not be worried. Chicks have a hard time believing this, though, and the warts are so ugly that they won't go down on me anyway. I've had the warts removed twice, and they reappeared both times. This process is painful, and I don't want to go through it again. Is there anything I can do?

J. P.
San Francisco, California

Your doctor misinformed you on one thing: Venereal warts can be transmitted by personal contact, and your sex partners do stand a chance of contracting them. They are ugly but do little physical damage. Since this doctor was inaccurate on an important fact, you might try another doctor for treatment. There is no cure, but warts are funny things that will disappear as spontaneously as they appeared.

I am 20 years old and have been working for a 50-year-old widow. A couple of months ago, we were talking and ended up in bed. She really likes getting down with me and sometimes we make

love twice a day. Do you think that there is anything wrong with this?

K. P.
Spokane, Washington

What could be wrong if you're both willing and able? We can certainly understand why an older woman would want some energetic young stuff. Appreciate the fun you have and benefit from her experience.

My boyfriend and I have been living together for two years and want to get married. The problem is he never got a divorce from his wife. I don't know if he has to because he was her third husband. His wife got a divorce from her second husband but never divorced her first. So does he have to divorce her in order to marry me?

C. T.
San Diego, California

If your boyfriend's wife never divorced her first husband, her subsequent marriages were invalid and she is a bigamist. Your boyfriend doesn't need to get a divorce, but he might check with a lawyer about any legal problems that might arise.

I was educated in parochial schools where spanking was the standard form of discipline. Also, my father was very strict, and I got spanked a lot at home. Now that I am an adult, I find spanking a pleasurable form of foreplay. I'm rather embarrassed to ask the girls I date to spank me and want to know how I can find a woman who shares my idiosyncrasy.

O. M.
Sacramento, California

There's a little sadism in everyone, and you could probably find a willing partner among your current lovers, if you'd just ask. Spanking is not particularly extreme, and your more sexually sophisticated friends shouldn't be offended by your suggestion, although a young, inexperienced girl might be. If you're desperate for the paddle, though, try advertising in underground papers (such as the San Francisco Ball) for a stranger who shares your tastes. Also, check out Sex Play in the February 1977 issue.

When I engage in frequent sex for prolonged periods of time, there is excessive swelling of the blood vessels around the head of my penis. This causes a great deal of discomfort, and at times I have been forced to discontinue sex until the swelling subsided. I would like to know if there is something wrong with me.

R. G.
Warrensburg, Missouri

When pain accompanies a normal body function, there is usually something wrong. If your foreplay is overly extended, it could create a condition similar to blue balls (the cramps experienced after prolonged petting without orgasm); so try cutting down on the foreplay. However, varicose veins could be causing your discomfort, so take your dick for an examination.

HONEY HOOKER

WITH A JOB LINED UP SERVICING THE FROSTBITTEN PIPES OF PIPELINE WORKERS, HONEY MAKES HER WAY NORTH FROM VALDEZ, ALASKA, TO AN OUTPOST OF OIL COMPANY TROUBLE-SHOOTERS...ALL OF WHOM HAVE HAD TROUBLE SHOOTING FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS...

BOY, DA FELLAS GONNA BE GLAD TA SEE YA, HONEY! DEY ALL GOT BLUE BALLS...AN' IT AIN'T FROM DA COLD! I WOULDNA LOANED DEM MY WIFE, BUT SHE GOTTA CASE A ALASKAN KING CRABS DAT CHEWED UP HER CROTCH LIKE...

MUSH!

CHRIST!

IT'S COLD! HOW MUCH FARTHER, NANOOKEY?

COUPLA MILES!

IN THE MEANTIME, I KNOW JUST HOW TO KEEP WARM! GIMME THAT TOTEM POLE, NANOOKEY!

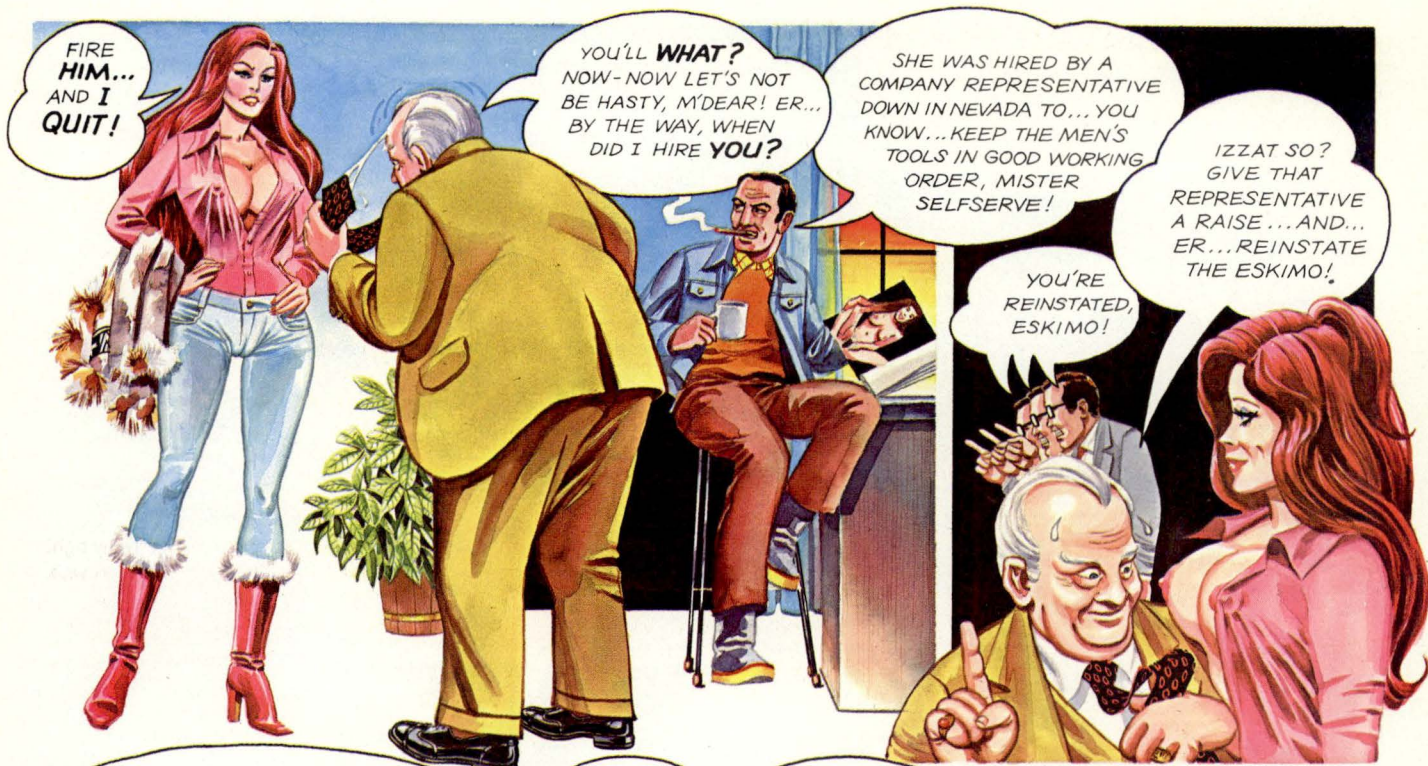
UNACUSTOMED TO THE HARSH ARCTIC CLIMATE, HONEY PROCEEDS TO DO WHAT SHE DOES BEST, ONLY TO HAVE THE FRIGID AIR WELD HER WET LIPS TO THE ESKIMO'S UNIT...

OH, CARIBOU CRAP, I SHOULDNA WARNED YOU!

MMMFFF!

DAVID ED

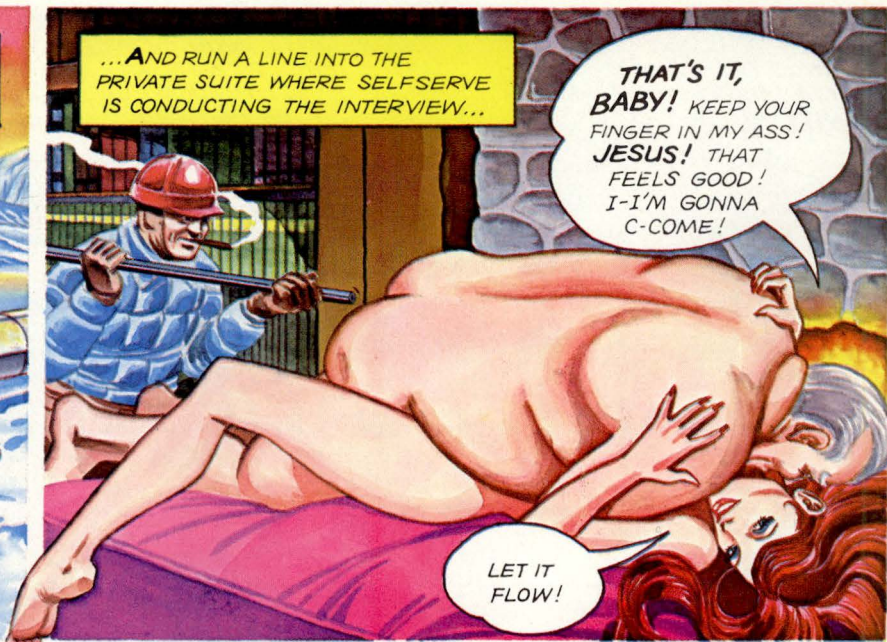




MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE THREE
DISGRUNTLED WORKERS HAVE
TAPPED INTO THE PIPELINE...



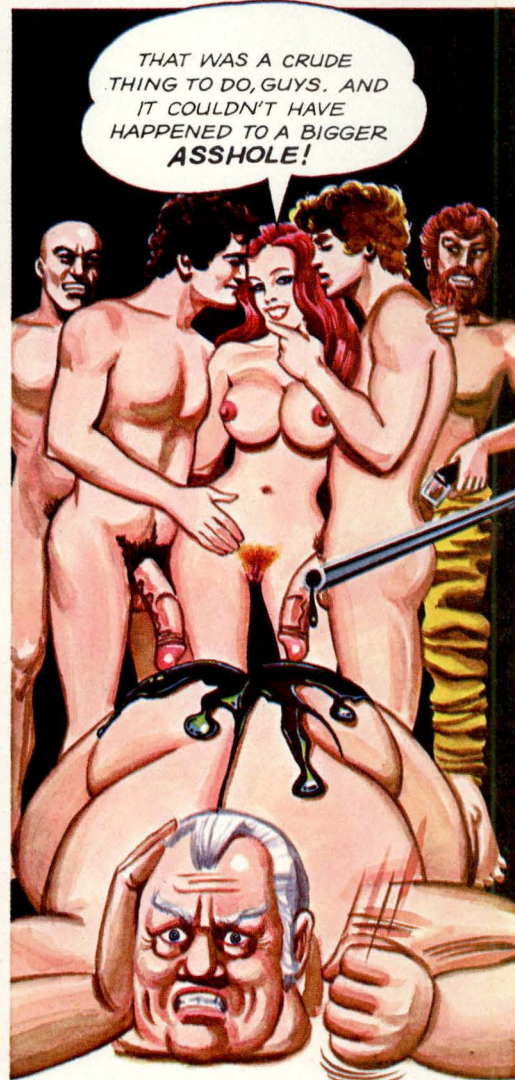
...AND RUN A LINE INTO THE
PRIVATE SUITE WHERE SELF-SERVE
IS CONDUCTING THE INTERVIEW...



...JUST THEN, THE WORKERS OPEN
THE VALVE AND GIVE THEIR PORKY
EMPLOYER A LITTLE ADDED
LUBRICATION...



THAT WAS A CRUDE
THING TO DO, GUYS. AND
IT COULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED TO A BIGGER
ASSHOLE!



NEXT MONTH, HONEY
MILKS THE SPERM FROM
A SPERM WHALE....

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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to *Mail-Order Feedback* (Product Review). We'll also tell customers how to deal with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

Edited by Steve Hanley

PRIVATE SOURCE

We have good news for *HUSTLER* readers who ordered the super-hard-core Swedish photo magazines *Private* and *Selecta* and then had them confiscated as "obscene material" by the U.S. Customs Service. There is now a stateside outlet for the two magazines—Stellar Sales, Inc., 1 Columbia Place, Suite 4A, Albany, NY 12207—which will bypass the problems of customs confiscation and prevent overseas rip-offs.

When *HUSTLER* reported on the explicit fuckee-suckee photo books in *Bits & Pieces* (February and April 1976 issues), we gave the Swedish addresses of the magazines so that readers could order them. Unfortunately, many readers found their copies of *Private* and *Selecta* being intercepted by the U.S. Customs Service—thus losing both their money and the Swedish sex texts. Understandably, readers jumped in our shit for giving them a bum steer.

If you're one of the frustrated purchasers of *Private* and *Selecta*, you might try checking out Stellar Sales. In order to protect itself against entrapment by the authorities, Stellar requires new customers to write for an application form, certifying that the applicant is of legal age, isn't engaged in entrapment, etc. Only after returning the completed—and notarized—application will the customer receive a 50-page, loose-leaf catalog, which costs \$2 upfront and is entertainment in itself. An order blank and sample photos from the firm's many film and magazine offerings are contained in the catalog.

To avoid giving readers a second bad tip on *Private* and *Selecta*, we checked to make sure Stellar Sales was on the level. We placed a dummy order under the name of Associate Editor Zbigniew Kindela, to be sent to his home address. Our time trial on Stellar's delivery didn't quite come off because right after we placed the order, the firm's shipper, United Parcel Service, went on strike for three months. But Stellar Sales was very conscientious about notifying "customer" Kindela of this delay, and the company sent the order through by regular parcel post before the UPS strike was over. That's square dealing in our book, and we're happy to count Stellar Sales among our safe sellers.

PENETRATION

Penetration is a color, regular 8mm fuck flick offered by Krow Enterprises (P. O. Box 11023,

Chicago, Illinois 60611). The movie is one of the "Deep Arse" series, and it probes the subject of butt-fucking. But dirt-road rutting takes a back seat to geriatric sex in this film, as an aged and horny businessman gets serviced in several very different ways by his two sexually talented manicurists.

The 72-year-old geezer really strikes a blow for "Gray Power": Two playful manicurists take turns licking and sucking him, and despite constant interruptions by his secretary, his cock stays as hard as an 18-year-old's. The codger then gives the prettier of the two chicks a good eating-out on the edge of his desk. He then proceeds to hump her so forcefully that the girl's hips quiver with each slamming stroke.

The second girl also gets off on the old man's technique when he starts socking it to her shit pit. She grips the edge of the desk and rolls her head around in what appears to be an authentic



orgasm. And there's no faking when grandpa gets his nut. He pulls out for a gushing wet shot that seems to put him on the brink of a massive coronary.

The color in *Penetration* is grainy and red-tinted, and the focus is rather erratic. But these technical faults are redeemed by the film's high erotic content and good acting—especially by the randy old stud, whose sexual vigor gives us young bucks something to look forward to in old age. *Penetration* costs \$18.50 postpaid.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

In response to an ad in *HUSTLER*, I sent \$5 to *Collector's Comix* (Box 85417, Hollywood, California 90072) for what I thought would be ten of the classic "Tijuana Bible" 8-page comic books. Instead, I received ten 4x5 cards, each containing four cartoon frames and unreadable print. There was not a single "wildly funny exaggerated sex act," as they advertised. The only sex act that I can see is me getting screwed by these people.

E. C.
San Diego, California

You're right. *Collector's Comix* always shipped their material promptly, but the product was so bad, we dropped them as an advertiser.

I am inquiring about *Stamford Hygienics, Inc.* (114 Manhattan St., Stamford, Connecticut 06904), the manufacturers of "Stimula" textured

condoms that I have seen advertised in several magazines, including *HUSTLER*. Do you know if they are reliable?

E. K.
Boston, Massachusetts

Although *Stamford Hygienics* no longer advertises in *HUSTLER*, we carried their ads for over a year and received only two complaints about them, which they answered immediately. That's a damn good record, and we think they'll give you good service.

On June 29, 1976, I mailed a money order for \$8.77 to *Dynamic Distributors* (Box 2900, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017). *Dynamic* stated in the advertising brochure I received that merchandise would be delivered in 30 to 90 days after the order was placed. It has been almost nine months now, and I have not received my products, nor have I heard anything from *Dynamic Distributors*. I would appreciate any help you can give me.

A. L.
Bristol, Tennessee

Dynamic Distributors is one of the companies controlled by Ras Enterprises. (Ras Enterprises also controls *Majestic Distributors*, *Unique Distributors* and *Companion Products*, all of which were blacklisted by the *Better Business Bureau*.) *HUSTLER* made note of this in March 1977 *Mail-Order Feedback*. We have refused any and all of these companies advertising space. *Dynamic* has not answered us about your complaint, but they claim to have responded to about half of the numerous other complaints we have forwarded to them. However, we have not heard from any of these customers.

In your November 1976 issue you asked for reader feedback on *A.F.X. (Adult Film Xchange)*, P. O. Box 202, Brooklyn, New York 11228. I joined *A.F.X.* in the beginning of October, and it is the most honest, economical and fun club I ever found. Film quality is excellent and they even fill special requests promptly. A public lending library is much more fun than a public one.

P. M.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

We're glad to hear it. *A.F.X.* has demonstrated to us a true concern for their customers' satisfaction and we hope to get more good reports about them.

If you have any problems with the service you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in *HUSTLER*, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Please write to: *Mail-Order Feedback*, *HUSTLER* Magazine, 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. 📧

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ONLY \$1.87 BRINGS \$22 WORTH OF 1ST CLASS SEX PRODUCTS!

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Plus GIANT "NO BULL CATALOG" featuring the greatest selection of sex products, films, photos, books, magazines, etc. Plus a valuable FREE GIFT. Adults 21 or over, state your age. Just send \$1 to cover postage & handling to: Parker Sales Co., Dept. HU-5, P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

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You can share them with me, by getting **The World's Greatest Obscene Phone Calls**.

This fantastic new album is the biggest underground sensation of the year. You can't hear it on any radio station and you can't buy it in any store. It's too heavy for them.

But you can listen in to the most perverse sex fantasies in America today, by sending just \$5.95 (less than I charge for a handshake!)

Mail the coupon or call me direct at 716-853-4003
Love

Valerie

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(Dealer inquiries invited.)
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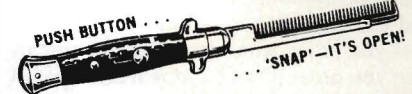
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117



Touche Penetrating Ointment (#2521), made of herb extracts and powdered herbs, takes the worry out of being sore. By applying the ointment to sensitive areas, you'll avoid friction from your partner and get a lot more out of sex. No. 2521 \$4.95



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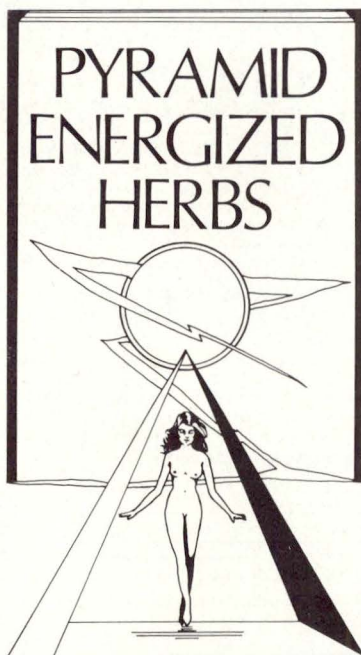


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																mo. year	

Signature _____

I am of legal age and understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge; otherwise all sales are final.

Subtotal	\$ _____
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax	_____
Postage, handling and insurance	1.00
TOTAL	\$ _____

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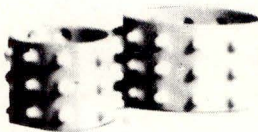
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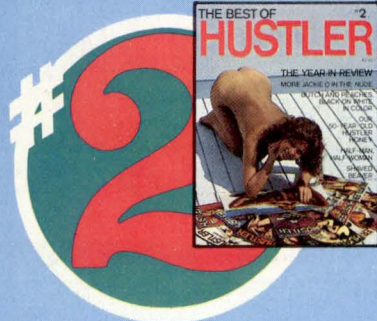
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PREVIEW

JUNE LONG HOT SUMMER

HUSTLER ON TRIAL—Can freedom of the press survive? A kangaroo court dealt the First Amendment a serious blow in the Cincinnati outback as HUSTLER stood trial. Executive Editor Bruce David reports on this debacle.

RED-NECK CHIC—Ever since the White House became the nation's cracker barrel, "down-home" has been the "in" thing to be. This article takes you to the Southern heart of the latest cultural craze. By Neil Shister

FAG MURDERS IN S. F.—All is not gay in the Bay City faggot community as a series of related, brutal murders continues. Bill Cardoso explores the dangers of mincing unarmed through the streets of San Francisco.

HARA-KIRI—Croaking insults at every element of French society might make for a dynamite humor magazine, but the riveting impact of HARA-KIRI has also made it the outlaw of Continental media. HUSTLER takes an illustrated look at the shocking humor of our irreverent brother across the sea.

THE SACRIFICE—Love is little more than give and take. But a self-respecting man can only take so much. Read what happens when a relationship is strained to its limits. June fiction by J. R. Rivers

SEX PLAY: TATTOO TRIPPING—If you think you were born to lose when it comes to attracting women, maybe you could prick their interest by becoming a walking conversation piece. June's SEX PLAY by Marco Vassi illustrates how to do it.

SUZE BY SUZE—In this exclusive series of self-portraits for HUSTLER, Playboy photographer Suze Randall shows pink. And PRUDENCE, LANA and CINDY, who round out June's bevy of beavers, are living proof that HUSTLER is for men who think pink.

KINKY KORNER—A muff diver's love for labia lapping turns into a seven-course meal he'll never forget. By Alex Tuberski

PLUS—The regular assortment of goods and services in BITS & PIECES, ADVISE & CONSENT, HUSTLER HUMOR, AMATEUR BEAVER HUNT, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK and HONEY HOOKER.

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